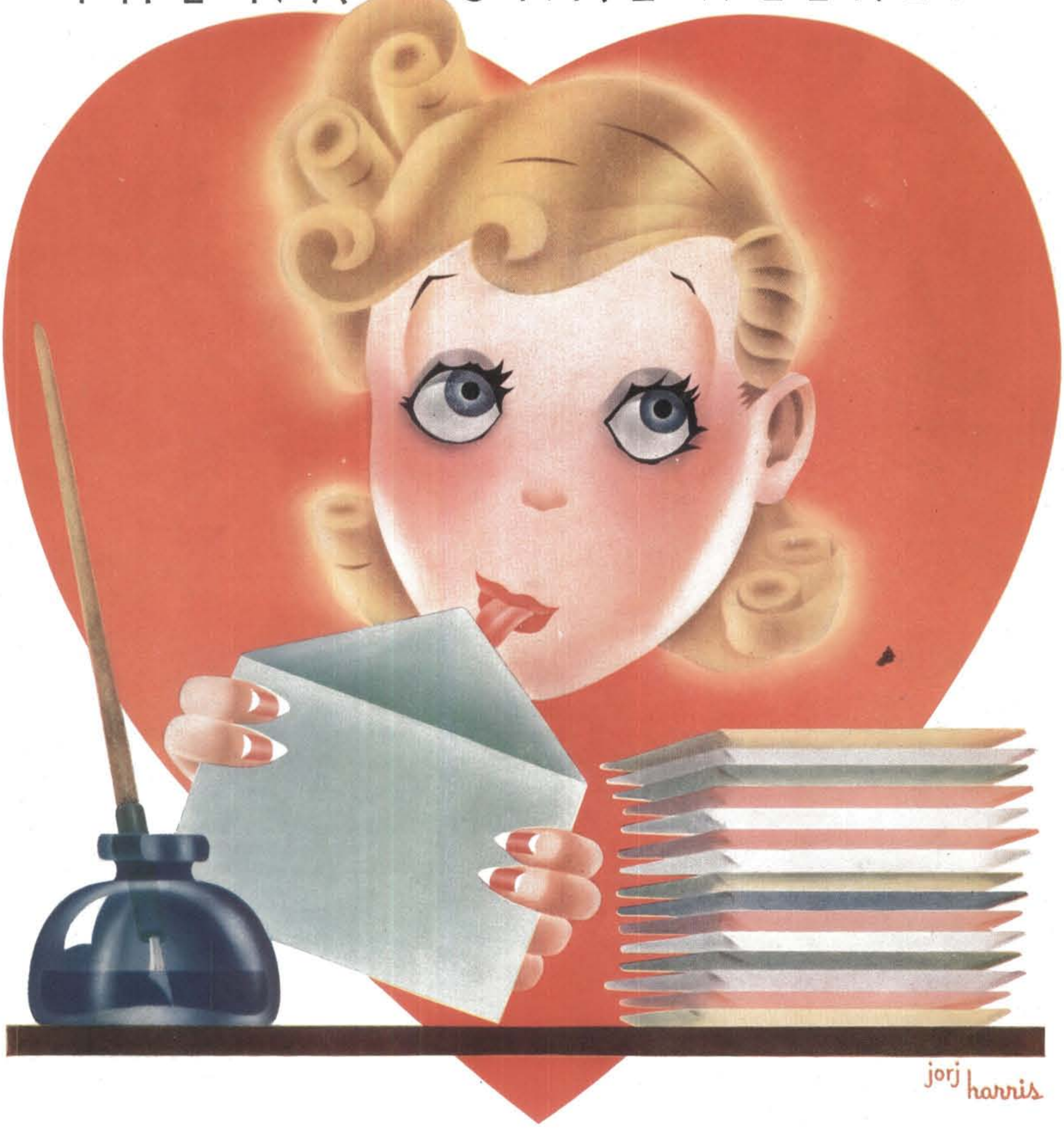
© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

February 19, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

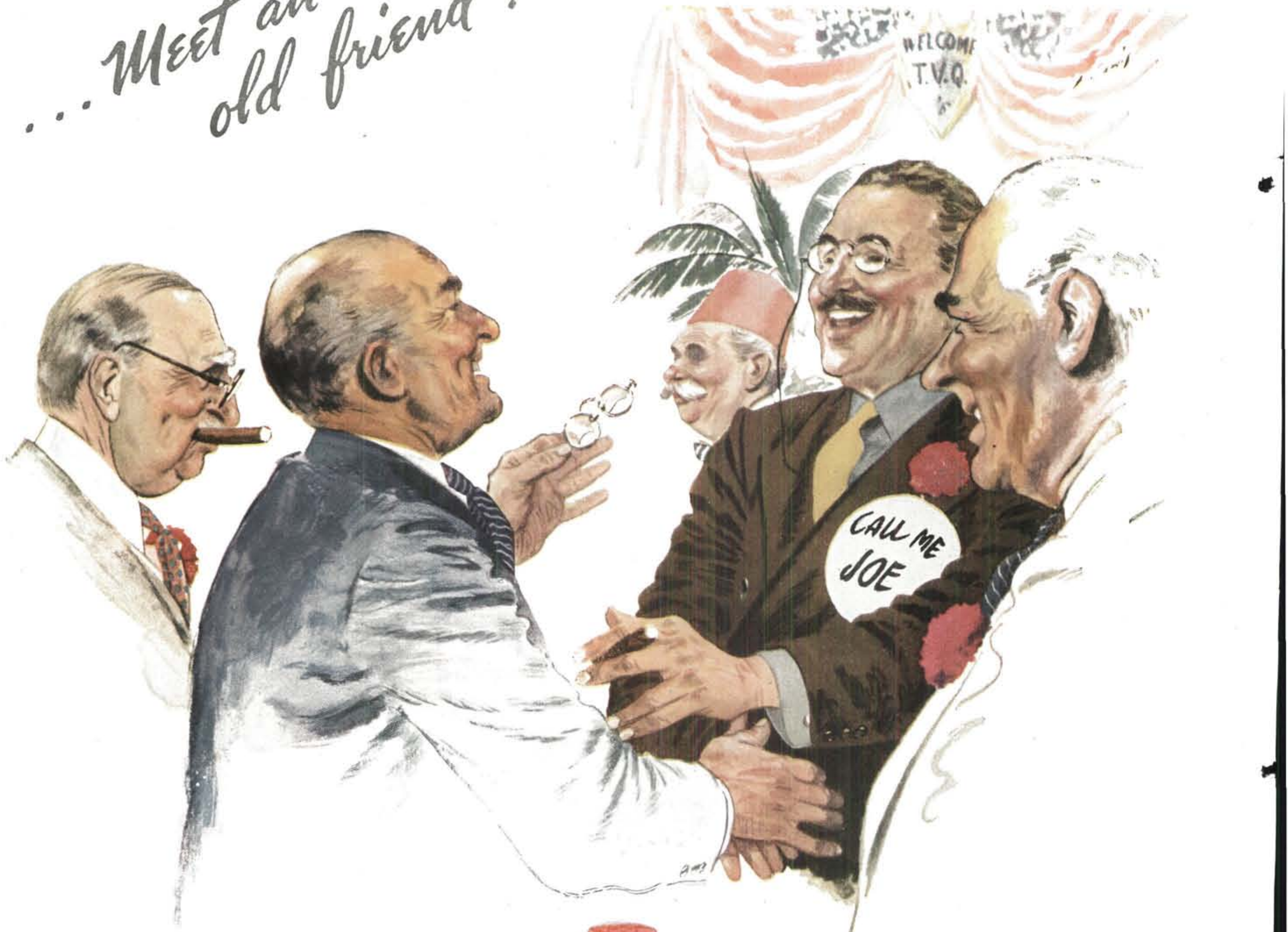


HARRIS DICKSON J. P. MARQUAN

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

EB. 19, 1938

. . . Meet an old friend?


WELCOME
T.V.O.
CALL ME
JOE

Hiram Walker's
THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH
90 PROOF
Canadian Club

JONES: *"Bill Smith, you old so-and-so! Am I glad to see you!"*

SMITH: *"Joe Jones!...Say, come on into the bar and we'll Double Our Enjoyment with a Ten High or two."*

JONES: *"It's been ten years, Bill—but I see we still speak the same language...Let's go!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high spot occasion? Then you'll want Hiram Walker's TEN HIGH! For this famous bourbon with "No Rough Edges" slowly ripens winter as well as summer in modern weather-controlled rackhouses, week after week, month after month, 2 long years thru!

Double your enjoyment with

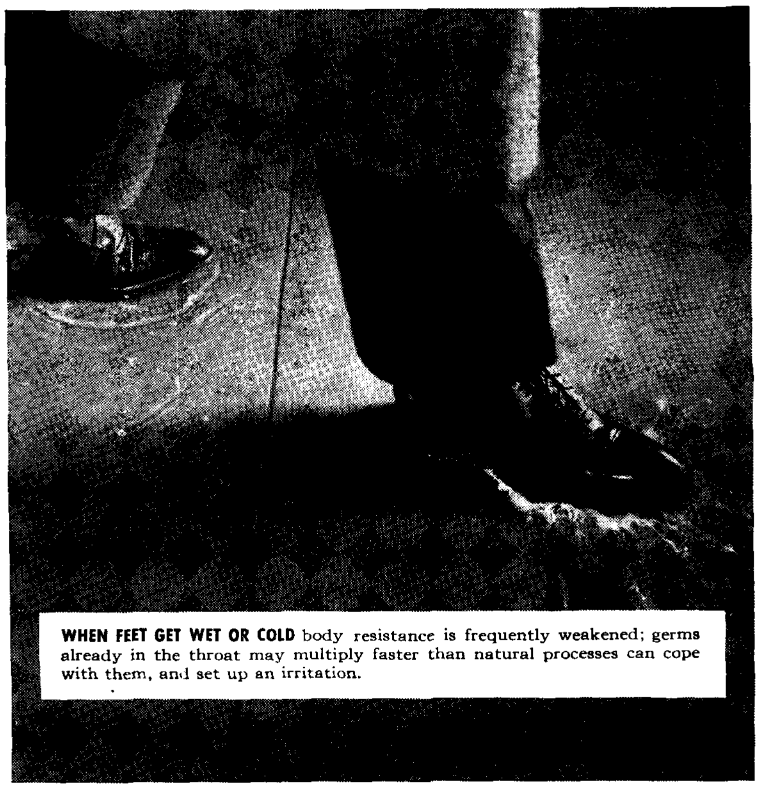
TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

CALL FOR TEN HIGH

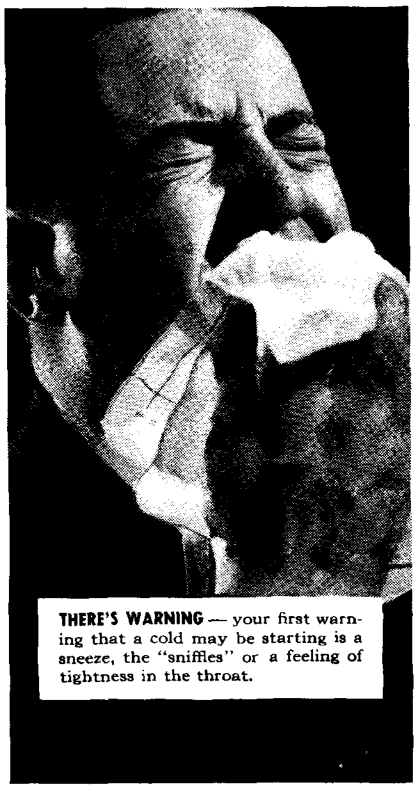
Hiram Walker's

THE HIGH-SPOTS OF LIFE

90 PROOF Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois; Distilleries at Peoria, Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.



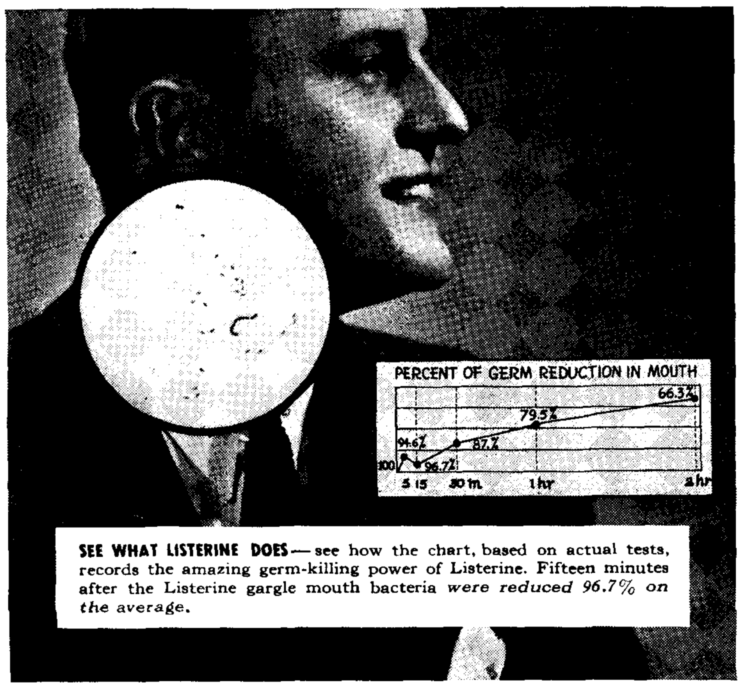
WHEN FEET GET WET OR COLD body resistance is frequently weakened; germs already in the throat may multiply faster than natural processes can cope with them, and set up an irritation.



THERE'S WARNING — your first warning that a cold may be starting is a sneeze, the "sniffles" or a feeling of tightness in the throat.

GERMS ARE AT WORK — they attack the mucous membrane producing the symptoms mentioned. It is wise to fight these germs with a safe antiseptic before they get the upper hand.

GARGLE LISTERINE AT ONCE — Listerine Antiseptic reaches deep down into the throat and kills such germs in large numbers. Used promptly and frequently, it has often aborted a cold and sore throat—checked them before they became serious.



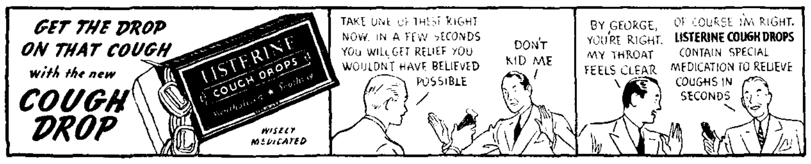
SEE WHAT LISTERINE DOES — see how the chart, based on actual tests, records the amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle mouth bacteria *were reduced 96.7% on the average.*

"NIPPED MY COLD IN THE BUD" — is what hundreds of Listerine users say. This personal experience corroborates clinical research.

LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success
AGAINST COLDS AND SORE THROAT!

I'VE USED LISTERINE FOR YEARS AND HAVE BEEN GETTING PROMPT RELIEF FROM COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS H. N. MARRELL OF NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.

I'M SIMPLY AMAZED AT THE WAY LISTERINE CHECKS COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS THELMA M. GOULD OF AUBURN, MAINE.


GET THE DROP ON THAT COUGH with the new COUGH DROP
LISTERINE COUGH DROPS
WISELY MEDICATED
TAKE ONE OF THESE RIGHT NOW. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL GET RELIEF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE
DON'T KID ME
BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY THROAT FEELS CLEAR
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT. LISTERINE COUGH DROPS CONTAIN SPECIAL MEDICATION TO RELIEVE COUGHS IN SECONDS

7 Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies

Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research *showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.* This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-bred "secondary invaders" which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

February 19, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

AT MIDNIGHT the Kumo-maru sailed for the Orient with a faint reek of sulphur clinging to her newly painted cabins. Ten minutes before she cast off, the derrick hoisted aboard an unpainted oblong box, as long as a man. The box had come out of a hearse marked Chinese-American Mortuary.

But there was plenty of life aboard the ship as she lumbered into the Pacific swell. There was the beautiful and tragic Dorothy Bonner, running away from the accusations that surrounded her father's death. There was Glen Larkin, a young newspaperman sent to find out what she was up to. And there was the sinister, slant-eyed crew of the Kumo-maru—all of whom you will meet when you read Lawrence G. Blochman's breathless mystery serial, "Sunset Voyage," beginning next week.

AIR-MINDED, that's a word we have coined and like to apply to ourselves. We're proud of our planes and our pilots and our 2,200 nonmilitary airports. How many of these are fit to take the great new planes that are now ready to cross our skies? Five, say the experts, at the very most, five airports in the whole country. These magnificent new ships are going to be homeless. American aviation will have "No Place to Land." The highly important and dramatic facts are presented by W. B. Courtney.

WHILE we're on the subject of drama we mustn't fail to mention "The Ogre's Wall," by Edwin Muller. If you're timid about mountain climbing you can sit on the hotel porch and watch the whole thing happen. Otherwise Mr. Muller will take you straight up the overhang and make you lend a hand in as pretty a piece of mountaineering as you're ever likely to see.

IN THE second article of Harris Dickson's series you will meet an escaped slave, Ben Montgomery, who became in time owner of Hurricane Plantation and the largest Negro landlord in America.

IF WE are ever caught out of line we hope it will not be by Grandma Ames. Grandma believed that a person who showed fear brought disgrace on his family. Grandma's family needn't worry. "River Pride," by Will F. Jenkins, is her story.

ALAN LEMAY writes the Short Short Story. Henry F. Pringle, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, J. D. Ratcliff, J. P. Marquand, Freling Foster and others brighten the remaining pages. Don't miss a bet.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

LESLIE T. WHITE
Tough Beat. A rookie turns into a cop—aided by a beautiful woman. Page 11

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Disinherited. The South Sea—for gunplay and romance. Page 12

JAMES H. STREET
That Lonesome Road. Love and heroism ride with the Arkansas Traveler. Page 16

BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG
I'll Take Care of It. A responsible man in Hollywood. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Goodby Forever, by Jerome Weidman. Page 25

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
East of Broadway, Conclusion. In a blaze of glory. Page 15

J. P. MARQUAND
Castle Sinister, Part II. The girl in the house on the marsh. Page 18

ARTICLES

HARRIS DICKSON
Marse Jeff Davis, Part I. A living memory of the Old South. Page 9

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Rich Man's Refuge. Cyclone cellar for the tax-weary—Nevada. Page 14

ARTHUR J. DALEY
Don't Splash, Please! The refined and gentle pastime of water polo. Page 22

KATHARINE ROBERTS
Your Gal Sophie. Sophie Tucker takes a bow. Page 26

●

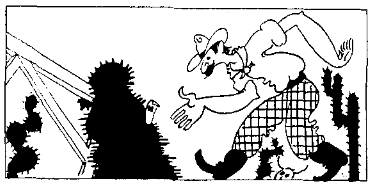
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Odds and ends. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Billions for Defense. Page 66

COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

FOR Brother Goat Lumley of American Falls, Idaho (the gentleman thus signs his encouraging letter), there are portents of better and happier days to come—to say nothing of a swiftly returning prosperity. Mr. Lumley informs us that he has found a bearskin overcoat "hanging on a fence post" with one dollar and nineteen cents in it. "To tell the truth," says Mr. Lumley, "I was just about broke at the time, being a prospector. And you know how it is with us prospectors—always either four feet from a million dollars or a million feet from four dollars."



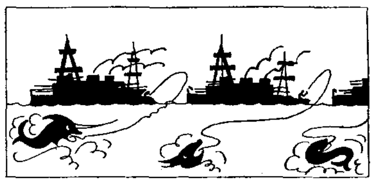
NOT long ago Mr. John C. Hampton of Muncie, Indiana, attended the funeral of a Civil War veteran. "Most everyone in the community attended," says Mr. Hampton, "including *the firing squad of the* American Legion. As the casket was being lowered, the sorrowing widow stood near by clasping the hand of their favorite great-grandson, a stalwart lad of eight. Services complete, the officer gave command to the squad to fire. The volley so startled the widow that she took a backward step, tripped over something and fell flat on her back. The momentary stillness was broken by the great-grandson's shrill voice: "Ya might know something'd happen. The damn' fools have shot Grandma."

MISS CYNTHIA B. ABADIE of Tacoma, Washington, thinks that "certain people should not have their heads examined unless they want to spend the rest of their lives in an asylum." She comes promptly to the point: "I read a story in your magazine called 'One without Icing.' Nobody could write so truly about a bakeshop unless he had worked in one. Now why anybody who had a good job in a bakeshop should give it up to write for a living is more than I can understand."

AS EVERYONE within miles of Richmond, Indiana, knows, Miss Esther Griffin White conducts a newspaper column. In her spare time she reads Collier's. In the latter commendable activity she naturally read our serial "Smart Girl." Her enjoyment therefrom was somewhat lukewarm, owing, we take it, to the presence therein of a gal journalist who frisked around flanked by obsequious secretaries and engined with a ten-thousand-dollar salary. "It's not fair," protests Miss White, "to the green gals from schools of journalism, who feed their fancy on dreams of superreporters with haunting eyes and herculean shoulders, only to have these dreams shattered when they find a city room filled with undersized saps and dubs who never give them a look. Yours for an honest-to-God newspaper story about the hardened old hacks on $22.50 a week and no passes."

"YOU publish so many knocks on yourself," says Mr. Joel McLilly of Leavenworth, Kansas, "that I take pleasure in telling you that yours is the best magazine in the country and that your column is better than McIntyre, Winchell, General Johnson, Pegler and Dorothy Thompson. I would like a job working for you. Could you send me carfare to New York? I am sure I can fill your job and will pay you back out of my wages."

OF COURSE there is always some little unexpected feature about letters like Mr. McLilly's—welcome as they (the letters) are. Not that we are cynical like Mr. W. H. Leathers of Lynchburg, Virginia. Says Mr. Leathers: "Understand President Roosevelt is about to add several more battleships and destroyers to our Navy. What's the idea? Are the Vice President, Harold Ickes and Bob Jackson going in for deep-sea fishing, too?"



NOTHING could be more natural than that a busy man like the Honorable C. K. Quin, mayor of San Antonio, Texas, should occasionally be in error. Some time ago our peerless Owen P. White wrote a piece in these pages about the lack *of perfect government in the de*lightful city of San Antonio. With understandable resentment Mr. Quin, aided by the city health department, asked the grand jury to indict Mr. White for criminal libel. The grand jury pondered deeply. After wrestling with the angel until well-nigh exhausted, it refused to indict Mr. White, but it recommended that an independent investigation of the health department be conducted by the United States Public Health Service.

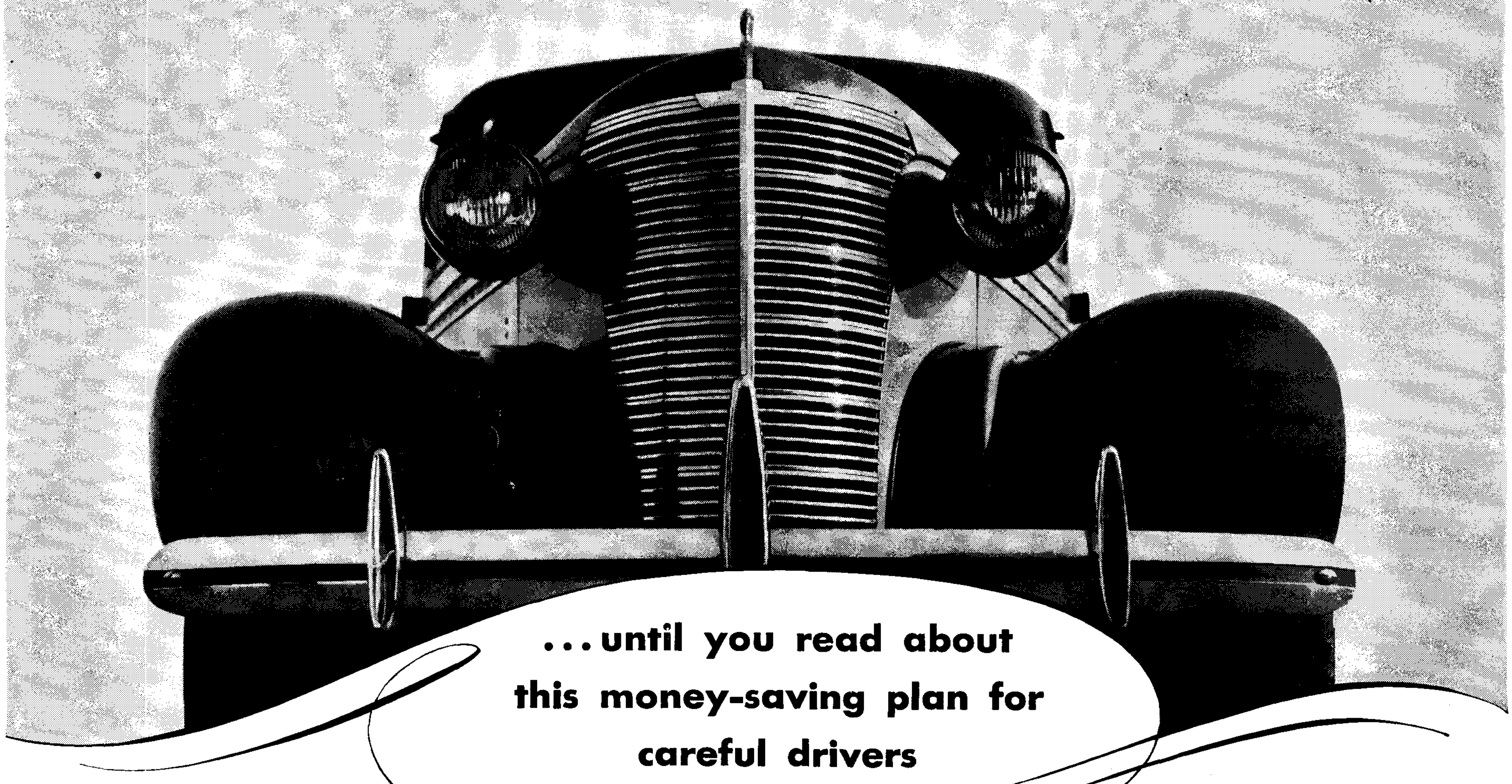
COLLIER'S for action. W. D.

Vol. 101, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

DON'T RENEW YOUR CAR INSURANCE...



...until you read about this money-saving plan for careful drivers

HOW CAREFUL DRIVERS CAN GET CAR INSURANCE AT LOWER COST

If you have a good driving record, there is no need for you to pay the high cost of reckless drivers' insurance. You are invited to consider how the Liberty Mutual Plan would give you unquestionable security and nation-wide service at low cost—before you renew your present car insurance policy.

DIVIDENDS

Besides giving special rate reductions to careful drivers in all states whose insurance laws permit, Liberty Mutual has returned substantial cash dividends to policyholders every year for 26 years.

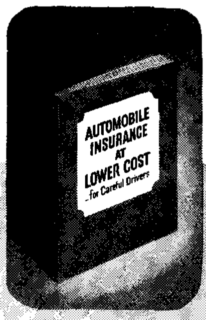
These dividends result from (1) our ability to select careful drivers, and (2) our lower expenses, which are due to the fact that we sell only through full-time, salaried representatives. Liberty Mutual has saved and returned cash dividends of more than $56,000,000 to its policyholders since 1912.

PREFERRED SERVICE

At the same time, Liberty Mutual has become one of the strongest insurance companies in America, which means security of protection and preferred service for you—anywhere at any time. We have the resources to save you from worry and bother; also to safeguard your savings, your income and your home against all the risks of the road.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Mail the coupon below today for this 20-page illustrated booklet. Shows how 160,000 careful drivers save money, explains how you can qualify, describes our easy partial payment plan. With your copy we will send an estimate of the saving you may make by insuring your car with Liberty Mutual. No obligation. Mail coupon today.



LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston
73 Branch Offices in principal cities from coast to coast

LIBERTY MUTUAL *also writes Workmen's Compensation, General Liability, Burglary and Robbery, Forgery and Fidelity Bonds for manufacturers, merchants and individuals. All forms of Fire Insurance written through* United Mutual Fire Insurance Company

Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.
175 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
Without obligation, send me free booklet showing how careful drivers save on car insurance.
C. 2-19

Name ....
Business Address ....
Town where Car is kept..........
Make of Car..........No. of Cyls..........
Body Type..........Model No..........Year..........

I cannot tell a lie . . .

YOU KEEP A CLEAR HEAD* WITH KOOLS

"I haven't had a sniffle all winter. I did it with my little menthol! Why don't *you* give KOOLS a real try—smoke 'em, say, for a solid week. They're sure to soothe and refresh your throat, or I'm no penguin! Blended of costly Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, with just the right bit of menthol added. Play safe and switch today! Save the coupons too . . . good in U. S. A. for scores of premiums."

UNION MADE

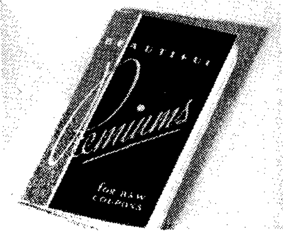
TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his famous swing orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30—9 P. M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
15¢
20¢ in Canada

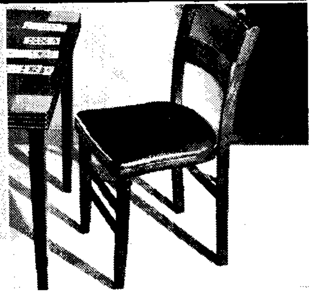
*THE BENEFICIAL HEAD-CLEARING QUALITY OF MENTHOL has made it a favored ingredient in cold remedies for years. In Kools you get the soothing effect of mild menthol as an *extra* benefit . . . yet you lose none of the full-bodied flavor of the superb tobacco blend.

COUPONS ON EVERY PACK...GOOD FOR PREMIUMS LIKE THESE

Penthouse Table—Beautifully finished walnut and mahogany . . . 375 coupons

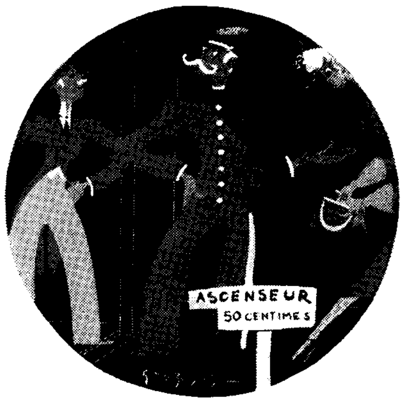


FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.



Folding Bridge Chair—Walnut finish—sturdy . . 600 coupons. 2 chairs . . 1000

RALEIGH AND VICEROY CIGARETTES ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many apartment houses, hotels and office buildings in European countries charge their elevator passengers for riding both up and down, the fee averaging about three cents in American money for a round trip. *—By Harold W. Fountain, St. Helens, England.*

India has many little "holy men" as young as twelve years of age, who have renounced all earthly allegiance, smeared their bodies with ashes and taken up their abodes under trees where they sit, day and night, in religious meditation, surrounded by disciples who, often old enough to be grandfathers, pray to them as though they were gods.

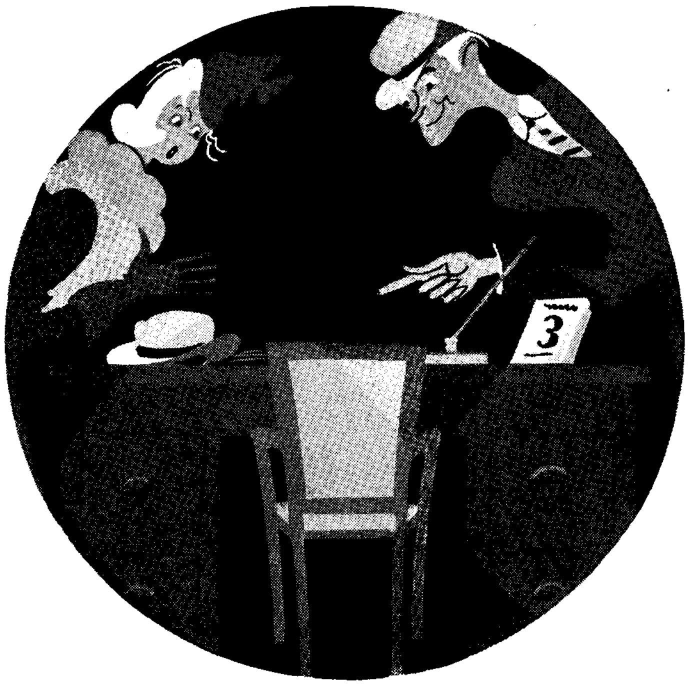
Some oases in northern Africa may be classified among the world's most fertile spots. The Kufra oasis, in the heart of the Libyan Desert, consists of five cities with thousands of inhabitants, and contains more than 1,500,000 trees, seventy per cent of them date palms, which stand on land valued as high as $5,000 an acre.*—By Keith W. Johnson, Eureka, Kansas.*

In a large New York bank, well known for its dignified and formal atmosphere, the president and each officer keeps his hat on his desk all day. The presence of the hat, when the executive is away, indicates that he is still in the building. Its absence indicates that he is out to lunch or has left for the day.

Connecticut is believed to be the only state that, in recent years, has enforced a case of "double jeopardy," or compelled a person to undergo a new trial for a criminal offense of which he had once been duly acquitted. The case in point occurred a short time ago after the state's right to appeal had been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.*—By Vernon D. Brown, Hopkinton, Massachusetts.*

An astonishing number of musical works with identical titles have been written by different composers. The index of the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers, shows that "Lullaby" is the title of 721 pieces, "Romance" of 628, "Reverie" of 615, "Nocturne" of 548, "Barcarolle" of 496, "Memories" of 530, "Longing" of 313, "Maybe" of 291 and "Someday" of 190.*—By John Bigelow, Spokane, Washington.*

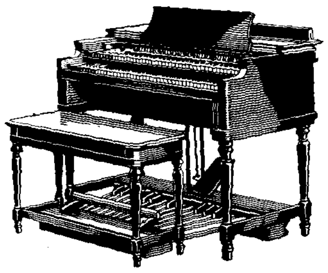
During the World War, an unfinished novel fell into the hands of the British censor who, after much study in collaboration with code experts, was positive the papers did not contain the alleged story or a secret message. However, he did summon a man of letters, who stated that the writing "bore some faint resemblance to literature." So the censor returned the manuscript of James Joyce's "Ulysses," which is widely known today as a masterpiece of modern fiction.



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Who buys Hammond Organs? Thousands of Hammonds have been sold. They are being played in palaces and cottages. Great symphony orchestras—the Philadelphia Orchestra is one—own and use Hammond Organs regularly. More than fifteen hundred are in churches of nearly every denomination, ranging from lofty cathedrals to tiny missions. Other hundreds have been bought by conservatories, schools, colleges, hotels, restaurants, radio stations, hospitals, lodges, etc.

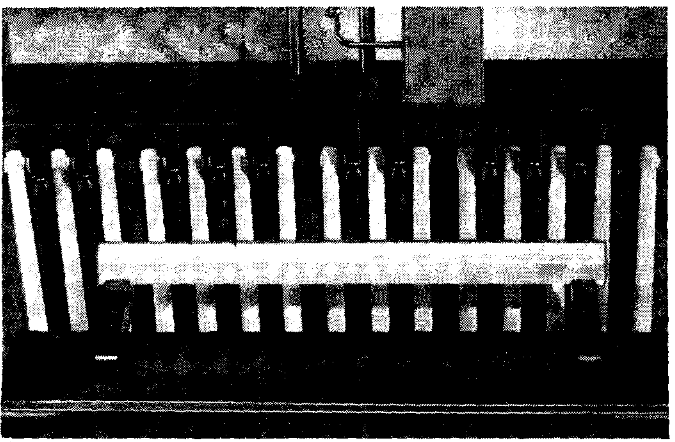
Answers to your questions about the Hammond Organ



Is it true that many different instrumental tones can be played? Yes. For instance, you may use a *flute* tone to carry the melody and a *string* chorus for the accompaniment. By touching two "stops" (*above*) you can switch to a *French horn* solo over a background of *wood winds*. The Hammond offers you hundreds of tones for playing and experimenting.

Is it difficult to install? The Hammond fits in a four-foot square. In the average home, installation is merely a matter of putting the console and tone cabinet where you want them and connecting to the nearest electric outlet. The Hammond is easy to move; two men can carry it anywhere. (*above*)

Why are pedals used? Pedals (*right*) really make an organ *easier* to play. Organ chords, unlike piano chords, do not keep on sounding after the fingers are lifted. But with a single pedal note you bridge over the fingering gaps and make the music flowing and sustained.



How are the tones created? In the conventional organ the tones are created by vibrating columns of air in pipes. But the Hammond originates *its* tones as minute, *pulsating currents of electricity*. (*right*) This modern principle makes possible an instrument remarkably compact and rugged, which cannot get out of tune.

Is the Hammond Organ easy to play? Many claim the Hammond is easier to learn than the piano. With the piano, volume is regulated largely by the strength with which each key is struck, and a great deal of time is spent developing proper touch. With the Hammond, it makes no difference how hard a key is struck, because volume is controlled by the swell pedal. Aside from touch, the instruments are very similar. Anyone who plays the piano can, almost immediately, play rich and interesting music on the Hammond Organ.

What kind of music can be played on the Hammond? Because of the electrical principle by which the Hammond creates its exquisite tones, its attack is instantaneous—even freer from "lag" than that of a piano. Its dynamic range is tremendous, its tone variety virtually unlimited. Thus classic, modern or popular music of any type can be played on the Hammond with an ease and brilliance of effect never before possible on the organ.

Why are two keyboards used? Two manuals (*right*) allow you to use two tones at the same time—one for solo, one for accompaniment. Thus you achieve brilliant contrasts that make rich and satisfying music out of simple tunes.

Can I afford a Hammond Organ? Yes—the Hammond is in the price range of fine pianos. With a small down payment, you can finish buying it out of income. Upkeep is negligible; it will give you a lifetime of service. Repairs are almost non-existent; it never has to be tuned. While being played it uses no more current than two 100-watt light bulbs. ● The Hammond dealer in your city will be glad to play the Hammond for you. *Go to him now*—try its lovely voices yourself. Let him show you how quickly you can learn to play interesting and satisfying music. Or write to The Hammond Organ, 2971 N. Western Ave., Chicago. *In Canada*, address Northern Electric Co., Ltd., Montreal. **$1250** and up f.o.b. Chicago.

THE OTHER DAY we overheard a remark that opened our eyes. A woman in a radio store suddenly exclaimed, "Do you mean that you can buy one of those 'No Squat' Philcos for only $7.95 down? That's news to me—*good news!*"

So maybe it's time we told Collier's readers that they can buy "No Squat . . . No Stoop . . . No Squint" Philco models as low as $79.95. That's the price tag on the 7 Double-X . . . and for only $7.95 down your Philco dealer will put one in your home. He'll give you a liberal trade-in allowance on your present radio, too!

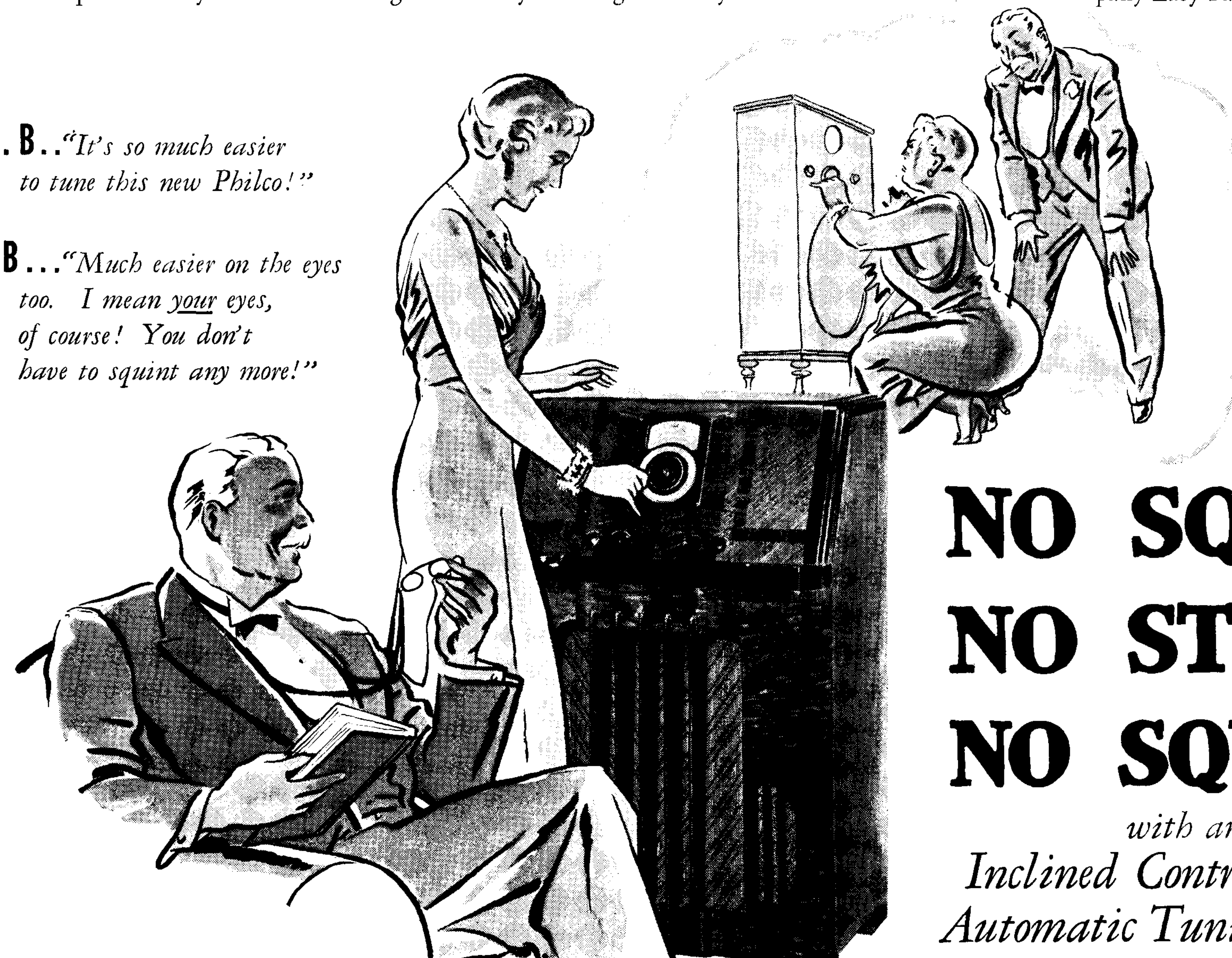
For a down payment of just a few dollars more, you can own the Philco 4 Double-X, an Inclined Control Panel model with a world of power, sparkling purity of tone, and truly astounding distance-getting ability. Your Philco dealer has a more than liberal trade-in offer on this model, too!

For those who want all that radio can offer . . . the world-famous Philco 116 Double-X is as always the High-Fidelity instrument that sets the world's standard of radio reception. Amazing as its performance will prove . . . it's hardly more amazing than the trade-in allowance your Philco dealer will make for your old set!

See . . . hear . . . compare *all* the "No Squat . . . No Stoop . . . No Squint" Automatic Tuning Philcos. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and about $1.00 a week. Ask your dealer about this special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Easy Payment Plan!

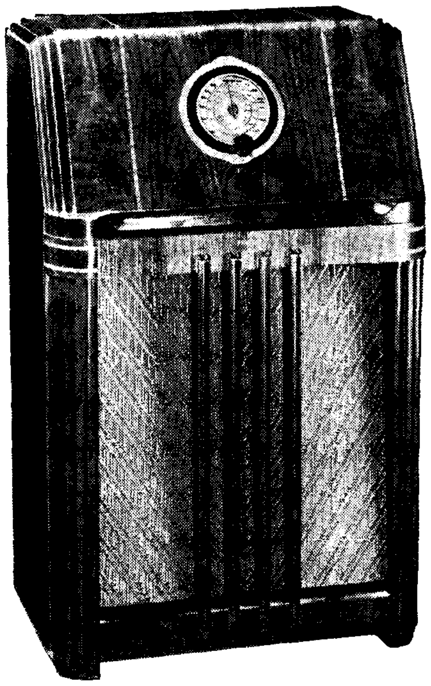
Mrs. B..*"It's so much easier to tune this new Philco!"*

Mr. B...*"Much easier on the eyes too. I mean your eyes, of course! You don't have to squint any more!"*



NO SQUAT NO STOOP NO SQUINT

with any
Inclined Control Panel
Automatic Tuning Philco

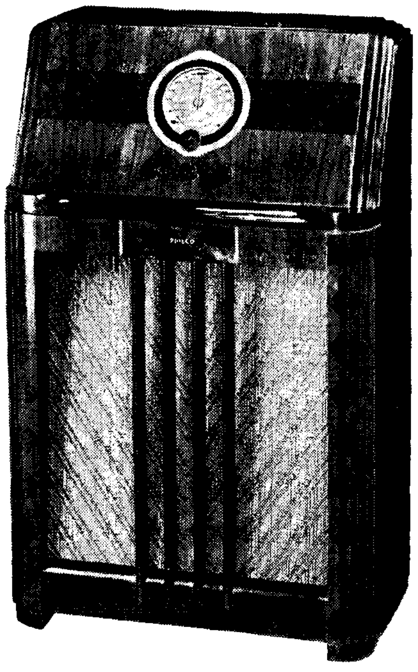


PHILCO 116XX* (above) Everything you could wish for! American and Foreign reception. Inclined Control Panel. Automatic Tuning. Magnetic Tuning. High-Fidelity Audio System. Inclined Sounding Board. Acoustic Clarifiers. Cathedral Speaker. Philco Foreign Tuning System with 5 Spread-Band Tuning Ranges. 15 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Foreign and American short-wave stations named, located and spread six times farther apart. *Easy terms—liberal trade-in allowances.*

PHILCO 4XX* (at left) For American and Foreign reception. An Inclined Control Panel Model with Philco Cone-Centric Automatic Tuning. Push-Pull Phase Inverted Audio Circuit. Inclined Sounding Board. Concert Grand Speaker. 4-Point Tone Control. Philco Foreign Tuning System. 8 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. *Easy terms—liberal trade-in allowances.*

PHILCO 7XX* (at right) American and Foreign. Inclined Control Panel. Cone-Centric Automatic Tuning of favorite stations. Two Tuning Ranges. Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Concert Grand Speaker. Pentode Audio System. Three-Point Tone Control. Philco Foreign Tuning System. 6 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. *Easy terms—liberal trade-in allowances.*

**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*



PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

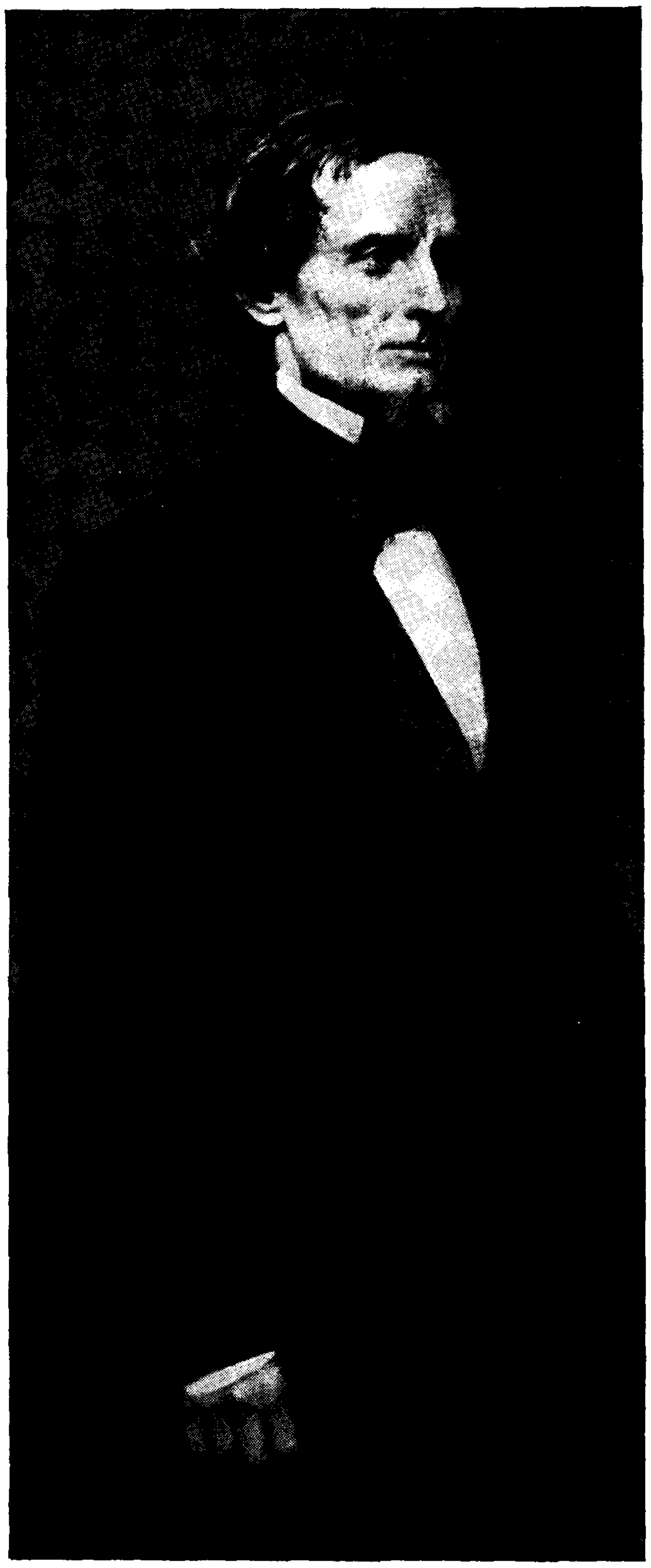
Philco has a complete line of compacts, consoles, table and chairside models from $22.50 to $600

On a cotton plantation north of Vicksburg lives Aunt Florida, a Negro woman who is almost incredibly old. She was the slave of Joseph Emory Davis, elder brother of the President of the Confederacy. She witnessed the growth of the Davis plantations, the stir and romance and bitter disappointment of the Civil War. From her vivid though random memories Mr. Dickson has woven together a unique, informal story of the Davis men and the colorful plantation life of the Old South

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

THE OUTLAWED PRESIDENT RIDES HOME



FROM the best she can now remember it must have been during the late autumn of 1870 when a middle-aged motherly-looking Negro woman came to the door of her cabin carrying a baby, her only child born in freedom. After bearing more than twenty children Aunt Florida had every right to look motherly. A while she stood there glancing both ways along the street of the old slave quarters, and no white intelligence could fathom what might have been passing in her mind. For she was still unable to comprehend a world that had turned upside down. She was born here on Hurricane Plantation, the slave of Joseph Emory Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis, whose Brierfield Plantation adjoined Hurricane, both properties being on an island in the Mississippi River twenty-seven miles below Vicksburg. Slave or free, Florida knew no other world and now stared out upon the wreckage of a war that had ended at Appomattox five years before.

Mournfully she surveyed the double row of Negro cabins that had now gone for so many seasons without their annual coat of whitewash. A little distance away Florida could see the ashes and fire-scorched chimneys of Hurricane House, whose rambling collection of rooftops and gables had vanished from a grove of oaks while Union troops were quartered there. She might still see the giant trees that once surrounded her master's mansion, their branches burned and dead, but the sweet old home was gone. Near it in a new-made grave her generous master lay buried beneath a mound on which the grass had not yet grown.

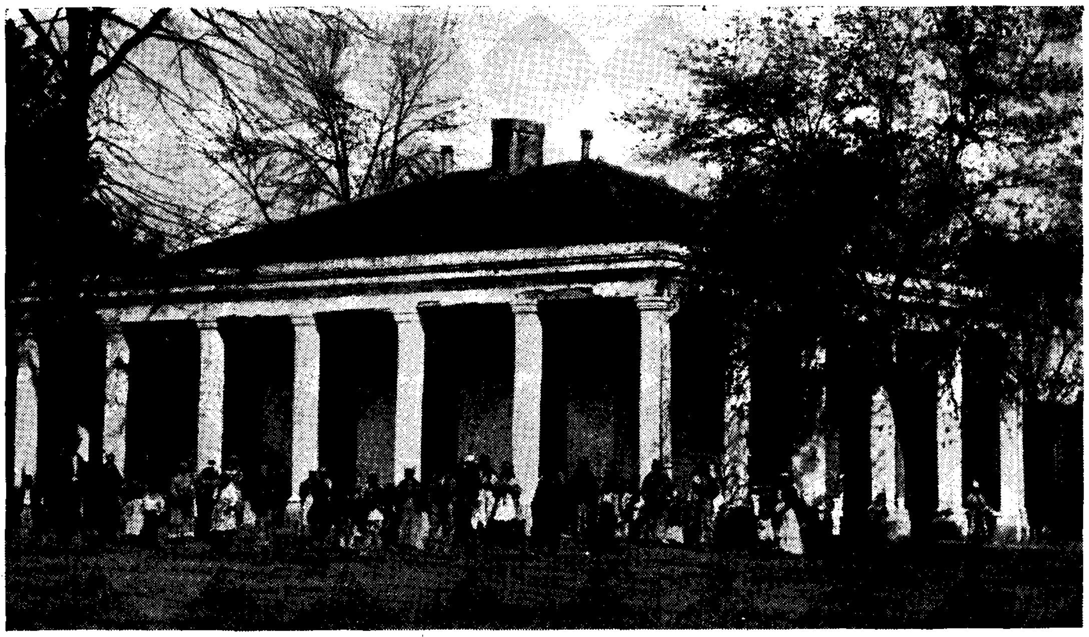
Maybe she was thinking of another mansion two miles away, the home of Jefferson Davis before he left it to become President of the Confederacy. When departing Yankees fired the house his faithful Negro servants had smothered the flames so that Brierfield residence still stood. The building was there, but not its former owner, for while Jefferson Davis was held prisoner in Fortress Monroe his brother Joe had sold both plantations to an ex-slave named Ben Montgomery.

Many queer things, many terrible things, had happened between 1860 and 1870.

Under the chinaberry trees in front of her cabin four black boys were now

"Don't you remember the day that little Jeff rushed home, so angry and so outraged by his teacher, announcing that he'd never go back to school?"

At left: Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy—the portrait in the Mississippi state capitol Hall of Fame



The office on Hurricane Plantation during the Civil War. This was one of the few buildings that escaped the fire of 1863. It was later used as a residence

skylarking in short-tailed shirts, with black legs showing as they darted about. She stood watching them and smiling tolerantly at their racket, then glimpsed a figure that appeared from the direction of Brierfield, coming toward her along a dusty plantation road beside the levee. The woman at the door gave a start and jerked herself upright, her heart thumping as she muttered, "Lawd Gawd, dat can't be Marse Jeff Davis."

Before the rider came near enough to discern his features, Florida's womanly instincts had already told her that he did not sit so superbly erect in his saddle, but sagged forward like a weak and tired old man. His shoulders seemed borne down by the weight of accumulated sorrows.

"Marse Jeff! Marse Jeff!" Miles Stone raised the shout and all four youngsters scampered to meet him.

Swiftly Florida turned back into the room where she laid her infant on the middle of a huge white bed, then looked around to see that the immaculate house was tidy. She adjusted her bandanna, blue with white polka dots, and smoothed the wrinkles from a clean gingham apron. The baby slept. A kettle simmered on the hearth, ready for Robert's coffee when he came from work. The cabin was very still.

A Changed World for Jefferson Davis

As Mr. Davis passed under the shadow of a great elm tree the Negro boys capered around his horse, scrambling in the dust for small coins that he dropped. Florida stood in her door vaguely comprehending what he had suffered during these terrible years of war, defeat and imprisonment since he left Brierfield. She was a black woman, ignorant of letters, yet she realized that an empire had crumbled beneath him; a civilization had been uprooted; friends slain in battle; his little son plunging from a balcony in Richmond to die at his feet. Released from Fortress Monroe without a dollar or an acre, he had come back to a plantation no longer his, as the guest of Negroes at his former home. Maybe Florida thought these things and felt a lump in her throat when she saw that he was carrying perhaps a dozen pairs of shoes, strung on a cord like a string of fish; shoes with burnished copper tips as gifts for the Negro children.

She stood there with misty eyes fixed upon the gray rider as he reached her gate, dangling his string of shoes and smiling at the boys.

"Well, well, Florida," he called ahead. "It's good to get back home."

"Yassuh, an' I sho is proud to see you."

Then she saw something else, something that cut her to the heart, for when he came alongside her porch and the eager black boys caught his bridle, Mr. Davis did not swing himself jauntily from the saddle but dismounted with a painful effort.

"Here, boys," he said, trying to straighten up as he laid the shoes on the porch. "Sit there and each of you pick out a pair that fits."

She turned into the room and came back with a towel, only to wince again as she saw Mr. Davis leaning against her door for support. Then it shocked her to note that the sight of one eye was gone and the dead orb glittered blindly.

"Git away, boys," she scattered the little Negroes. "Come in, suh. Have dis rockin' chair."

"Old friend," he inquired, entering the room with all his ancient dignity, "how has the world been using you?"

"Po'ly, suh," she started to complain, but her own troubles seemed so frivolous that Florida checked herself from telling what the Yankees had done and said, "We's gittin' 'long fine. Fine."

"Ah!" his single eye fell upon the bed and Mr. Davis remarked, "A new baby. How many is that?"

"Twenty-two, suh—or twenty-three. I disreckollects. Set down, suh, set down."

They sat together, the black woman and the famous gentleman, each in a rocking chair, knee to knee. Mr. Davis was neither querulous nor vindictive but merely told her of things that had happened, while she glared in blank silence, listening to how the Yankees captured him.

"We had no chance, Florida, to escape when Union cavalry from Michigan closed round our little party. Then the authorities carried us in a ship to Fortress Monroe."

"Dat's where dey parted you from Miss Varina an' de chillun?" Florida asked indignantly.

"Yes. They sent them to Savannah." *(Continued on page 52)*

"Listen, Honey, listen real good. When Marse Jeff Davis came ridin' home . . ." Aunt Florida hands on the traditions of the Davis family in flashes of vivid memory of her life on Brierfield and Hurricane

Tough Beat

By Leslie T. White

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Cops hit hard on Chuck Masters' beat. They had to. But so did the women. When they hit each other —well, you had something

WHEN Chuck Masters was transferred to the Harbor precinct station and assigned to the River Street beat every man in the department knew that Masters had reached the critical stage of his career. For River Street, from the old Haymarket to the call box on the corner of the interurban right of way, was considered by veterans to be the best proving ground in the city for ambitious young cops. If a rookie survived River Street he could take care of himself anywhere in the metropolitan area.

Chuck welcomed the opportunity. He realized that it was in the nature of a practical test of his ability; that his career hinged on his success. He considered himself lucky to get the chance, for he had been on the department less than eighteen months, which, as old Sergeant Spang phrased it, was just long enough to get cocky, but not long enough to develop much sense.

"You're not ready for it," the sergeant had growled, when notified of Masters' assignment. "There's too many angles for a rookie."

Chuck Masters accepted that as a challenge and took over his new patrol. But nothing happened worthy of note until, on his fourth day on the beat, he bumped into the girl—literally.

She had come running out of Sol Levine's delicatessen shop with her arms full of bundles at the precise moment he rounded the corner on his way to help the kids over the school crossing. So they sort of sideswiped each other and, although Chuck managed to catch her in his arms, the packages crashed. There appeared on the pavement a mound of Mrs. Levine's special potato salad, a mess of Boston baked beans, still steaming, and the stern end of a lemon meringue pie.

Still clutching her, he mumbled: "I'm sorry, miss!"

She shrugged herself free of his grasp, backed up a step and studied him in cold appraisal.

"A *cop!*" she said, and he noticed her lips curl over the word. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

A fat woman hanging out the fourth story of a brown brick tenement on the opposite side of the street cackled shrilly.

"I said I was sorry," Chuck Masters reiterated. "Can I help you?"

"Sure. You can sit on the curb and eat it!" snapped the girl.

Somebody snickered. That disconcerted Chuck just long enough for the girl to pirouette on her high heels and leave him with a suitable retort unspoken.

The women in the windows above were laughing at him. He could think of nothing more appropriate than to leave the beans and salad smeared over the sidewalk and stalk off down the street.

He was angry and worried. The incident had focused his senses on that subtle antagonism he could feel, but could not define. Not the brittle temper of the girl, not even the ribald laughter of the women of the tenements, worried him for long. *It* was something that for a while almost frightened him.

But even this reaction was a transient thing, smothered by a healthy curiosity. He wondered who the girl was. Sol Levine would undoubtedly know; Sol, who stood smirking behind his bargain-marked window. But Sol had the deep-seated hatred for cops that typified the emotion of the street, although he was too much of a diplomat to bring it out into the open. Thinking about it, Chuck remembered the gloomy observation of old Spang. He began to wonder about this infamous beat.

Friday, two days later, was damp and raw. Chuck saw the steamy warmth of Murphy's Lunch Wagon splash an invitation on the glistening sidewalk, and stepped in out of the cold.

The girl sat near the door, huddled dejectedly over an untouched cup of coffee.

Chuck bawled his order for coffee to the Greek counterman who sulked at the far end of the place, then dropped onto a stool one removed from the girl.

He said: "Hello there. Dirty night, eh?"

She gave no sign that she had heard. There was a cigarette held between her right index and middle fingers with half an inch of ash projecting. When Chuck spoke the ash fell to the counter.

The Greek slopped the coffee into a thick mug, clinked a spoon into it and sent it coasting along the counter with a dexterous twist of the wrist that brought the container to a complete stop before Masters.

AGAIN Chuck felt that little ache of futility gnawing at his confidence. He glanced obliquely at the girl, but her eyes were focused straight ahead. Yet he could feel the full weight of her hostility as clearly as though she had cursed him.

"You hold a grudge a long time," he observed dryly.

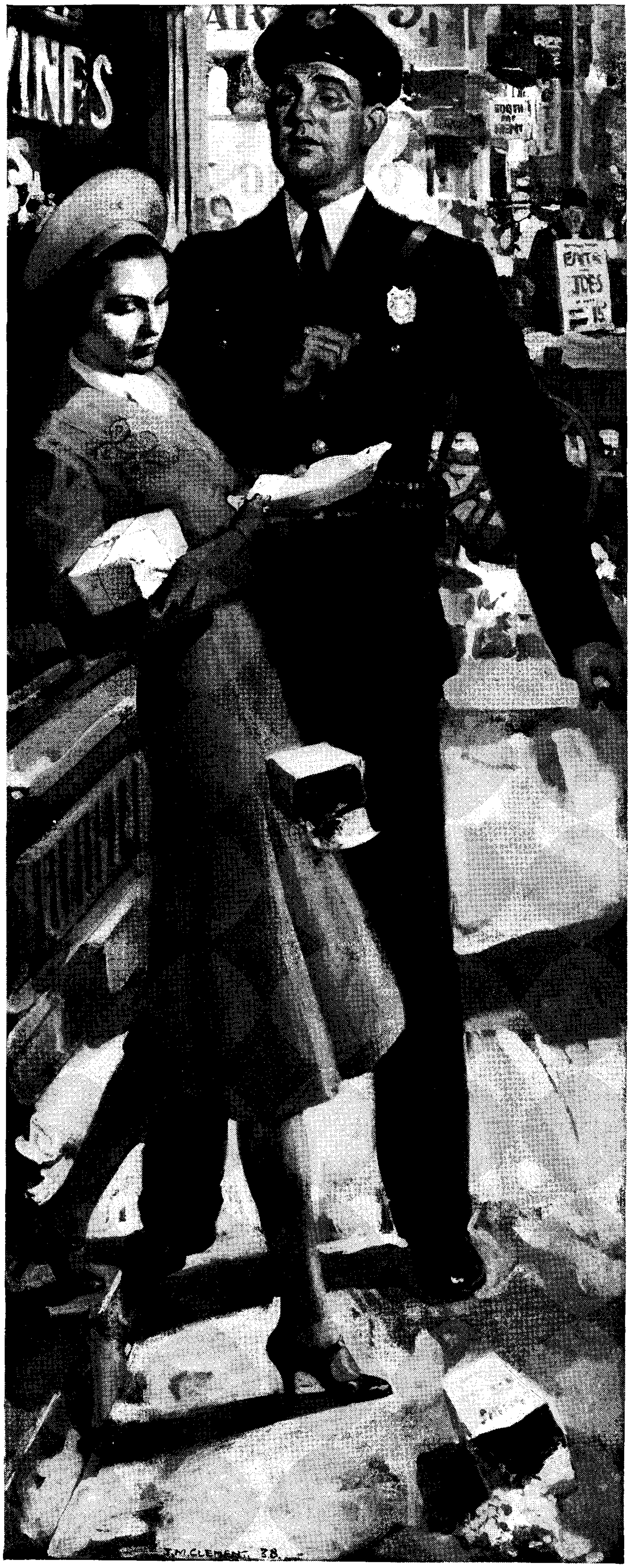
She unclasped her hands, dropped the cigarette into the coffee, and looked him over with slow insolence.

"Since you asked for it, flatty—I don't like cops!"

She spoke slowly, clearly. The Greek did not turn. When the girl rolled a nickel down the counter, he got up and rang the cash register. When the girl went out, the counterman let his eyes wander over Chuck impersonally.

Chuck finished his drink, then resumed his beat. It was new to his experience, this solidified, sometimes intangible but ever-present antagonism. He sensed it was something more than mere hatred of himself as an individual; perhaps even more than hatred of his position as a policeman. Perhaps it was the unknown factor that brought these misfits together and held them together against their common enemy of law and authority. These fat raucous women who hung

(Continued on page 38)



She had come running out of the delicatessen shop and sideswiped him

DISINHERITED

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Black Vaughn, the wildest man in the Islands, kisses another man's fiancée, and is properly rewarded by a message from the beyond

THE poker session at Bat McCullough's place in the wild sea city of Port Ander Bay, in the wilder Caroline Islands, had been going on for three days when Miles of the Beri-Beri anchored one night after a fast run from Pago-Pago. And when he came ashore and saw Black Vaughn, Laughing Allan Vaughn, in the smoke-filled room at McCullough's he frowned with quick sympathy and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say, Black," he said, "have you heard about your old man up on Morres Island? I got the news at Suva."

"What news?" Vaughn demanded, laughing. "Has he decided to recover the long-lost son?"

"He's dead," said Miles simply. "Three months ago."

The table became quiet and Black Vaughn's smile a little stiff. Then someone said easily, "Well, you're lucky, Black. That makes you half owner of the finest copra plantation in the Fijis. I guess that pious brother of yours will get the other half."

"Probably," Vaughn agreed. "He's worked on it long enough."

He got up, stretching, and smilingly looked around.

"Well, boys, that's the word for me to start. I've about lost my shirt anyway. So long."

And then he lounged out toward the beach and his schooner, the Cormorant, young, tall, darkly handsome, and with that memorable careless swagger to his walk. Bat McCullough rubbed his broken nose and shrugged.

"I suppose it would hit some pretty hard to get news like that. But Black and old man Vaughn never did get along." They all nodded and then laughed. The differences in the Vaughn family were common Island gossip.

Three weeks later Dennis Vaughn saw the rakish, black-hulled schooner of his younger brother come racing in to Morres Island, and he stopped dead as he came out of the bungalow fresh from his morning shower, tall, thin-lipped, with sandy hair and uncompromising blue eyes. And he swore under his breath. Grant, the plantation foreman, whistled with some amusement.

"That'll be the Cormorant," he said. "The news must have traveled."

"It's the Cormorant," Dennis agreed coldly. "I'll go down and meet her. Don't say anything about Black to Miss Carroll or her aunt."

Grant rubbed his thin eagle's nose and shrugged. He was a predatory-looking man, and inclined to sarcasm.

"Why should I say anything?" he inquired. "It's none of my damned grief!"

DENNIS VAUGHN looked sharply at him for a moment, then bit his lip and went down to the little wharf. His eyes smoldered as the ship's dinghy ran in.

"Hello, Dennis," said Black Vaughn. "I only heard the news a short while back or I'd have been here sooner."

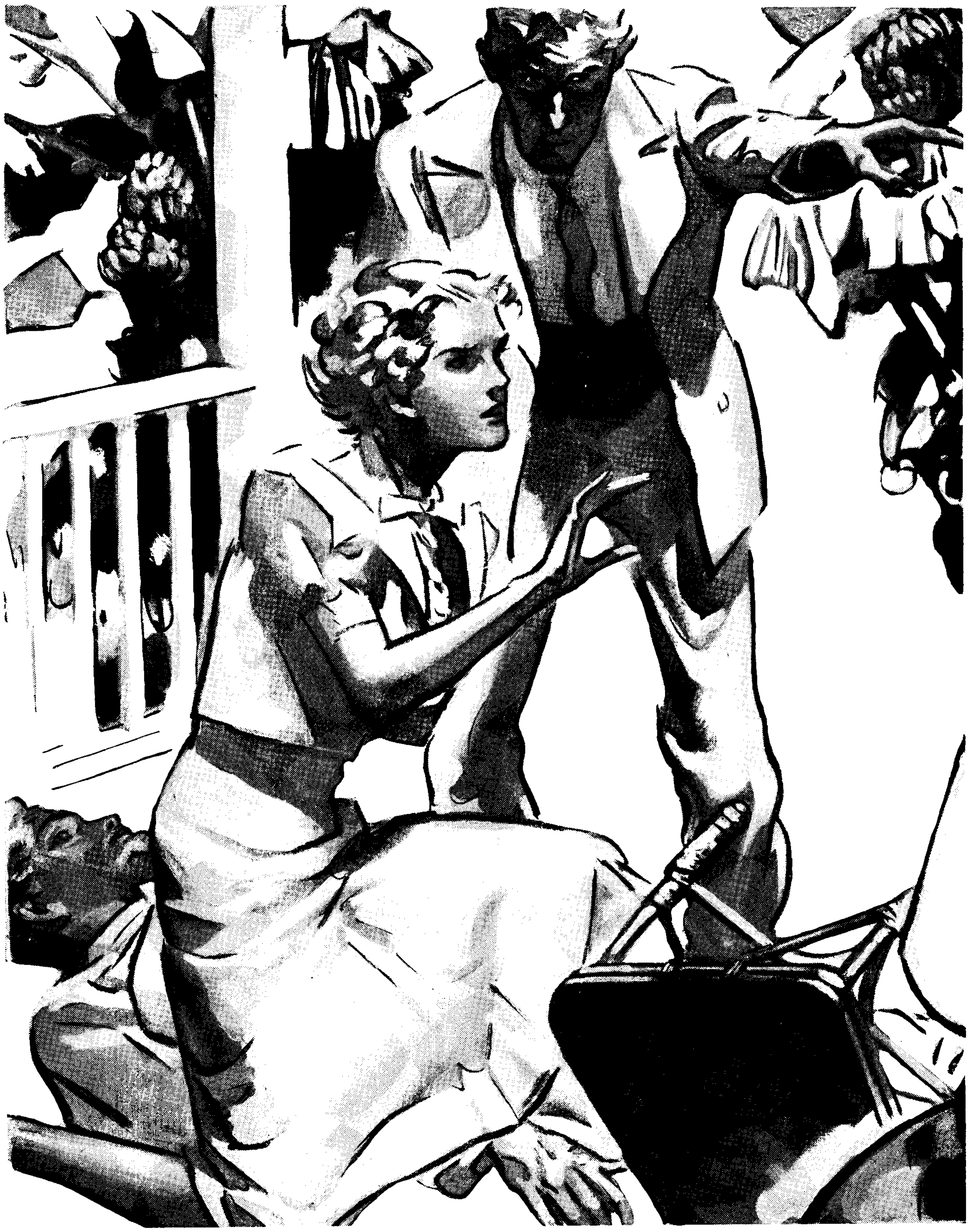
"You're never particularly welcome," said Dennis bitterly.

"Sure," agreed the younger brother, and laughed. "But do we have to fight now?"

Dennis eyed him with a distinct disapproval. There he was, as ever, riotous, careless, ruffianly; dressed in a cotton singlet and a pair of stained duck pants, with the marks of often-worn gun belts plain about the waist. Feet thrust into rope-soled canvas shoes, and a dissolute-looking white-topped captain's cap leaning over one ear. A sailor of the Outer Islands. Dennis Vaughn felt savagely complacent about his own immaculate silk shirt and tie and his spotless whites.

"Did you have to come?" he demanded.

"I wanted to visit the old man's



"Do you know what you're saying?" Eva asked. "Enough so I'm sending a boy for the Resident Magistrate," observed the manager harshly. "There seems to be no doubt" grave," said Black, smiling. "A last mark of respect. There were times when I think he wasn't altogether as mad at me as he let on."

"You're talking nonsense," snapped Dennis icily. "Father disliked you so much he wouldn't have your name mentioned. And if you've come expecting half the plantation and money you've wasted time. He cut you off with a shilling, and for some reason or another you're to have his old guns, the ones he wore before he settled down. There's a letter also. Probably telling you just what he thought of you."

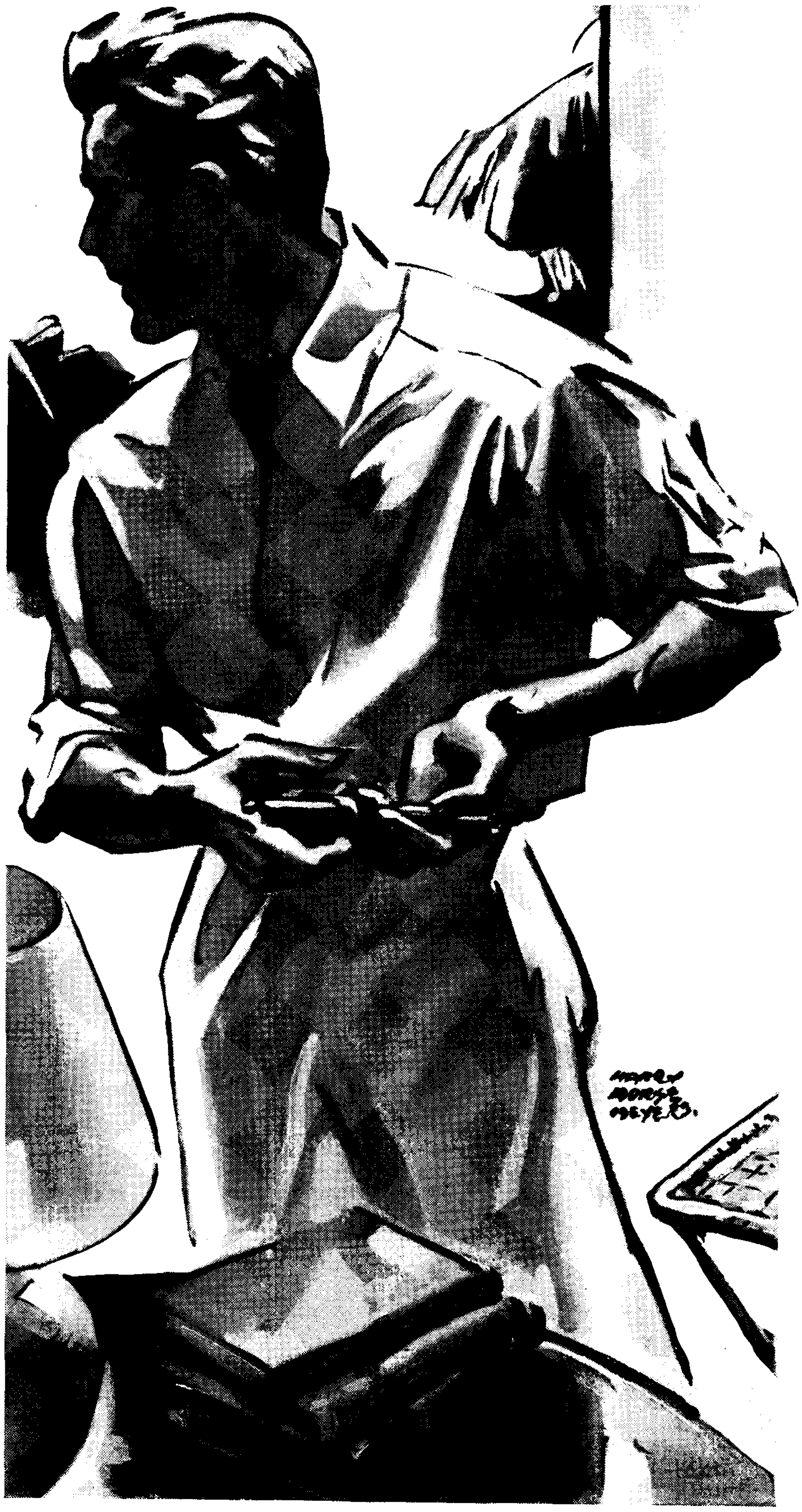
"Cut me off?" said Black Vaughn. He stared for a moment and swallowed hard. And then he laughed. "Well, the old son of a gun. I didn't expect just that, but I don't blame him. I was never dutiful and every time I saw him we fought like hell. . . . And so you get all the property?"

"It has been left equally divided between myself and Miss Eva Carroll," said Dennis stiffly. "You might remember her. Our cousin who lived with her aunt in New Zealand. Father said in his will he had a desire to bring the two remaining decent members of the family together."

Black Vaughn bit his lip.

"I . . . had no idea he felt that bitter. He'd been pretty much of a tough boy in his own time. And I always thought . . . but it doesn't matter. I want to see where he is."

"We'll go," said his brother, exasperated. "Frankly, I'd like to postpone your visit to the bungalow as long as possible. Miss Carroll and her aunt are living here until we can settle things. And I might mention that Eva and I are engaged."



Black Vaughn, Laughing Allan Vaughn, nodded soberly and the men who had known him in the Outer Islands would have been astonished to see him at that moment as he went up to his father's grave. His smile had entirely gone.

HE WAS himself an hour later as he and Dennis climbed the bungalow steps and the white-haired head houseboy grinned at him and called a kanaka welcome. Everyone liked Black Vaughn.

"Still with us, Tima," said Black, laughing. "You savvy me big fella master. Me big fella captain. Me want um big fella drink."

Tima clapped his hands for a junior and chuckled.

"One fella big drink me fixum. You savvy me fixum good."

Dennis scowled and went into the bungalow with his brother behind him.

"Here you are," he said stiffly, unfastening a package. "One shilling. The letter. And the guns. Do you wish to read the will and make sure?"

"No," said Black simply. "I'll take your word."

He thrust the letter into a pocket. He did not want to read what his father had thought of him, not now at least. The shilling he pitched to the houseboy who brought him the drink. But the guns . . . he picked them up almost with veneration. His father as a young man had been known as one of the best shots in the South, and one of the most daring adventurers. He had made Island history. His exploits had grown into legends. He had gone through fevers, hurricanes, native wars and shipwrecks, and the glamor of his name had filled the sea. And then suddenly, a rich man, he had married a lovely woman from Cairns in northern Queensland, and settled down. Changed. He had repudiated his old wild life. He had become the ideal planter. Passionately in love, he then saw most things with his wife's eyes, even became religious.

DENNIS, his first-born, had been his new self; but his second-born had been a throwback to the wild and glamorous days. And he had always seemed to resent it. Everyone knew that. And yet, Black thought, as he stood there in the bungalow, he left me his guns. I wonder why. He always wanted me to work on the plantation with Dennis. To settle down. To quit the sea and the free-lance trading game. Maybe it's a hint that I'll probably die with my boots on. So he left me his guns. And he cut me off with a shilling.

"Miss Carroll," Dennis was saying, "this is my younger brother, Allan Vaughn."

Black came to with a start, thrust the guns into his hip pockets and smiled as he turned.

"Ah, the cousin from New Zealand," he began jestingly and then stopped. She was lovely. She was almost as tall as himself, golden-haired, violet-eyed; with a creamy complexion and exquisite full lips, and Black Vaughn swallowed hard. He had a way with women, as all the Islands knew, and he was seldom serious about them or at a loss in their presence. . . . But his cousin! . . . And he was acutely conscious that he needed a shave and some respectable clothes and that Dennis, smiling frozenly, was so calm and immaculate.

"I've heard so much about you," said Eva Carroll. "And read so much." She eyed him coolly, curiously. "So you're the famous Black Vaughn."

"Eva probably means notorious," his brother corrected with sarcasm. The girl gave a quick frown.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "Allan Vaughn interests quite a lot of people." And to Black: "I want to hear all about the wild Islands, and some of those terrible things you've done, like fighting cannibals and all that."

"Not really terrible," he said, smiling. "It's just that the Administration's apt to be touchy and give me a bad name. Someone has to tame the Islands."

"Well, tell me anyway. All Dennis can talk about is coconuts and the Sydney prices for copra. Suppose we walk."

Black looked at his brother and saw he did not care for the idea and was pressing his thin lips together in irritation, and he laughed. Dennis obviously considered, in his own controlled way, that Eva wholly belonged to him. After all, they were engaged. It could hardly be love, though, for somehow one did not associate Dennis with love, and it would be interesting, Black thought, to see if jealousy could stir his precise and well-ordered brother to some genuine emotion.

"YOU'RE the first white woman I've seen in months," he said easily as they started off. "So give me time to grow civilized again."

"Eva!" said Dennis sharply. He took a step or two forward as if to stop her.

"We won't be long," she said calmly. "And, besides, you just told me you had urgent business in the store sheds." She looked sideways at Black from under her lashes. "Dennis is such a busy man."

They walked through the bungalow garden of hibiscus and passion flowers, and down to where the sand was brilliantly white in the sun. Eva Carroll was thoughtful at first and hardly heard what Black was saying. He was so utterly unlike his brother. Everyone had warned her he was a sort of Captain Kidd, stern-browed and forbidding. Yet here he was young and tall and burned almost black with tropical suns, easy, assured, and with a curious air of efficiency that calmed the nerves. She always felt under a tension with Dennis, was always self-conscious about her speech and actions. Yet with this other man, whose reputation should have made a respectable girl a little afraid, she felt entirely different.

They were good friends in almost no time, and they halted on the beach at last beside some huge boulders where the land crabs and terns were busily dissecting a stranded shark.

"One thing," she told him at last, growing serious, "and I had to get you away from Dennis to say it. I'm terribly sorry about Uncle . . . your father . . . leaving me half the property. It should have been yours."

Laughing Allan Vaughn ceased laughing and considered for a moment.

"PERHAPS it should have been," he agreed carelessly. He waved his hand. "Not that I wanted it . . . but . . . I don't understand the old man's cutting me off like that." He looked at her and smiled, then, a little crookedly. "Anyway, I'm glad it's yours and not anyone else's. You'll get along with Dennis. He fits in this sort of life."

"We're already engaged," she agreed uncertainly. "But I'm not sure yet I'm going to care for plantation life. It's pretty flat, though I suppose one gets used to it." He laughed and a malicious little devil stirred inside him. . . . Oh, Dennis was so sure of himself . . . so he put his arms about her and kissed her. Easily, carelessly, confidently. A sailor of the Outer Islands.

"So you're engaged," he said softly. "Are you sure?" He had a way with women. Anyone in the South could have told her that.

"I've got to talk to you," said Dennis in the bungalow two weeks later. "I

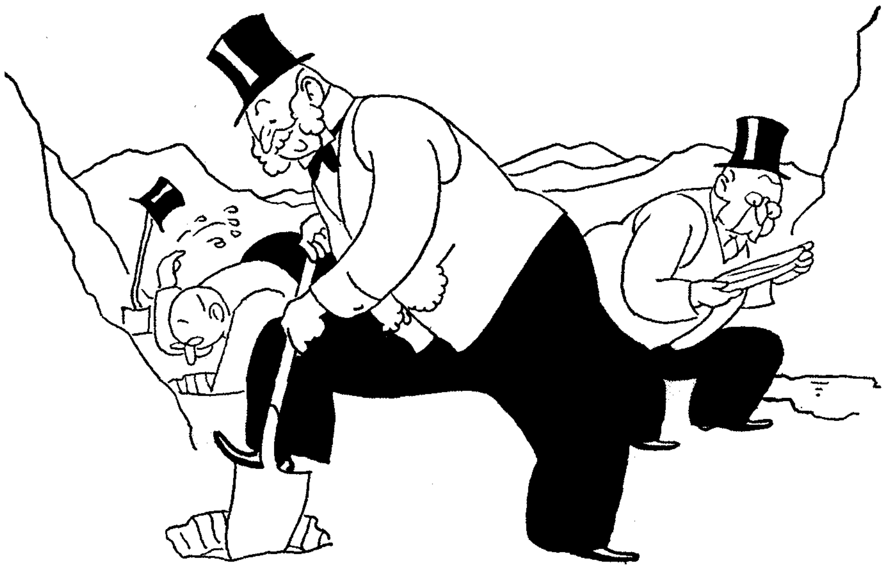
(Continued on page 62)

Rich Man's Refuge

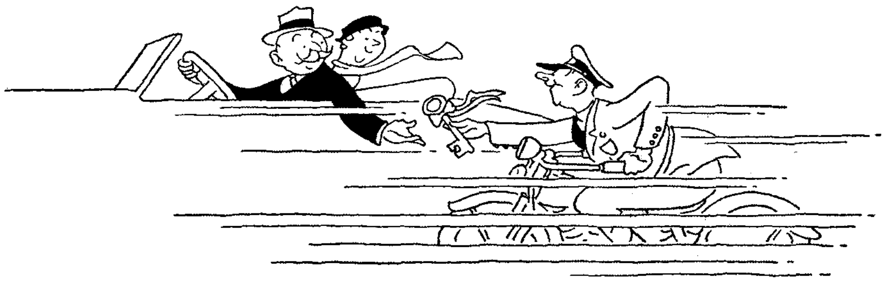
By Frank J. Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Pack up your millions in your old kit bag and head for Nevada, the cyclone cellar for the tax-weary



The influx of the wealthy has changed the mining picture in Nevada



Speed cops siren you to stop only to present the keys to the cities

WHEW! Talk about a close squeak! When the dispatcher slammed that airplane door behind us and clicked the latch from the outside, we thanked our stars it wasn't the lock on the Washoe County jail. Only half an hour before, in company with Mr. Steve Stimpson, who knows everybody in Reno, we'd gone out to pass the time of day with old Judge Bartlett, retired. After a couple of drinks that lovable, irascible old stick of dynamite worked himself into a red-hot dither over what we might be telling the world about Nevada.

"What do you know about Nevada?" he demanded vehemently. "You drop off a plane and head for Club Fortune or The Palace or The Town House. You go to the courthouse and listen to some divorce cases. Then you tell the world about the gambling and the hell-raising that goes on in Reno. Not just you, my dear sir, but all of your craft. You're just moths attracted by the bright lights."

"Isn't Reno proud of her bright lights?" we asked.

"Dammit," thundered the judge, growing redder in the face. "Not one of you ever sees the decent side of Reno. I'd like to lock you up in the Washoe County jail and keep you here long enough to get acquainted with the real Nevada. I've a notion to call the sheriff and ask him to do it."

But in the nick of time one of the judge's three lovely daughters rushed to our rescue, like Pocahontas saving John Smith. "Now calm yourself, Judgee, dear," she pleaded, kissing him on his bald head. Momentarily that quenched the judge's ire and before he could rekindle it this Miss Jean Bartlett had eased us out of the house and into her yellow roadster and we were headed for the Reno airport. We looked back once and there was the old judge standing on the curb shaking his fist.

As the air liner circled above the fertile and sheltered valley, gathering altitude for the plunge over the mountains, we counted the times we'd been excoriated that day for the sins of our craft. And by some of Nevada's best people, too. We'd been scolded by Bill Hopper, president of The First National Bank, by Hal Lemmon of Sierra Pacific Power, by George Wingfield, who's in everything in Nevada. We were lectured by Editor Leigh Sanford, by Attorney Les Summerfield, by Farmer Fred Dangberg. We'd taken it from Governor Dick Kirman; from Dud Day, the automobile man; from Charlie Sadler at the Riverside; and a lot of others as well.

Somehow, it didn't make sense. We leaned across the sky lounge toward Steve Stimpson's seat.

Silverado Grows Up

"Listen, Steve, we've been up here before and nobody gave a tinker's damn what we thought about the divorcees and the gambling joints and the hotcha side of Reno. Now everybody's harping on Nevada's respectability. What's come over these people all of a sudden?"

"One sound state," he replied. "It's the new religion up here."

There you have it in nine words. A new Nevada is risen from the sagebrush and the mesas to take the place of old Silverado with its "hundred thousand square miles and one square citizen for each square mile." Old Silverado, where the sky was the limit for residents and visitors alike, where you could gamble as much or drive as fast or have as many divorces as you pleased. As long as you paid the admission price, it was nobody's business where you went or what you did. The last frontier of individual freedom!

Not that there'll be no liberty in new Nevada. The Reno gambling clubs will still relieve you of your roll at a dollar a whirl of the roulette wheel or a dime a throw at tango. You can drink all you want and the red-light girls will still be down by the river. Reno will welcome you for the matrimonial cure and the county clerk will still pile out of bed at 2 A. M. if you should drop in for a hurry-up wedding. The speed cops, all three of them, if they siren you to stop on the highways, will do so only to present the keys to the cities of Reno, Elko, Tonapah, Goldfield and Las Vegas.

But the Nevadans aren't going to play up this gay, devil-may-care side of life in their state any more. They're going to put the emphasis on civic respectability. And just to show that they are in earnest about it, a lot of Reno's leading professional and business men have banded together at a thousand dollars a throw to underwrite "Nevada Unlimited," a new institution whose sole purpose is to sell Nevada short on hell-raising and long on economic stability. They're selling "The cyclone cellar for the tax-weary," as they call this new Nevada.

It's a business proposition. The underwriters expect to get their money back. Some of it is back already. In 1929, when certain neighboring states were overrun with millionaires, Nevada had so few that you could count them on your fingers. Today, Nevada has a Four Hundred. The palatial new homes on the heights west of Reno or on Nevada's one third of Lake Tahoe's hundred-mile shore line remind you of Pasadena or Santa Barbara or Palm Beach in the palmy days of prosperity.

No Houses to Let

Reno is in the midst of the biggest building boom in the history of the place, yet you can't find a sizable house for immediate occupancy without moving somebody out on the street or into a hotel.

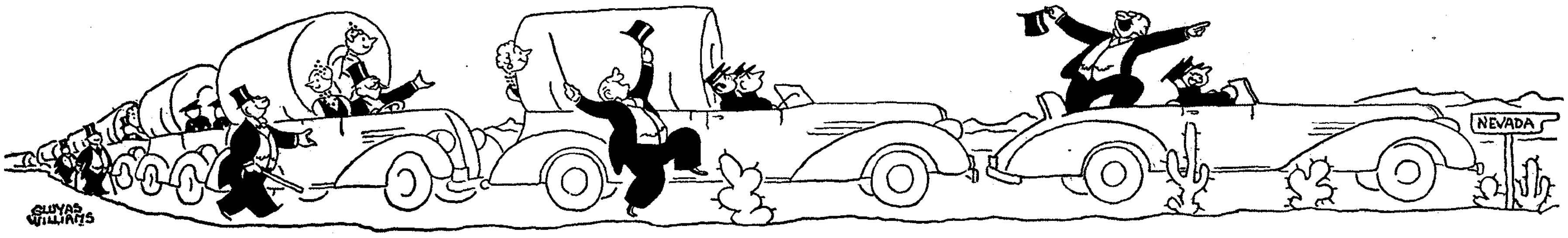
"I've been looking for a home ever since I came up here, and believe me I can't locate one," Mr. W. W. Hopper told us. Poor Mr. Hopper is merely the president of the largest bank in Nevada. Mr. Giannini sent him up to Reno eight months ago and if he can't wangle a house, who can?

Over in Club Fortune we were introduced to Dot Bartlett, who is one of Reno's most active real-estate agents, specializing of late in ranch homes for rich newcomers to the lush and fertile Washoe Valley.

"My job isn't selling ranches any more," she explained. "It's persuading the people who own land to part with it."

Over at the lake we crossed the trail of Mr. George Whittell, a wealthy San Franciscan who has migrated to Nevada. He had just completed the purchase of half a dozen estates and lumber holdings at a cost of more than a million dollars, giving him eighteen miles of Lake Tahoe water front located in Nevada as the site for a new millionaire colony a mile above the sea in the Sierra Nevada.

(Continued on page 55)

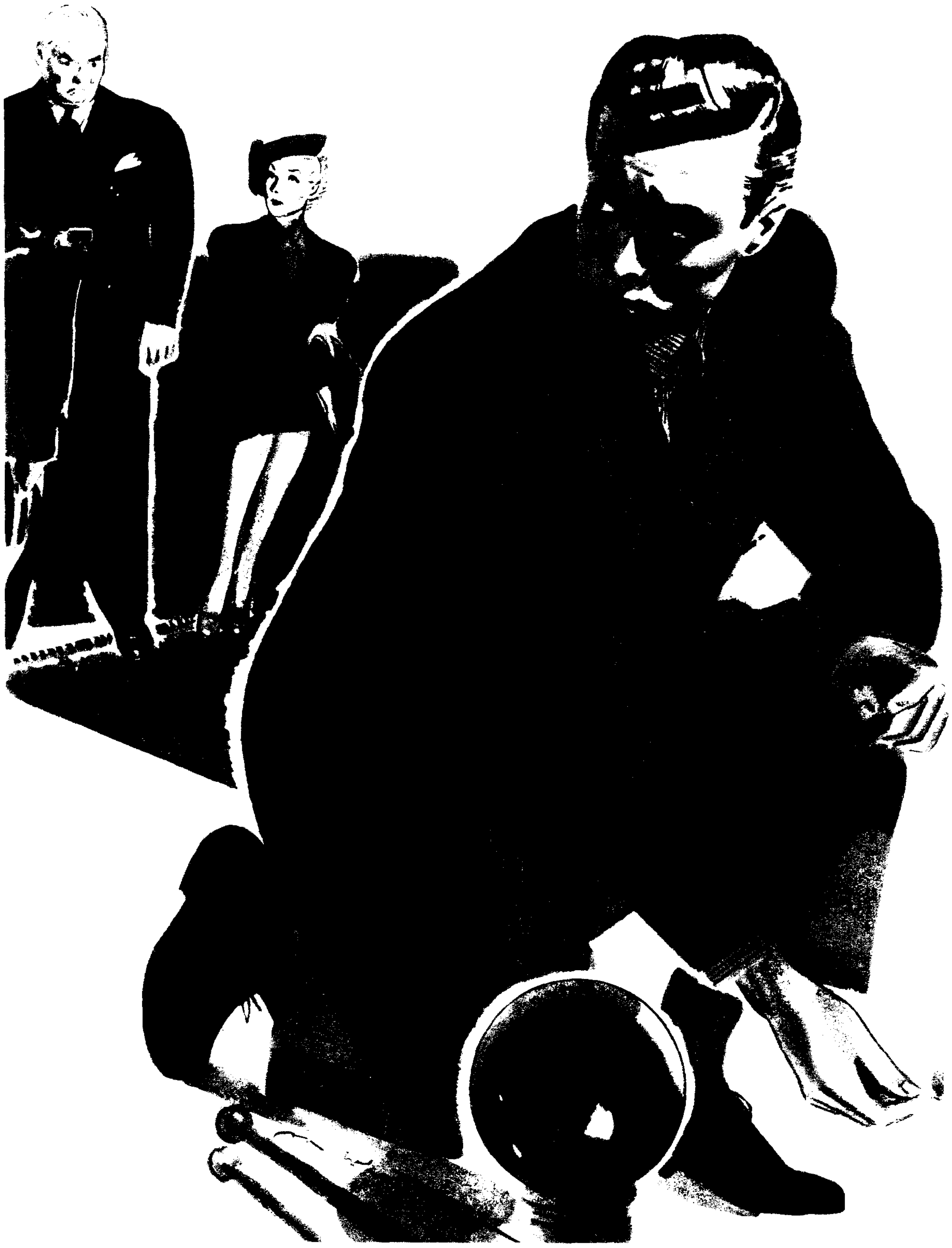


The covered-wagon days are revived in the trek of the rich to Nevada

EAST OF BROADWAY

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Eddie hesitated and Linda said, "I think you'd better." The blaze was swift

The Story Thus Far:

IN a small Southern town, Eddie Lawson, a professional dancer, is confronted with a difficult problem: He has met a girl, Linda Waring. Having heard her sing, he is eager to take her to Broadway, manage her. But if he takes her to New York, the small-town scandalmongers would ruin her. There is just one solution: marriage—purely platonic and resorted to merely to enable the girl to make her bid for fame.

And so Eddie Lawson and Linda Waring are married. After which, accompanied by Eddie's best friend, Tiny Martin, a musician, they go to New York. There Eddie is presently working—as a master of ceremonies at a night spot, and Linda (a success from the start) is singing at the most popular club in Manhattan.

Among their friends are Honey Reardon, a night-club hostess, and her brother, Danny, a member of the New York police force.

Danny is too busy to see much of Linda. But not that noted master of ceremonies, Vernon Gregg. Gregg (who hates Eddie) assists her in her climb to fame, presses his suit hard (with no mention of marriage, Mr. Gregg being a superficially attractive Broadway hyena with a flair for young girls).

Eddie dislikes Vernon Gregg. At a party—given by Andrew North, a man with a sinister reputation, but so hospitable, so charming, that Eddie and Linda are genuinely fond of him—the two meet. Gregg, intoxicated, insults Linda. Whereupon, Eddie knocks him down.

Andrew North is a racketeer, a killer. He has wormed his way into the good graces of Eddie and Linda, because he—and, following a brutal murder, he alone—knows something concerning Eddie Lawson that even Eddie does not know: "Eddie Lawson" (whose real name is Oscar Blunt) is the owner of stock worth more than a quarter of a million dollars! North is plotting to steal that fortune!

The time to strike has now arrived, he believes. And strike he does—by killing Vernon Gregg and making it appear that Linda Waring is the killer! His victims now in his power, he goes to them, tells them of Eddie's wealth, and demands two hundred thousand dollars—as "hush money." He gives them twenty-four hours in which to discuss the matter.

Investigating the murder, Danny Reardon interrogates Linda. Linda tells him the whole story, truthfully. She ends her recital. Then: "What do you think?" Danny gazes at her. "I think," he replies, "that you're in a hell of a mess."

Conclusion

"WON'T anybody believe the truth?" Linda asked.

"I will," Danny said. "Because I know you. And maybe because I want to. Now look, Linda—I've got to learn more. You see, killing is a pretty serious thing . . . and I'm cop enough to know that you *could* be holdin' out on me."

"Then why would I tell you—"

"Where did the shot come from?"

"I don't know."

"You were sitting in that wing chair when it happened?"

"Yes."

"Where was Gregg?"

"Standing up facing me."

"He wasn't making passes at you?"

"Not then."

"But he had been?"

"A little."

"You won't even argue that you were defending your honor?"

"No, Danny. I wasn't afraid of anything like that."

"How far from the chair was Gregg standing?"

"A few feet."

"Did you know that they found Gregg's gun on the terrace?"

"I read it in the newspapers. But I wasn't on the terrace."

"They'd argue that you could have thrown the gun there, thinking you were pitching it into the street. But there's one thing in your favor. It didn't have any fingerprints on it."

"I don't understand . . ."

Danny's mind was working clearly. "If your story is strictly true, Gregg was shot by someone who was on the terrace. And that somebody either wore gloves or else wiped the fingerprints off after the shot was fired."

"But how could anybody be on the terrace?"

"Easy enough. First of all, it wasn't Gregg's man. He has a perfect alibi. But 12-B, the apartment next to Gregg's, was vacant. It's the only other one on that floor. Someone wanting to push him off could have gone in there, climbed around the railing to Gregg's terrace, and blasted away. But, Linda—a thing like that is hard to prove . . . especially if the cops once get the idea it was you."

"You believe me, don't you, Danny?" Linda said.

"I think I do. But you see, Linda—if you weren't telling me the truth . . . that is, if you had killed Gregg—why, you'd still tell this sort of a story."

"I didn't kill him. And you know why I didn't phone the police right away, don't you?"

"Because you were afraid it might have been Eddie. Well—what's to say it wasn't?"

"Danny!"

"I'M NOT accusing him. I ain't accusing anybody. I want to find out. But grab this: Here's you and Eddie secretly married. I guess you're in love—"

"Yes," said Linda simply, "we are."

"You have a date with a louse that Eddie has just slapped around; the one enemy he's got in the world. Eddie didn't like it. Ain't it reasonable to believe that he let himself into that apartment—12-B . . . climbed onto Gregg's terrace, and let him have a slug when he got fresh with you?"

"You don't think that—really?"

"Gosh—no. But what they'll think down at headquarters might be something else again."

Eddie asked, "Can I say something about this?"

"Yeh. But if you're gonna offer to take the rap—don't bother."

"Why not?"

"Because we're not looking for a victim. We're hunting for who really done it."

"Suppose I did."

"He didn't!" gasped Linda. "I know he didn't."

"How do you know?"

"Because he played his show. And when I went by for him, he didn't know why I was upset. He isn't that good an actor."

"I might have done it," insisted Eddie stubbornly.

"How'd you get into 12-B?"

"Anybody can get a master key, can't they?"

"Where?"

"Eddie! Don't go on with that." Linda was on her feet. "Can't you see what he's thinking of, Danny? That he got me into this thing and he'll do anything to get me out. He wouldn't shoot anybody."

"You'd be surprised, Linda," said Danny Reardon, "the sort of people who go around shooting other folks."

Eddie said, "What's next, Danny?"

Danny was worried. He shook his head and said, "I don't know. Honest I don't. You two kids have jumped into a hole and pulled *(Continued on page 30)*

That Lonesome Road

By James H. Street

Only Steve and his Arkansas Traveler could have gone down a flooded bayou road at midnight—and returned safely

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

RARE is the man who can boast lordship of all he surveys. Mr. Andy Beasley could.

What he was surveying at the moment, from his second-story office in the warehouse, was the town of Barlow, Arkansas—the sawmill and lumberyard, the general store and commissary, the jerkwater railroad and the trucking company, not to mention the seven hundred and fifty souls and two preachers as given in the last census.

But it was on the loading platform and the giant truck alongside that Mr. Beasley's eyes rested most pridefully.

The truck was the Arkansas Traveler, a donkey and trailer job, 20 tons dead weight, ten speeds forward, seventy-mile speed on the open road, and a carrying capacity of half a freight car. It had cost Mr. Beasley seven thousand dollars, and he expected it to pay for itself within six months.

In the creak of loading wheelers, the thud of boxes and the grunts of roustabouts, Mr. Beasley already could hear the tinkle of some of those dollars. He reached into the drawer of his chipped desk, and popped a bit of sweet gum into his mouth. A nickel for chewing gum was foolish when his drivers could bring in tasty bits of sap from sweet gum trees along their runs.

Suddenly, Mr. Beasley popped out of his chair, jerked up a window. A giant redhead of a man in corduroy and windbreaker had stepped across the loading platform and opened the cab of the Traveler.

"Hey, Johnson," shouted Mr. Beasley. "C'mere."

He listened to the thump of feet on the stairs, the creak of the opening door. Then he glanced up and smiled unctuously.

STEVE JOHNSON was lean and lanky, with the reddest hair south of Omaha. His hands were big and freckled, but they could nurse the lurching Traveler at fifty miles an hour for the whole all-night run between Fort Smith and Memphis, and that is truck driving, as any pusher will tell you.

"You want me?"

Steve Johnson's hands hung empty at his side and his cap was still jammed on his carroty head. Mr. Beasley frowned when he noticed that. Other employees removed their hats in his presence.

"Yes." Mr. Beasley's thin lips grew thinner. "You all ready to roll for Memphis?"

"Soon as the loaders get done. Be ready to seal in ten minutes."

"Good. There's a little chore I want you to do on the way. You know that long stretch of road through the swamps, the other side of Little Rock?"

The redhaired pusher nodded. "That Lonesome Road? Sure—every pusher in the country knows that stretch."

"Well, I just rented a little farm down there to a man named Potter. He ain't much good, but neither is the land. He's behind with the rent. Stop by and collect it, and I'll give you ten per cent. It comes to four dollars and ten cents, so your share'll be forty-one cents."

Steve reached into his pocket, took out some real chewing gum and tucked it into his jaws, without offering his boss a stick. Then he shook his head.

"I'm paid to push the Arkansas Traveler—not to dun two-bit farmers for rent."

Mr. Beasley's eyes snapped open. His nostrils twitched and his chin quivered. "What's the matter, Johnson? Don't you like your job?"

"Oh, pushing the Traveler's all right. But pushing farmers for rent—"

Mr. Beasley made a smacking sound with his sweet gum. "Tchk—tchk. You can't be chickenhearted in business. I'm not going to dispossess those Potters, yet, but I want my money. Won't take you a minute—and you'll make forty-one cents."

"*If* I get it," said Steve tersely.

THE lord of Barlow sat upright. His voice grew shrill. "If it's that three hundred dollars you claim I owe you, Steve Johnson, I'll have you know I always pay my just debts—when I know they are just."

"It ain't too late to take it up with the state labor bureau," suggested Steve pointedly.

That was the last thing Mr. Andy Beasley wanted, however. There had been a matter of burned hands Steve had received in handling a poorly packed cargo of lye on a wet night. It was not only the three hundred dollars which the driver was entitled to under the state workmen's compensation act, but if the case came up, investigators might wonder why the Beasley Trucking Company was hauling lye in paper cartons.

Or they might investigate other cargoes on which Mr. Beasley saved money by cheap packing, contrary to the state safety laws. Workmen's compensation and safety laws were all foolishness in Mr. Beasley's opinion, and were good only to trim a man out of his just profits.

His frown faded and his voice became persuasive.

"Now, Steve, you don't want to look at it like that. I got that three hundred dollars invested for you—make more than you could from the bank. You get as good wages as any driver on the road. You just stick steady, and—"

Steve looked out of the window at the Traveler. "It's a good job," he said slowly, "but I got plans—"

"Fine, fine—I heard about it," said Mr. Beasley paternally. "That girl in the pie wagon at Little Rock, eh? That's right, my boy, nothing like a good wife to keep a man steady. Work hard, save your money and you'll never be sorry."

"Yes—but that ain't just it. We been looking ahead to when we could go into business for ourselves. I was counting on that three hundred dollars as a start on a truck—"

"You don't mean you want to go gypsying!" Mr. Beasley was scornful. "It's a start, anyway. And some of the gypsies are doing all right—Dusty Rhodes—Tex Rawlings—"

"A bunch of drifters—rolling stones—truck tramps!" snorted Mr. Beasley. "Make money one month, lose twice as much the next! Ain't no future in that. You keep your steady job, my boy. Now get along to Memphis, and stop worrying about that money. And don't forget to stop by the Potter farm—"

Steve walked down the steps and across the loading platform to the Traveler, grumbling as he walked. Viciously, he kicked his truck's tires to check the air pressure. He examined his lights and flares, and swung up into his cab.

The boss loader shoved in the last bundle, slammed the great doors of the trailer and sealed them with an interstate seal of brass.

"Ready to roll!" he called out.

Steve kicked on the starter, threw the Traveler in gear so violently that the big truck jumped.

"So long, you mugs!" he growled back. "And get ready for trouble if this load ain't tight and balanced!"

At the yard gates, he worked the Traveler onto the highroad, jumped through nine forward gears and gunned the truck until it bucked and snorted in protest at such unusual treatment.

"Hell—no need taking it out on you, old lady, is it?" Steve eased weight off the gas pedal and suddenly grinned. The truck settled down, hugging the road—the motor and tires singing contentedly, and Steve felt better.

Then remembrance of his boss' errand returned, and he spat out his gum and stuck a cigarette between his lips.

"Rent collecting on the Lonesome Road," he grumbled, and juiced the Traveler until her wheels whined as they raced down from the Ozarks to the sticky, gumbo lands of the swamp country.

BLANCHE THORN, Steve's sweetheart by her own choice and his conquest, knew Steve was peeved by the way he walked into her Truckman's Pie Wagon at midnight.

"Hello, Blanche," he said. His usual greeting was "Hi, honey!" He nodded to a group of drivers, loafing around the pin-ball game. "Gimme the usual, Blanche."

Blanche filled a bowl with steaming oatmeal, drenched it with real cream, and pushed a cup of black coffee before him.

"Everything all right, Steve?" She spoke softly so the other pushers wouldn't hear. Steve pretended to reach for the sugar, but patted her hand on the counter.

"It is now, honey," he said.

He finished his snack, wiped his mouth with a paper napkin and selected a toothpick. Dusty Rhodes, who pushed the Mississippi Mud Cat, eyed him through the tobacco smoke that hung heavily in the little pie wagon.

"Hey, what's eating you, Steve? You ain't said two words since you came."

Dusty was one of the gypsy drivers, those free lances who roamed the country snatching cargoes where they could find them—tramp sailors of the highroads, and their trucks were their ships.

"Bet as soon as we leave Steve'll have plenty to say," drawled Tex Rawlings, who gypsied out of Fort Worth in the Old Gray Mare. The crowd looked at Blanche and laughed. Steve glared at them and snapped:

"So what?"

"Aw, we were just kidding," Dusty eased the tension. "No hard feelings, buddy." He pulled on his gloves. "I got to be rolling. Got to be in Mississippi, come day-bust. So long, you rambling wrecks."

"I got to roll, too," said Tex. "So long, Blanche. Adios, Steve."

Steve stood at the door and watched

"Everything all right, Steve?" She spoke softly so the other pushers wouldn't hear

them go. Then he leaned against the doorway and stared moodily into the darkness. Blanche put her hand on his arm.

"Blues, honey?"

He cupped her chin in his palms and kissed her.

"Yeah, Blanche. The old rocking-chair blues have got me."

"Getting the hotfoot again, Steve?" She smiled, but there was mist in her eyes. "The old wanderlust. You always did want to gypsy, didn't you, darling?"

"I'd rather have you, Blanche."

"Why, Steve, I haven't got anything against gypsies."

"But I wouldn't be home every night—you'd be a truckman's widow—"

Blanche walked to a stool and sat facing him. "Don't you know I couldn't be happy unless you were doing what you wanted? If you did gypsy, it wouldn't be forever."

"Lord, Blanche, you're swell." Steve put his arms around her, and she snuggled her head against his chest. Just then the coffee perked over. Steve swore. Blanche laughed and ran to turn down the gas.

"YOU'RE pretty swell yourself, Steve Johnson. But the hotfoot isn't the only thing that's bothering you. Come on, tell me. Is it Beasley again?"

"Yeah."

"What now?"

"Aw, I'm getting fed up with him. He owes me that three hundred dollars, you know, and if I law him I'll get fired. He could even make it tough for me on the road, if I did start gypsying, him being highway commissioner in these parts."

"He couldn't, Steve. He's not boss of the whole country."

"He's money-crazy. And now he even wants me to stop tonight on the Lonesome Road and collect some rent from a two-bit farmer down there — fellow named Potter—"

"Potter?" Blanche held a match to Steve's cigarette. "I know him. Hard-headed old scutter—proud as a razor-back in high cotton. What are you going to do about it?"

"Have to stop and see him, I reckon. I got to hold this job until I get enough dough saved to buy my own truck. So I better be rolling, honey—see you tomorrow night."

She walked with him to the shadow of the Traveler and kissed him goodby.

"Don't forget," she whispered. "I've got some savings toward *our* truck, too."

"Honey, you're the Lord's own angel." He kicked on his truck's starter, eased the Traveler to the main road and disappeared around a bend, Memphis bound.

STEVE reached the Lonesome Road shortly before sunup. It was a long, dreary road that dropped from the hills and leveled off for the Mississippi and Memphis. A black moody bayou slouched to the right of the road. A swamp, stark and melancholy, slunk to the left.

Steve was peering into the gathering dawn, trying to spot the lane to the Potter farm, when suddenly, dead ahead, he saw a little boy walking down the middle of the road, nonchalantly, as though the world were his. He had a big catfish in each hand and two nondescript hounds were at his heels.

"Whoa!" Steve gave his truck just enough air to bring it to an even, easy stop. "Own this road, bud?"

The boy looked at Steve in the cab. "No, suh; not all of it. But I aims to keep my share."

He was cotton-headed, and his hair was unkempt. His big eyes looked steadily into Steve's without blinking. Steve removed his cap and scratched his head. He was on the verge of laughing when the boy laughed first. The dogs plopped on their haunches, ran out their tongues and seemed to be laughing too.

Steve opened his cab. "If you're going my way, hop in."

"How 'bout my dogs, mister?"

"Plenty of room."

Steve made sure his passengers—boy, dogs and catfish—were secure.

"Out kind of early, ain't you, sonny? What's your name and where you live?"

"I'm Little Ben Potter. My pa is Big Ben. And my ma's got swamp fever. We live down the road a piece."

Steve swore under his breath, but didn't interrupt.

"We're fresh over from the Delta. Pa's poking at a little cotton patch. I set out a trotline up the bayou last night and caught these two old cats. Beauties, ain't they, mister?"

Steve admired the catfish, and even the hounds. He jerked his thumb toward them and spoke above the hum of the motor.

"What's their names?"

"Whoop and Holler."

"How you tell 'em apart?"

"Well, when I whoop, Whoop comes; and when I holler, Holler comes."

STEVE wanted to laugh again, but Little Ben was very serious.

"I live right around the bend. And I'm thanking you for the ride."

"Show me the lane up to your house, partner. I want to see your pa. I am—"

"Yes, suh, I know." Little Ben opened the cab door. "You're Steve Johnson an' you drive the Arkansas Traveler. Everybody knows you. I'll walk ahead, and show you the lane."

The big truck plowed up the rutty lane that led to the Potter's dismal cabin.

"This is my pa and ma," Little Ben introduced the gaunt man and woman there to Steve. Big Ben Potter had tight lines about his mouth. And Mrs. Potter looked very tired.

"I drive for Andy Beasley," Steve began.

"I rent from him, mister," cut in Big Ben, "so that makes both of us working for him."

Steve didn't know how to broach the question of the rent. He never had dunned any man before. "Mighty fine farm you got here," he said, just to make conversation.

"It'll do," Big Ben said proudly as he straightened his weary shoulders and looked at his grubby acres. "I aim to put

(Continued on page 46)

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

GODFREY BRINDOX, a wealthy New Yorker, hopes to install an authentic Federalist dining room in his museum. In search of such a room, John Thorne—an authority on early Americana, who is employed by James Greer, an architect working with Mr. Brindox—goes to the village of Southdown, on Cape Cod. There, ensconced in a room in the Southdown Tavern (presided over by one J. Guffey), he makes arrangements, through Miss Symphorosa Savage, for inspecting the interior of an old house—Lord Robert Budge's 18th-century "palace"—on lonely Smith Island, near by.

Among the servants at the tavern is Joe Bodger. Joe, employed at the tavern for fifty years, is a garrulous old fellow. He informs Thorne that he has his doubts about the guest in Room No. 12; Mr. Jacks. Mr. Jacks goes on long, mysterious excursions every evening. Joe does not trust him—Joe regards him as a very suspicious character indeed.

Thorne learns that Jacks has been to Smith Island. Putting two and two together, he feels sure that Jacks is a rival antique expert representing some New York dealer and planning to purchase the contents of the "palace." So certain is he of this that, unintroduced, he makes an informal call on the man in No. 12. He finds Jacks—a pale young man, with a face reminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe's—in the grip of terror. He informs Thorne, emphatically, that he knows nothing of antiques; he says that the castle has just been sold; he warns Thorne not to visit the old house for at least two days!

When Guffey unexpectedly enters the room, Jacks (who, Thorne observes, is wearing a pistol in an armpit holster) has a bad attack of nerves. Then, announcing that he is going back to New York, he checks out and leaves the tavern.

Who is this man "Jacks"? Why should he be going about armed in peaceful Southdown? Of what can he be afraid? Thorne can only wonder. Obviously something out of the ordinary, something extremely mysterious, is going on. Something in which "Mr. Jacks" is deeply—and perhaps dangerously—involved.

II

"WELL," Thorne said, "I think I'd better go to bed. By the way, do you know anything about a place near here called Smith Island?"

"Not very much," said Mr. Guffey, "except that it is a very, very lovely beauty spot, but Mrs. Guffey knows all about it. You may have read the bit she wrote in the brochure. She has a very lovely gift of words, but she can tell you all about it herself in the morning. And now, good night, Mr. Thorne, and many thanks for our lovely talk. You saw the sentiment that we placed in your room. May I echo the sentiment in person? 'Peace to you, Stranger, and Rest at ease in this your Inne.' "

At nine o'clock the next morning John Thorne awoke and was surprised at himself that he had slept so well. As he raised himself to the edge of his bed his eye caught his own reflection in the imitation Chippendale mirror above the bureau and he took the time to study himself dispassionately. His face was pale from a summer in the city; his mouth was good-natured; his eyes and forehead looked almost intelligent; his light brown hair was cut in a short and efficient manner. There was nothing weak, he decided, about his face; instead, it was almost interesting.

"Thorne," he said to the image in the mirror, "whatever got you into it? Indolence—you needn't argue with me—indolence and a traveling scholarship, and ignorance. It wasn't entirely your fault, Thorne."

He began to think about all the other things he might have been—a prize fighter, an air pilot, a soldier of fortune, or a steeplechase rider.

"You've wrecked your life, Thorne," he said. "Now you can only do the best you can. You've got to eat."

The idea of food roused him into action, and he found a bell near the bureau. He rang it several times; but he was nearly dressed before Joe Bodger answered it. The aging attendant looked battered in the morning light, but he moved with a fine, slow dignity. His lean jaws moved slowly with each step.

"GOOD morning," the old man said, "and excuse me for coming in without a coat. I can't get around so good in that dumb coat. And it ain't such a good morning either when you come to think of it. Wind setting around to eastward, and the fog's coming in."

"I wonder if you could tell me," John Thorne said, "if Mrs. Guffey is downstairs yet?"

Joe Bodger told him the worst.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "Mrs. Guffey's right downstairs, waiting for you to come down. She's been wondering why you wasn't up."

John Thorne drew a dollar from his trousers pocket and handed it to Mr. Bodger.

"Can you suggest," he inquired, "any way of my getting out of here without seeing Mrs. Guffey?"

"You can go out through the kitchen," Joe Bodger said. "She ain't been in the kitchen yet. She's waiting for you out front. She's a great talker, Mrs. Guffey is. By gum, she's a talker."

"If you want to make another dollar," John Thorne said, "get my car out by the kitchen and get me a cup of coffee."

"Yes, sir," Joe Bodger said, "I can git it for you. Several guests have gone down by the back way when Mrs. Guffey's out in front."

"I suppose you know that I'm going to Smith Island," John Thorne said. "How do I get there, and what do you know about Smith Island?"

"Do you mind if I sit down, mister?" Joe Bodger asked. "My legs ain't what they used to be. Seems like everybody is going to Smith Island. That fellow in Number Twelve went out to Smith Island, and there was something that wasn't right about that fellow in Number Twelve. Now I was saying to Mr. Guffey when you came in last night—"

"Never mind about that," John Thorne said quickly. "How do I get to Smith Island?"

"Well, well," Mr. Bodger said, "so you want to get to Smith Island? You take the main road south and pretty soon you come to a filling station where there's a road, but you don't take that road. Then you come to the Yankee Refreshment Stand, but you don't take that road either. Pretty soon you come to another road, leading off easterly down past George Millis' piggery. It does beat hell how they let George Millis keep pigs. And then about a mile down it you commence going across the marsh and then you get into some high upland where a road forks left across the marsh again. That goes to Smith Island. You can see it from the fork, though you can't see the house till you get to the next rise across the marsh. I used to pick berries there when I was a boy, but I ain't been there for thirty years, not since Will Savage took to dying from drinking hard cider.

"THERE'S something ain't right about Smith Island, not that Symphorosa isn't a nice girl. I used to keep company with Symphorosa, but the old man was high-tempered. He got to gitting after people with his duck gun. When he was drunk he would just pot at you out the window. No, sir, there's something ain't right about Smith Island."

"What isn't right about it?" John Thorne asked.

Mr. Bodger lowered his voice to a confidential whisper.

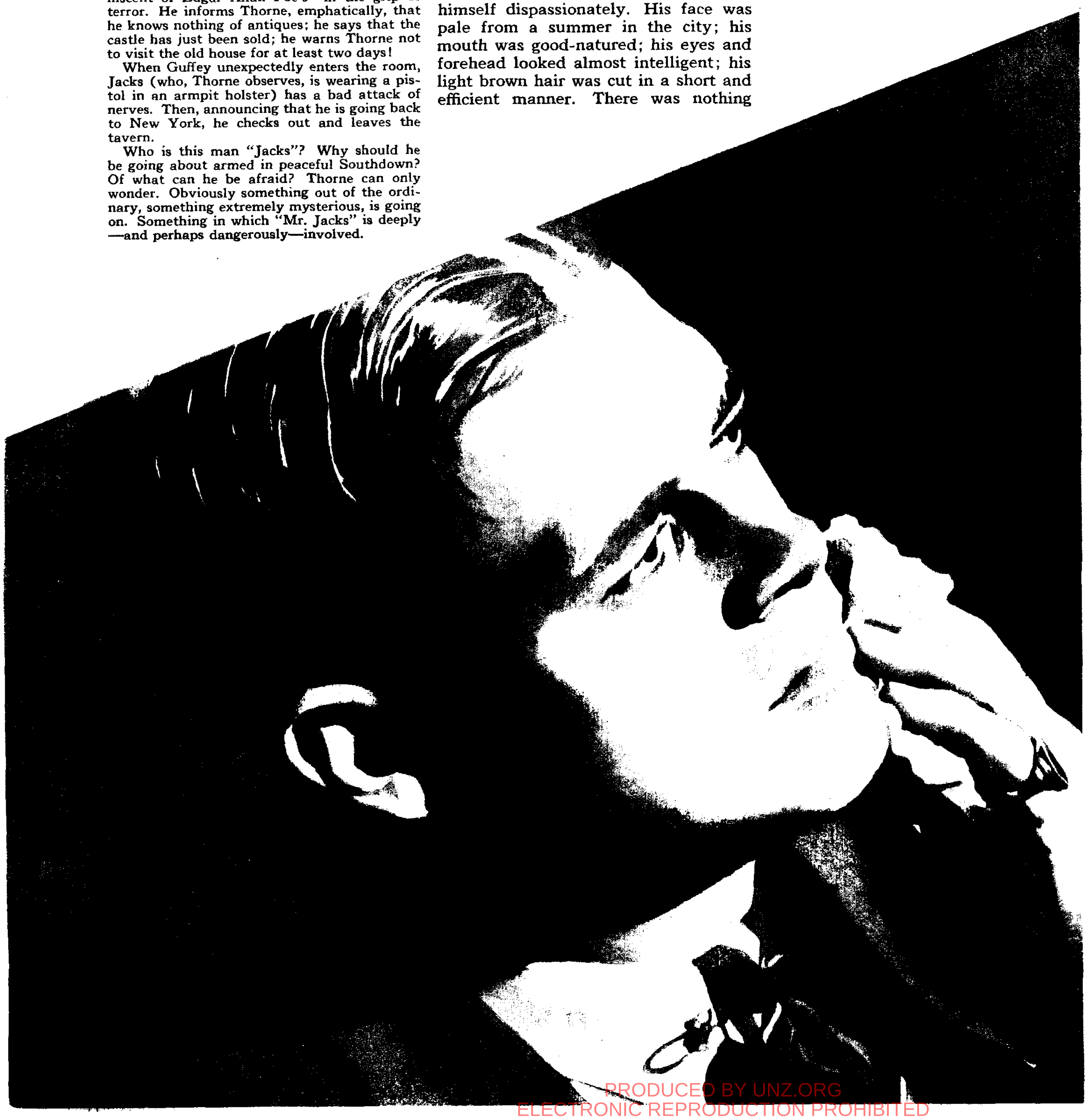
"It always seems like there ain't something right about Smith Island," he whispered. "Folks down there git immoral. I hope I don't need to say any more, not that I ain't broad-minded, but they git immoral. Of course, Symphorosa ain't immoral. She ain't been living there for years, but when I was going with Symphorosa back in '83—"

"What's immoral about it now?" John Thorne asked.

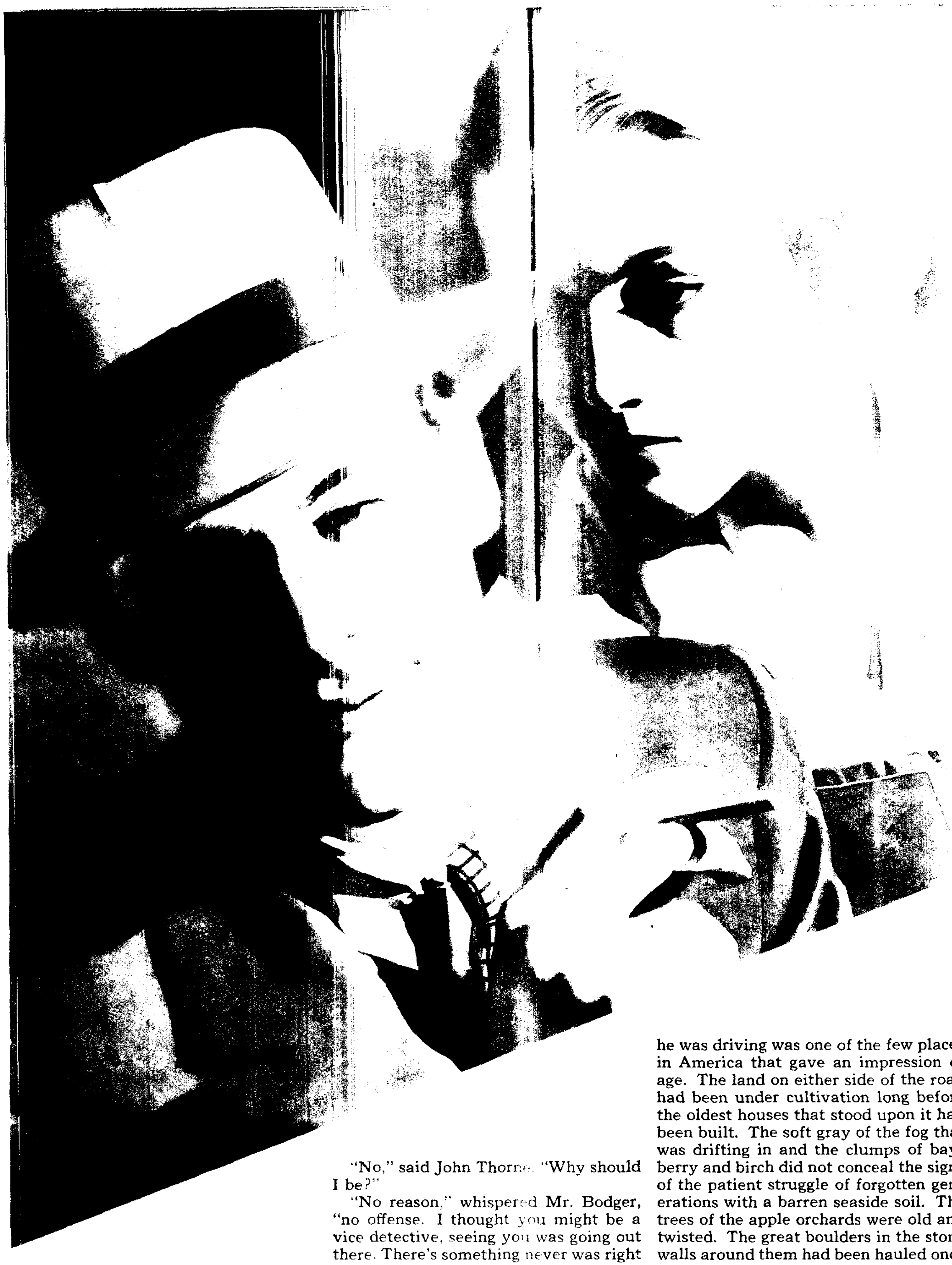
"I ain't calling names," Joe Bodger whispered. "I don't git around like I used to, but I hear plenty, and I know immoral women when I see them. That young woman there ain't moral, and there's something ain't right about her."

"What young woman?" John Thorne asked.

"The young woman who bought the



"Toss 'em up, bud," the man said. "If you're speaking to me," John Thorne said, "you'll have to make yourself clear. Toss what up?"



A metallic tone came into the other's voice that John Thorne didn't like. "Don't act dumb, bud," he said. "Frisk him, boys"

place from Symphorosa. She only bought it two weeks ago, and I only seen her twice, but I know what I see. Excuse me, she ain't a friend of yours?"

"No, she isn't," John Thorne said.

"I didn't think she was a friend of yours," Mr. Bodger whispered, "but a fellow's got to be sure, ain't he?"

"Yes," John Thorne said, "but you don't have to whisper."

"It comes easier," Mr. Bodger whispered. "Some things a fellow doesn't like to say out loud. She came into town twice in a cream-colored auto. She's a painted blonde and a cigarette smoker, and she's out there alone. Now—I don't like to spoil anyone's reputation—you and I know that ain't right—a woman like that alone."

"No," said John Thorne, "that certainly isn't right." Mr. Bodger leaned forward.

"You ain't got business with her, mister, have you?" he inquired.

"No," said John Thorne, "not exactly."

Mr. Bodger's next remark surprised him.

"You ain't a detective, are you?" Mr. Bodger whispered.

"No," said John Thorne. "Why should I be?"

"No reason," whispered Mr. Bodger, "no offense. I thought you might be a vice detective, seeing you was going out there. There's something never was right about the island. But Symphorosa Savage, she ain't immoral. She called me up this morning to ask if you were here."

OUTSIDE the Southdown Tavern, confronted with the abstractions of the traffic on a modern concrete highway, John Thorne felt a definite sense of relief. The morning was growing gray already and literal normality had returned with the sight of white houses and pastures and elm trees.

"Thorne," he said, "if you had stayed in that hotel five minutes longer you might have gone mad. You're not used to that sort of thing. It's like an O'Neill play, it's like—"

He did not actually know what it was like, except to realize that the impact of those personalities still shook him and that the environment had left him weak. He seemed to be struggling to the surface out of a sea of words formed by the ceaseless chatter of Mr. Bodger, and the volubility of Mr. Guffey. In spite of its harmlessness, somehow it had not been wholly pleasant. It put him in a curious mood, which made an adequate prelude to everything that followed.

He had often thought that the particular part of the Atlantic coast where he was driving was one of the few places in America that gave an impression of age. The land on either side of the road had been under cultivation long before the oldest houses that stood upon it had been built. The soft gray of the fog that was drifting in and the clumps of bayberry and birch did not conceal the signs of the patient struggle of forgotten generations with a barren seaside soil. The trees of the apple orchards were old and twisted. The great boulders in the stone walls around them had been hauled once from the center of the fields. This pervading impression of forgotten labor was now ending rather sadly in lost endeavor. The salt marshes that had once fed vanished cattle in the winter were no longer cut, and the brush was choking the pastures. The land was running down like many of the people who lived upon it, yet its ruggedness was beautiful.

ONCE he had passed the piggery of which Mr. Bodger had spoken, a country road led along the edge of salt marshes, where the silt from the hills must have filled up a forgotten arm of the sea. The steely blue water of a tidal river twisted through the gray green of the marsh grass toward a foggy curtain that already had half concealed the sand dunes and the sweep of ocean beyond them. To the right of the road some pieces of upland rose from the marsh, some of them small rocky dots covered by scrub oaks, and others larger with cleared fields. Smith Island would be one of those pieces of upland, but he could see no signs of a house or outbuilding until he had taken a fork to the right which led him to higher ground. The road forked again at the top of a windswept ridge, and he stopped the car when he saw a heavily rutted lane in front of him marked by the remains of a stone wall which had a new white sign in front of it.

"Private road," the sign read. "No trespassing."

John Thorne drove his car to the side where the public road met this lane, and got out. He could see that the lane ran to a causeway across the marsh, and it all looked like such bad going that he did not want to risk getting stalled a number of miles from anywhere.

"Thorne," he said, "you'd better walk. The exercise will do you good."

But he paused to look about him before he started, oppressed by a sense of remoteness that he could not entirely reconcile with fact. The highway was not so far behind him; he could see farms and barns across the marsh on his left and the elms and even the church steeples of Southdown, but the marsh seemed to cut off these reminders of everyday living. There was nothing but loneliness and the smell of bayberries and wild roses and salt air.

STANDING at the entrance to the lane, he could see what he knew must be Smith Island, a large expanse of woods and fields which the fog was already making mysteriously remote. Perhaps a half mile in front of him, perhaps farther, for the fog made it difficult to judge distance, were the outlines of a square, weather-beaten house with sagging outbuildings. It stood partly concealed by elm trees on the northern slope of the high ground of the island, if one cared to call the upland from the marsh an island. Even from that distance the house did not seem to belong there: it was of the tall Federalist type that might have stood appropriately on a Salem street, and instead it rested alone among its elm trees, more like a foreign château than an American house. The longer he looked the more the house intrigued him. There was a cupola on top of it with an eagle weather vane upon the cupola and high chimneys and he could see the remains of a railing about the edge of the flat roof.

The upland in the distance with the buildings on it had so distracted his attention that he must have stood for some minutes before looking down the slope near him. When he did so, he was startled to find that he was not alone and also not the only person looking at Smith Island. The ground a little to his right formed a point which ended in the marsh about two hundred yards away, a point of boulders half covered with bayberry and sweet fern, and there among the low bushes a man was crouching, staring at Smith Island through a pair of binoculars. John Thorne was startled. While he stared at the man's bent back, he realized that the other's attention had been so riveted upon the island that he was unaware of anyone behind him. In spite of the distance John Thorne could see that this watcher was not the lanky Mr. Jacks, who had occupied Room Number Twelve. He was shorter and his clothes were more smartly cut and the marsh flies were making him uncomfortable. He kept brushing them away from about his head and finally he straightened up and walked away until a fold of ground concealed him. John Thorne drew in his breath and his heart beat faster without his knowing why.

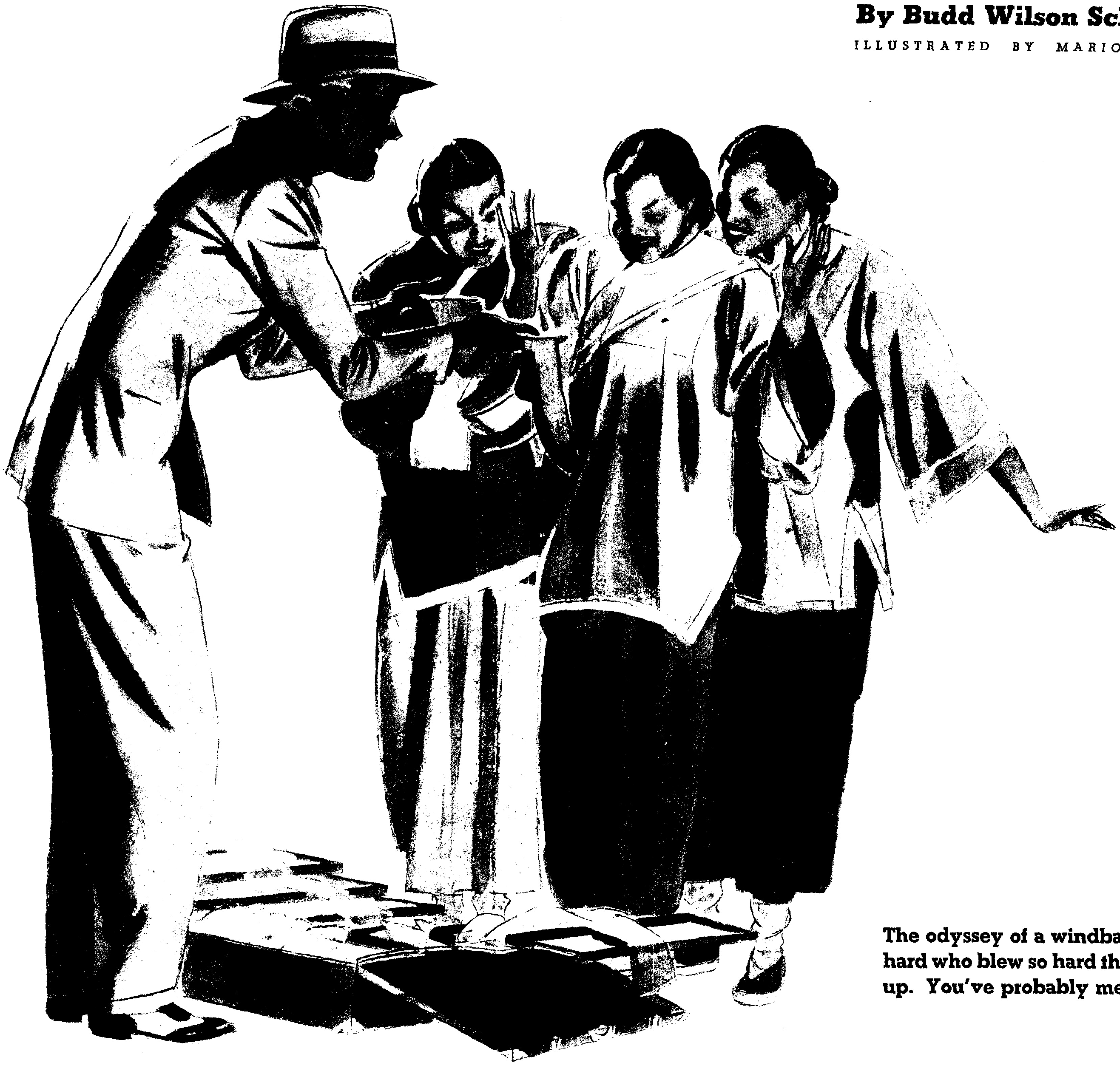
"Now just what do you suppose he wants?" John Thorne whispered before he realized he was speaking to himself.

(Continued on page 58)

I'll Take Care of It

By Budd Wilson Schulberg

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The odyssey of a windbag, a blowhard who blew so hard that he blew up. You've probably met this guy

He had brought Western culture to Chinese womanhood in the form of ladies' hosiery. Anybody listening to him talk was convinced that here was a great man

I DON'T know the circumstances of Doc's birth, but I can be reasonably certain that as he suddenly popped into this world he winked at the obstetrician, waved him aside and said, "Okay, Chief, I'll take care of it."

Doc had been taking care of it all over the world ever since. He had kept the peace as a member of His Majesty's police force in India. He had brought Western culture to Chinese womanhood in the form of ladies' hosiery. Anybody listening to him talk was convinced that here was a great man, a man who probably had done less things in more places than any other human being in the world—a man with a genius for doing nothing, brilliantly.

Doc was one of the happiest men of his time. That was because he never worried about his own problems. He was too busy concentrating on everybody else's. That's also why he never got anywhere, but he didn't have to go anywhere because life was too important just as it was. Doc had that knack of throwing importance around him like a big camel's-hair coat.

When I first met Doc he was working in a drugstore on the corner, just outside the studio. That is, he was employed there, for he never seemed to be working. Doc treated the place as a sort of salon. He always managed to look more like a man of the world than a hired clerk. He had the dapper, creased appearance of a carbon-copy Duke of Windsor, but his eyes were always laughing at everything and his face was florid and had begun to bulge over his high stiff collar.

I was sent to the drugstore on one of those annoying errands, to get something to kill a headache for our associate producer, Sammy Glick.

Doc came forward in a flashy double-breasted suit with a red carnation in his buttonhole. His walk would have impressed you with its dignity except for a telltale little snap to the knees.

"I would like some kind of headache cure," I whispered.

Doc was the kind of a man who could lend as much dignity to the peddling of headache pills as to the selling of rare manuscripts.

"And may I ask who it is for?" he said.

"You just did, but I don't think I should tell you," I cracked; "it's for Mr. Glick."

"Oh," said Doc, "why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"What's the diff?" I asked. "Associate producers need the same sort of medicine as the rest of us. Even supermen like Sammy Glick. Give."

"Why does he need it?" Doc persisted.

"Listen," I said, "he's in the projection room now cutting his new picture. Why don't you break in and ask him?"

Doc scolded me with a glance.

"A remedy for headache is no laughing matter, young man," he said.

"Who's laughing?" I said. "Maybe he needs it because he got married last night and threw a big party for both his friends and all his enemies."

"In that case," said Doc solemnly, "I would suggest aspirin."

THIS was dead seriousness. This was life and death. Doc was drugged with pomposity. It was only this that prevented him from being handsome, this ridiculous, puffy, toy-soldier intensity. Doc's eyes bulged sincerity but as I looked at him I got the feeling that he wasn't as dumb as he looked; that all this pomp and circumstance were just a joke, a very funny joke Doc was playing on the world. He was actually humoring you into thinking you were important, and what you were doing was important. All he seemed to want out of life was to make you feel that every second was a crisis in the world.

As Doc wrapped up the aspirin, he inquired about Sammy Glick's wife in a self-important way, as if he were about to say, "Next time you see her give her my very best." Doc made you realize that being a drugstore salesman was just a hobby. I am sure that if President Roosevelt had ever ordered a toothbrush from him, he would have delivered it to the White House himself, saying, "I just dropped in a moment to be sure Eleanor is taking care of her teeth—and what's new with the wages and hours bill?"

"What sort of lady is Mrs. Glick?" he asked.

"I can't answer that," I said, "because I never heard her called that before."

"I hear she's built like a battleship," Doc said.

Like all the great actors in the world, most of them never appearing on stage or screen, Doc could shift his moods like gears. His dignity was just so much grease paint that melted off in the heat of conversation, especially conversation about women. There was a touch of Casanova and plenty of traveling salesman in him.

"Give me that aspirin," I said. "Mr. Glick may want it after this picture."

"I've been thinking about that marriage," said Doc, rubbing his chin with the aspirin box.

"Don't worry about Sammy," I said. "The only man in Hollywood who ever stood in his way was a traffic cop and Sammy ran him down."

"I've been thinking about the little woman," Doc said. "I wish her all the luck in the world—and if I know my Sammy she's going to need it."

"Give me my change," I said. "If I know my Sammy I'll be among the unemployed if I don't get back in two minutes flat."

I FINALLY got my package and started off as if there were a pack of mad supervisors at my heels.

"Let me know how he makes out with it," Doc called. "You might ring me up at home. I'll be worried."

"Listen," I yelled back, "the way you carry on you oughta join the Screen Actors' Guild."

"I am a member," he answered. "I picked up a day last week, working with Bob Taylor."

Doc got his job at the studio reception desk by doing some of the best acting I ever saw. His opus was entitled, "Feeling Sorry for Sammy." It so happened that Sammy was reaching that stage where the sobs of his commiserators were his favorite sound track. He was beginning to believe the things they wrote about him in the local trade papers, about his being a Martyr to Our Business.

One morning a tragic editorial wept its way into the columns of the Hollywood Reporter. It was full of genuine concern for the men who almost sacrifice their lives to become heads of great studios. It began:

"Go into the executive chambers and you will see producers all fagged out, tired almost to complete exhaustion, physically and mentally out, yes, even sick."

Naturally Doc read this, as he followed the trade papers faithfully in order to keep his finger on the pulse of the industry. Naturally, he took this message to heart. He ran straight to the phone and called Mr. Glick.

"I'm sorry," said Judy, Sammy's secretary, sweetly but firmly, "Mr. Glick is in a board meeting. He can't talk to anyone."

"But this is a matter of life or death," Doc gasped, almost in a sob.

Mr. Glick got on the phone. "Sammy Glick speaking," he said aggressively. "Whose life or death are you talking about?"

"Yours," said Doc emphatically. "I just read that warning about you, Mr. Glick."

"What warning?" asked Sammy, ready to hang up.

"In the Reporter," said Doc tearfully. "About producers working themselves to death. They meant you. It isn't safe."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Sammy. He was softening.

"We can't afford to lose you," said Doc. "If I were you I'd keep some adrenalin in your desk all the time, old man."

"Thanks," said Sammy. "I'll have my secretary get some."

"I'll rush it over myself," said Doc.

THREE minutes later he loped into the office like an Eskimo dog rushing serum to stricken Nome.

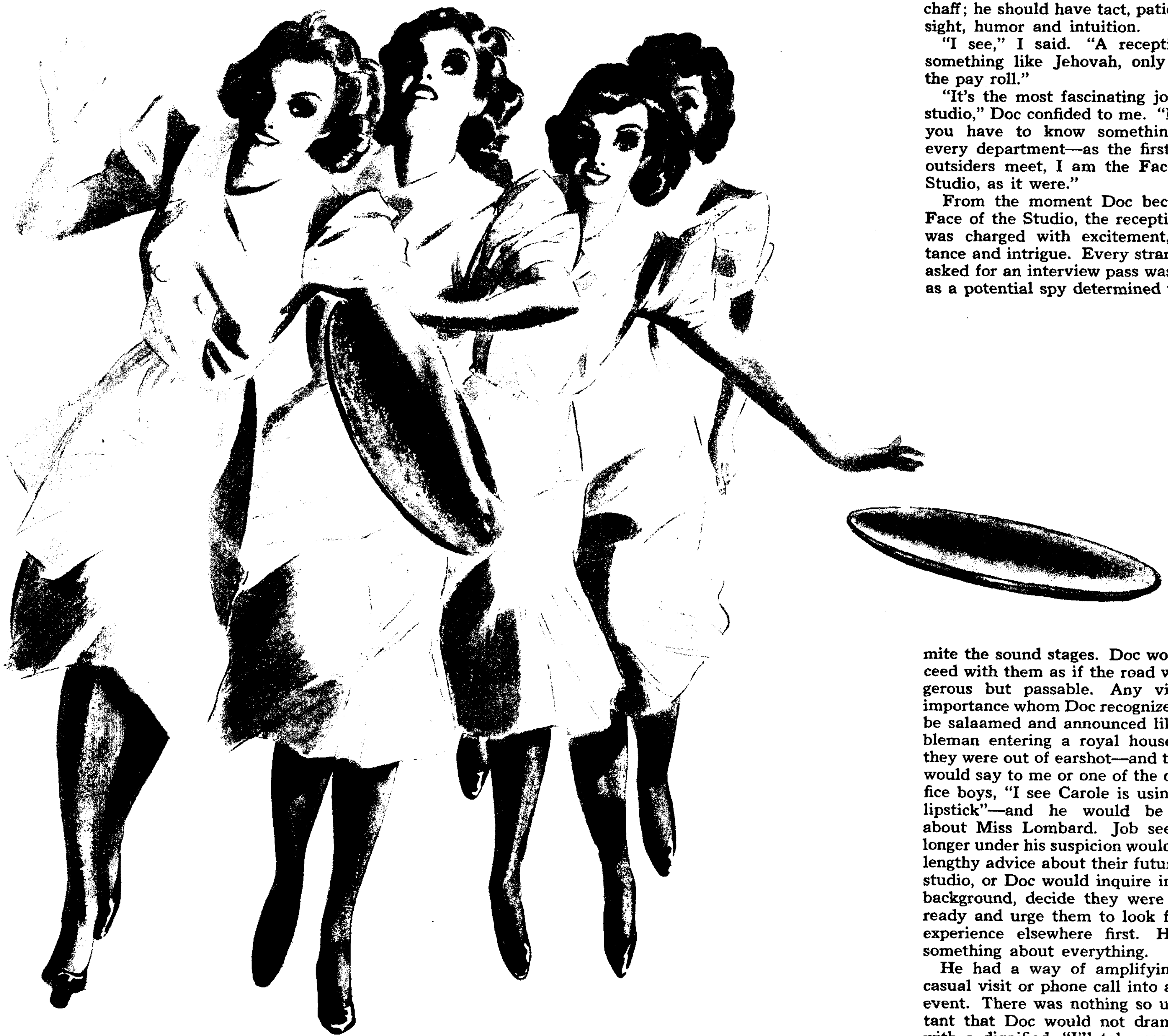
The next morning Doc was the new studio receptionist. He sat proudly behind the desk at the main door. I found him enthroned there when I was making my mail round.

He told me Mr. Glick had given him the job because a good receptionist should anticipate people's wishes; he should be able to size people up quickly enough to separate the wheat of desirable visitors from the usual sight-seeing chaff; he should have tact, patience, insight, humor and intuition.

"I see," I said. "A receptionist is something like Jehovah, only he's on the pay roll."

"It's the most fascinating job in the studio," Doc confided to me. "It means you have to know something about every department—as the first contact outsiders meet, I am the Face of the Studio, as it were."

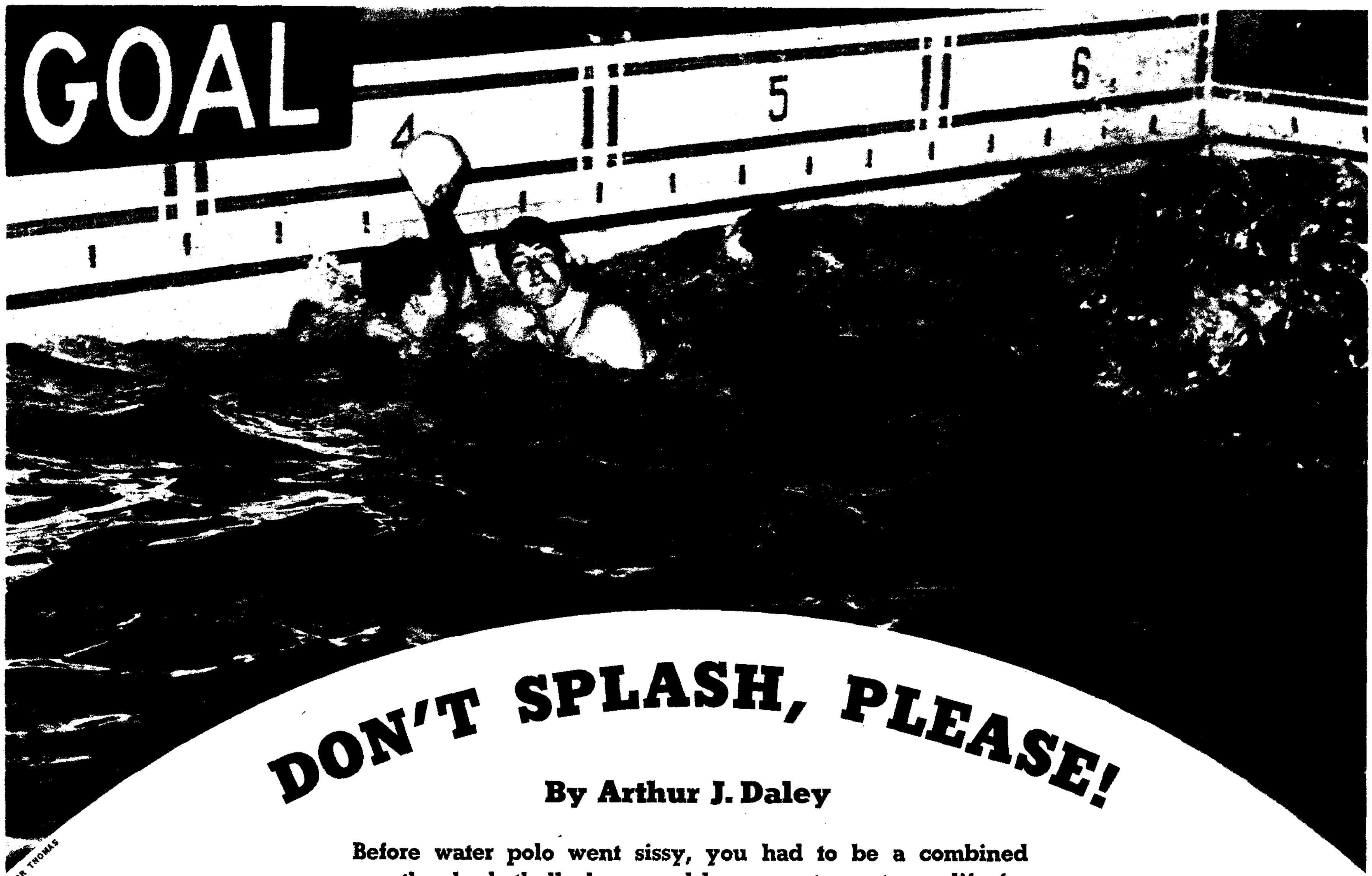
From the moment Doc became the Face of the Studio, the reception room was charged with excitement, importance and intrigue. Every stranger who asked for an interview pass was treated as a potential spy determined to dynamite the sound stages. Doc would proceed with them as if the road was dangerous but passable. Any visitor of importance whom Doc recognized would be salaamed and announced like a nobleman entering a royal house. Until they were out of earshot—and then Doc would say to me or one of the other office boys, "I see Carole is using a new lipstick"—and he would be talking about Miss Lombard. Job seekers no longer under his suspicion would receive lengthy advice about their future in the studio, or Doc would inquire into their background, decide they were not yet ready and urge them to look for more experience elsewhere first. He knew something about everything.



The moment he crossed the threshold the girls would drop everything they were doing

He had a way of amplifying every casual visit or phone call into a crucial event. There was nothing so unimportant that Doc would not dramatize it with a dignified, "I'll take care of it."

(Continued on page 49)



IVOR THOMAS

Top: **Members of the New York Athletic Club water polo team in a practice workout in the New York A. C. pool**

DON'T SPLASH, PLEASE!

By Arthur J. Daley

Before water polo went sissy, you had to be a combined wrestler, basketball player and human octopus to qualify for the varsity team. And if you survived sixteen minutes of drowning, slugging and trying not to die for dear old Alma Mater, your team might win. The game was a trifle rough

JOE RUDDY and Lou Handley stood on the end wall of the pool, shedding water like a pair of Newfoundland dogs and filling their lungs with air as if they had not taken a satisfactory breath in a week. It was the end of the first half of the national championship water polo game between the old Knickerbocker A. C. and the Boston A. A. just around the turn of the century.

"What a beating I took in that half," gasped Handley.

Ruddy was counting his arms, legs, hands and feet to make certain that nothing was missing.

"They gave me a great massaging down at the bottom of the pool," answered Joe. "And there's one baby on that team that I intend to— Lou, where's Harry Reeder?"

At that precise moment a Boston A. A. man shouted excitedly, "Where's Tommy Baxter?"

They found them below the shimmering green waters of the tank, locked in each other's arms. Neither could break the spirit or the hold of the other, two human octopuses unconscious on the floor of the pool. Both of them went to the hospital. Reeder was brought around in half an hour but Baxter didn't come to until the next day, a little the worse for wear but otherwise undamaged.

That was the way they played water polo in the old days when the general impression was that everything was permitted except striking an opponent on the head with a butcher's cleaver. But like the old gray mare, the sport "ain't what she used to be." The most virile game there ever was has gone sissy.

Water polo once was distinctly an American sport, set in an American tempo and built along rousing American lines. It was a game only for those whose insurance policies were paid up. It was submarine wrestling and underwater mayhem where one always had to be ready to trade air-filled lungs for water-filled ones.

But the old game is dying a slow and natural death. The colleges have legislated against its brutalities and so have the nations of the world. All that is left is "hard-ball" water polo, a pale carbon copy of a once lusty sport.

Now, there is a misnomer to start with. Hard-ball water polo is a "soft" game and soft-ball water polo is the "hard" game. And the international game that is used in the Olympics is the hard-ball type. The old sport was once played in all its fury from coast to coast. But not any more.

The international type of play has different rules—sissy rules—with practically no body-contact permitted. There is even one line in the code that leaves an old-timer completely flabbergasted. Rule XV, Section O, declares, "It shall be a foul to splash in the face of an opponent."

Shades of Joe Ruddy and all the Titans of the past! Don't splash, please! Zounds and alors! Water polo without splashing? It's simply incredible.

Gone are the days of a husky young man swimming toward a goal, ball in hand, and then suddenly submerging while his gleeful opponents go down below to torpedo him by hook or crook.

(Continued on page 51)

Right: **Joe Ruddy, with a back strangle hold, trying to force Harry Williams under water. Williams has the ball**

An amazing car in performance at an amazing new low price!

BIG, HANDSOME, COMPLETELY NEW 1938 STUDEBAKER

Do justice to yourself and go for a 10-mile Studebaker trial drive before you make up your mind about any 1938 car.

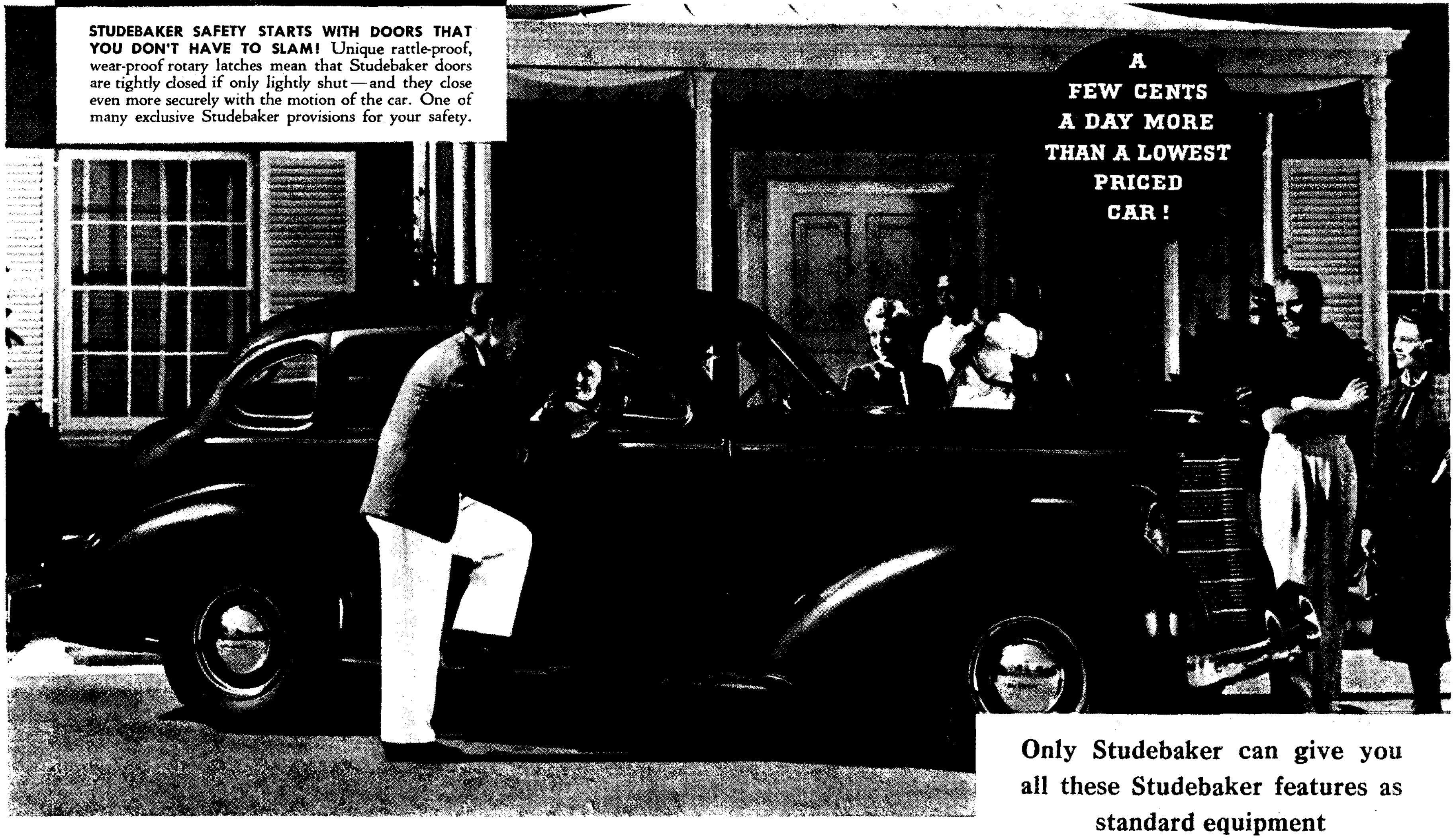
See why thousands of America's most hard-to-please motorists praise the great new Studebaker as the most amazing revelation of balance, ride and handling ease in their experience.

Take nobody's word about any car until you match it against this Studebaker, feat for feat, over an identical 10-mile course. Learn for yourself how surpassingly this Studebaker steers, stops, turns, parks, accelerates, climbs, rides, handles, economizes! You'll agree, too, you never drove the equal of its stunning style.

And here's an investment tip—your Studebaker dealer will show you positive proof that a Studebaker is worth more when you buy it and that it will sell for more, years from now, when you're ready to trade it in. Better workmanship makes Studebaker a better buy.

Drive a Studebaker and you will buy a Studebaker. Low prices on low C. I. T. terms. Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Ind.

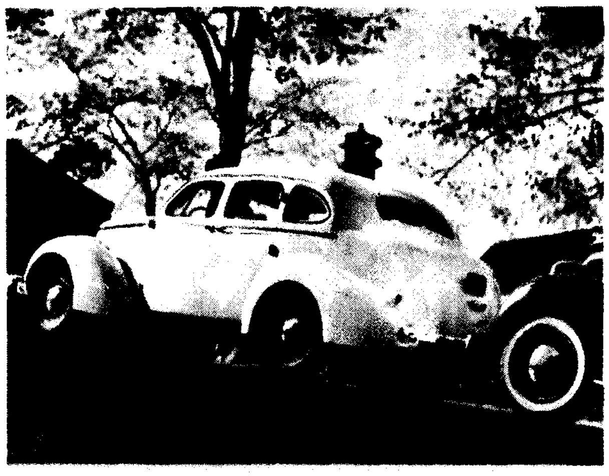
STUDEBAKER SAFETY STARTS WITH DOORS THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO SLAM! Unique rattle-proof, wear-proof rotary latches mean that Studebaker doors are tightly closed if only lightly shut—and they close even more securely with the motion of the car. One of many exclusive Studebaker provisions for your safety.



Only Studebaker can give you all these Studebaker features as standard equipment

Independent planar suspension
Automatic hill holder
Non-slam rotary door latches
Safety steel body reinforced by box-section steel girders
Symmetrical direct-action steering
Finest hydraulic shock absorbers
Built-in Fram oil economizer
Horizontal transmission
Hypoid gear rear axle
Oversize weather-tight trunk
Safety glass all around

Vacuum-actuated Miracle Shift and Gas-saving Automatic Overdrive available at extra cost



STUDEBAKER'S AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER GIVES YOU ADDITIONAL SAFETY—When you come to a stop on a hill in a 1938 Studebaker, you just keep the clutch pedal down. You take your right foot off the brake and hold it ready for the gas. No tap dancing, no rolling back, when you start ahead. Automatic hill holder is standard on all models.

STUDEBAKER GAS AND OIL SAVINGS RIVAL THOSE OF SMALL, LIGHT CARS—And yet you get this standout economy without any sacrifice of Studebaker's tremendous power and greyhound-fast acceleration. Studebaker's built-in Fram oil cleaner means that you scarcely ever need to change oil except when the seasons change.

1938 STUDEBAKER

DRIVE IT AND YOU'LL BUY IT!

Dedicated to the proposition that it has no cocktail equal..

For flavor that has long endured in this nation . . . taste richer GOLDEN WEDDING! Smoother whiskey, *all* whiskey, its full bodied flavor has had no peers for fifty years.

SCHENLEY
Golden Wedding
SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.
SCHENLEY
SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC.
GOLDEN WEDDING

Golden Wedding "Rail Splitter"

¼ Orange Juice	¼ Italian Vermouth
¼ Cherry Brandy	¼ Golden Wedding

Shake well with cracked ice; strain and serve in cocktail glass.

You know where SCHENLEY *you're heading with*

Golden Wedding

BOURBON OR RYE . . . BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF . . . COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Goodby Forever

By Jerome Weidman

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SHE knew it was late because the kitchen had been getting steadily darker. But she did not turn on the light. Nor did she glance up from the ironing board to see the time. She did not want to waste the few moments it would take to cross the room to the switch or to look at the clock. It was enough to know that it was late, that the remaining hours were few, without adding the pain of computing how few they were. It was best to work as she was working, without thought, quickly, yet carefully, so the things would not look too much like they had been laundered at home.

"Ma! Oh, Ma!" His voice came from the other end of the flat.

"I'm coming, Victor," she called back.

She folded the ironing board and put it behind the door. Not until she had gathered the freshly-ironed clothes into her arms did she glance at the clock. It said six-thirty, and she felt relieved. It was late. Now she would have to work like mad to get things ready on time.

He was standing in front of the dresser, adjusting the knot in his tie, when she carried in the pile of laundry. She saw him watching her in the mirror as she carried the bundle across the room to the trunk and set it down. She wanted to pack them in for him. She wanted to make sure that they would not be crushed, that they would be arranged so that he could reach a handkerchief or a shirt without disturbing the rest of the trunk. But she knew how finicky he was, how he hated to have his things handled; she simply separated them into stacks on the closed trunk; the underwear, the socks, the shirts, the handkerchiefs, and then turned quickly to go. At the door she hesitated.

"I'm going down to the grocery for a few minutes, Victor," she said, looking past him as she talked. "I need a few more things for tonight."

He glanced at his wrist watch. "Okay, Ma. But don't be late."

WHEN she entered the grocery there were two women at the counter. She stood aside, waiting for the grocer to finish with them. But as soon as he saw her, he stopped waiting on the others and came forward.

"Hel*lo*, Mrs. Morris," he said. "I was going to send my boy up after you already. I thought you forgot to come down." He turned to the other customers, smiling broadly. "You'll have to excuse me a minute," he said. "Mrs. Morris comes first today. She's in a hurry. She's making a party for her son. No, Mrs. Morris?"

She nodded, but did not speak.

"So all right," he said, rubbing his hands, "what'll you have, Mrs. Morris?"

She handed the list to him and stood back.

"What kind of party?" one of the other women asked.

"A goodby party," the grocer said. "Mrs. Morris' Victor is going to Europe. To England. He's leaving tomorrow. No, Mrs. Morris?"

She nodded again.

"To England?" the woman asked.

"You mean to say you live on the block here and you didn't hear about it? He won a scholarship in college. There were over six thousand boys, older ones, too, but Mrs. Morris' Victor, he won it. So now they're sending him to college for a year in England. No, Mrs. Morris?"

"Yes," she said quietly.

"That boy's got a head," the grocer said admiringly. "Out of six thousand there, he was the one! And how old do you think he is altogether? I'll bet he isn't even eighteen yet. How old is Victor, Mrs. Morris?"

"Seventeen," she said.

"See?" the grocer said to the women. "I told you. He's a baby yet."

"A young boy like that, to go away for a whole year," one of the women said, shaking her head. "Aren't you afraid to let him go alone, Mrs. Morris?"

"What's there to be afraid of?" the grocer said. "It's only for a year. No, Mrs. Morris?"

"That's right. It's only for a year," she repeated.

He was waiting for her, holding the door open, when she got back.

"Gee whiz, Ma," he said, looking at his watch, "you better hurry. They'll be here soon."

"Don't worry, Victor," she said. "I'll have the things ready."

She carried the package of groceries into the kitchen, and then hurried back for a last look at the living room. He stood in the doorway, smoothing down the points of his collar with thumb and forefinger, watching her adjust the candy dishes and fruit bowls and nuts.

"Okay, Ma, okay," he said irritably. "That stuff is all right. But how about the soda and the sandwiches?"

"I'm going to make them now," she said, without looking at him. "I want them to be fresh. I'll bring them in a little later, when your friends've been here a while."

She was in the kitchen, making sandwiches, when the doorbell began to ring and the door began to open and close. She could hear their voices, laughing and joking, as he let them in and guided them to the living room. She did not have time to distinguish the words. She was too busy doing the work that she had had plenty of time to do hours before. But as the noises at the other end of the flat grew louder she was glad she had left it for the last moment. It was almost easy to keep herself from thinking as long as she knew she had to work.

Later, when she carried in the first tray of glasses and bottled soda and sandwiches, they greeted her cordially. She smiled pleasantly when they said, "I guess you'll miss Victor, eh, Mrs. Morris?" But she did not reply, because this time she thought it best not to trust her voice. She merely smiled and hurried back to the kitchen to prepare fresh supplies.

She did not pause for a moment, and each time his voice called out, "How about some more sandwiches, Ma?" or "You got a couple of bottles of soda in there, Ma?" she had a tray ready to carry in.

GRADUALLY his calls for refreshments grew less frequent. Soon they stopped altogether. She sat at the kitchen table, with nothing to do, staring dully at the tray of freshly-made sandwiches, no longer able to fight off the thoughts that her feverish activity had helped her to avoid all day.

After a time she couldn't bear to sit still any longer. She got up and walked toward the living room, carrying the heaped tray. Near the door she paused for a moment, remembering to set her face in a smile.

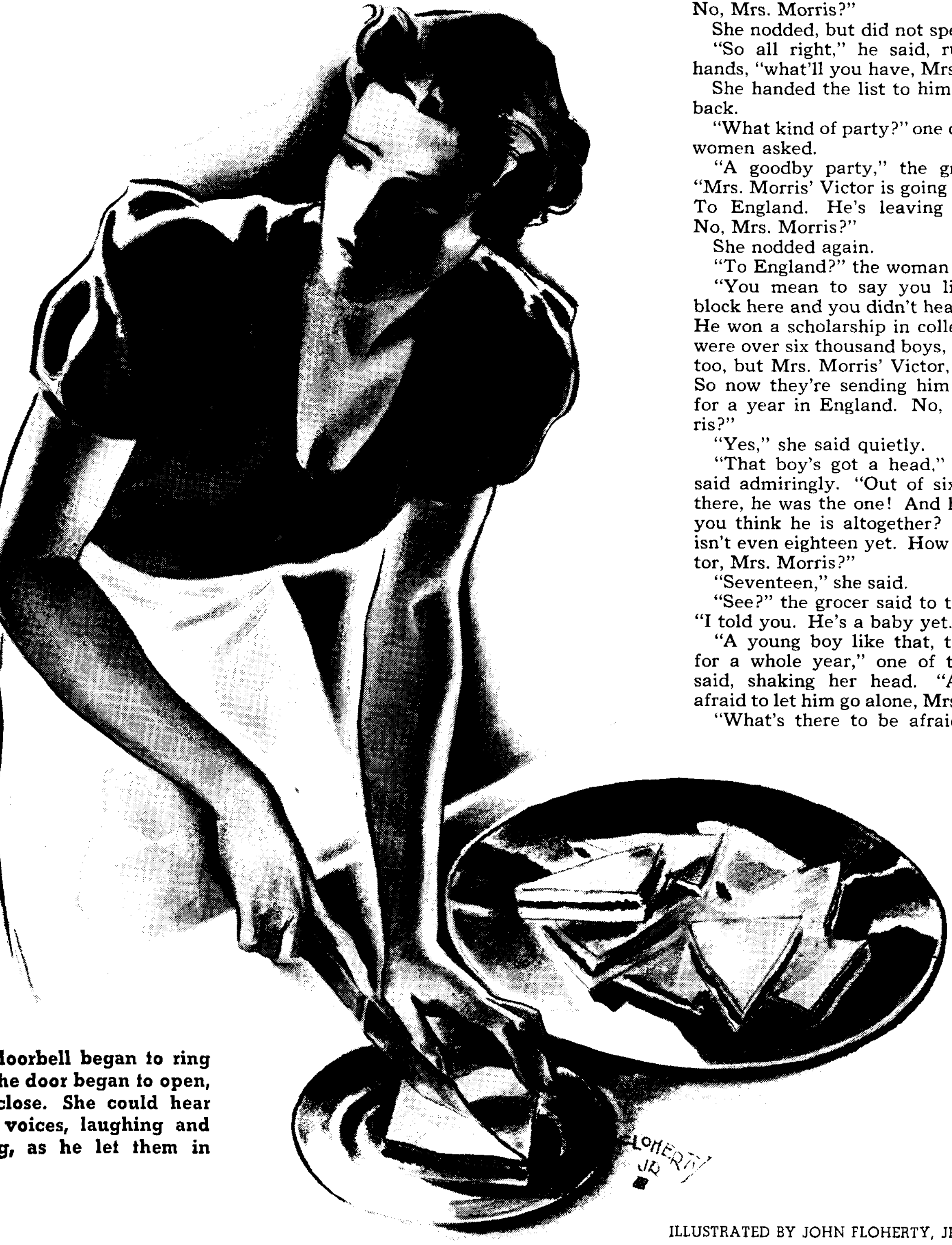
The voice of one of his friends rose above the rest and reached her where she stood in the foyer.

"But that's nothing," the voice said. "You just wait till you get to *Paris*, Vic. The dames I hear they got *there*—oh, boy!"

There was a roar of laughter that drowned out her son's reply, but it died down quickly as she stepped across the threshold into their midst.

She put the tray down carefully and set the plates of sandwiches on the table. Then, just as carefully, she collected the empty plates and glasses and bottles.

She picked up the tray of used dishes and started to walk out of the room. She could feel them watching her, smiling pleasantly, holding their words until she would be gone. But she did not smile back, or even look at them. She was afraid that if she raised her head they would all see how the dull fear that had been in her heart all day suddenly had become a terror that she could no longer hide.



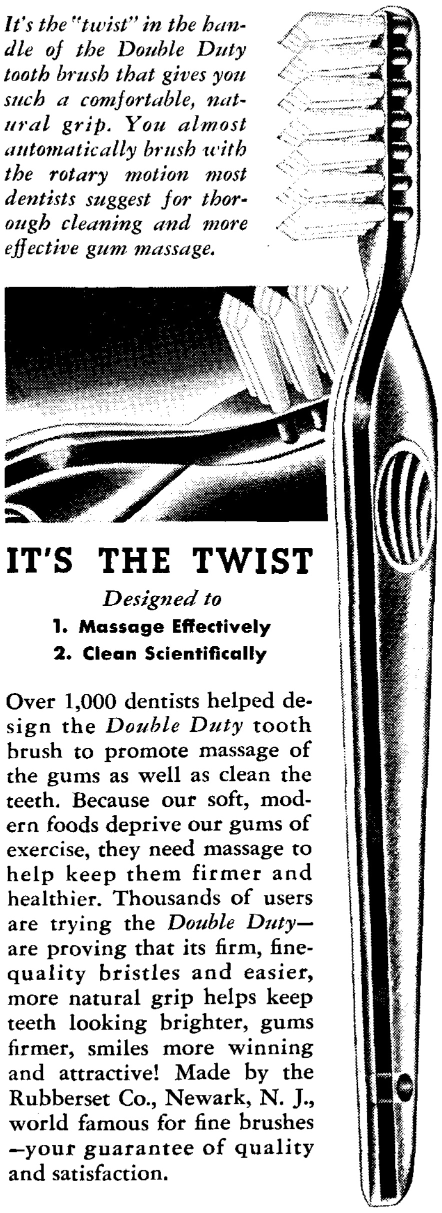
The doorbell began to ring and the door began to open, and close. She could hear their voices, laughing and joking, as he let them in

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

"I've gone modern—
it's the Brush with
the Twist for me!"

MY DENTIST advised me to get the *Double Duty* tooth brush, and I was certainly surprised when I first saw it. The "twisted" handle looked so different. But when I gripped it I was even more amazed that so simple a change in the angle of the handle made the *Double Duty* so much easier to use. For more thorough cleansing, for gum massage—it's the finest brush I know.

It's the "twist" in the handle of the Double Duty tooth brush that gives you such a comfortable, natural grip. You almost automatically brush with the rotary motion most dentists suggest for thorough cleaning and more effective gum massage.



IT'S THE TWIST
Designed to
1. Massage Effectively
2. Clean Scientifically

Over 1,000 dentists helped design the *Double Duty* tooth brush to promote massage of the gums as well as clean the teeth. Because our soft, modern foods deprive our gums of exercise, they need massage to help keep them firmer and healthier. Thousands of users are trying the *Double Duty*—are proving that its firm, fine-quality bristles and easier, more natural grip helps keep teeth looking brighter, gums firmer, smiles more winning and attractive! Made by the Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J., world famous for fine brushes—your guarantee of quality and satisfaction.

RUBBERSET'S
DOUBLE DUTY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH BRUSH

Your Gal Sophie

By Katharine Roberts

The saga of Sophie Tucker, who, after wowing them for thirty years, has settled down to act

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILL CONNELL

"HIYA, Sophie!" a young taxi driver called the other three A. M. in front of a New York night spot and reached to open his door for a generous figure with blond hair and a wide smile.

"Hello, yourself!" greeted Sophie Tucker, getting in and giving the address of another night club.

"Now, how'd he know me?" she asked the next day. "I haven't sung around New York much in the last couple of years and he couldn't have heard me before. Why, he was just a punk, I guess," she added, looking very pleased. "I'm the kind people hand on. You know—from one generation to the other. Another kid came up to me last night—one of the young Swopes. He poked out his hand and said, 'Hello, Sophie. My father and my mother liked you and I like you, too.' Now, wasn't that nice?" She likes to be liked and admits it freely.

The last of the Red-Hot Mammas has a new tune, I'm Not a Red-Hot Mamma Any More, and she has just made a debut in pictures where, if she ever turns on the full power of that huge voice of hers, she'll blow the microphones to bits. But when she gets back to her old stamping ground of Broadway and points east, she can't wait till she's checked over every spot she's ever known and added all the new ones.

The Tucker voice is still intact—all of it—but some of it isn't being used just now. Sophie's got a new technique. After thirty years of wowing them in everything from the "joints" and burlesque to vaudeville and the swankiest supper clubs of London and New York, she's been going to school.

"I know how to sing and I can talk straight to the cash customers as well as anybody," she explains, "but in this new job of pictures I had to act and your gal Sophie wanted to be perfect in her technique." So she took three lessons a week in acting from Laura Hope Crews, erstwhile Frohman star.

Results: in Broadway Melody of 1938, she stepped straight through the celluloid. Now she's finished Thoroughbreds Don't Cry, in which she doesn't sing at all. "What a tough time I had making that one!" she chortles, but now it's done she likes it. And she's on her way to making Molly, Bless Her, the much-heralded picture based on incidents in the life of her old friend Marie Dressler.

The noon we went to call on Sophie she greeted us with a welcoming sniffle, said she had a cold and couldn't talk above a whisper. Within ten minutes after she'd really got going into the old days, the whisper cleared and the familiar voice was back on the job. Even in a conversational tone you can hear the rest of it beating at the back of her tonsils trying to get out. She had on a pink silk nightie and a flowered negligee, which was inside out.

New York Night Life Personified

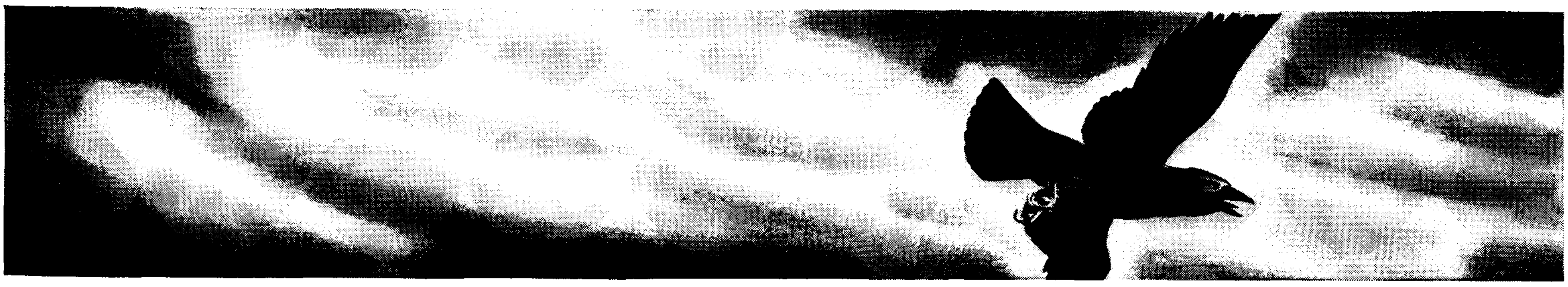
She plunged back into the days when she was a kitchen helper and didn't like it and came on up to the time when she was the toast of kings—without getting burned. She did it with a vitality that would have wrecked the average debutante. As we left, the shades of night were falling fast and Sophie was getting ready to start the day.

If anyone ever writes a history of New York night life, it's likely to turn out to be a biography of a rough-cut, heart-warming blonde with a rousing desire to make people enjoy themselves and a swashbuckling technique of laughter. That's Sophie Tucker. She likes all human beings, but not chiselers. She's made everyone and all kinds chuckle and cry and tap their feet to the rhythm in that big voice of hers, because when she was a stout-bodied, stout-hearted kid, she got hold of the world's common denominator and hung on to it.

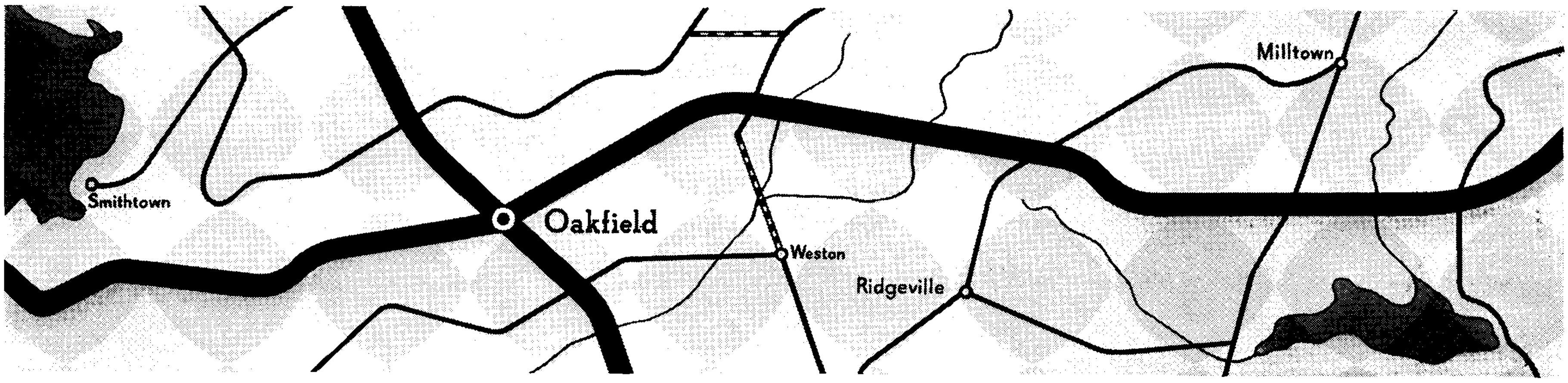
She talks about herself as though she were the older sister of Methuselah. Actually, she's somewhere in the early half of the fifties and her face doesn't look it. According to one record she was born in Boston in 1884. But that's wrong. Some time about that year, in Russia, a destitute Italian, who was sick, was given shelter by a peace-loving Russian Jew and his wife. They got him what medical aid they could but, in spite of that, he died. His name was Abuza. The pogroms made life pretty uncomfortable there then and, in order to get out of the country unmolested, the man and his wife took the dead Italian's name and fled aboard a ship. Five hundred miles out of Odessa, a terrific squall came up. It was one of the most violent in the experience of the captain and it came from the cabin of the Italian couple who spoke only Russian and Jewish. It was little Sophie announcing her advent to Europe, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea.

The family settled in Hartford, Con-

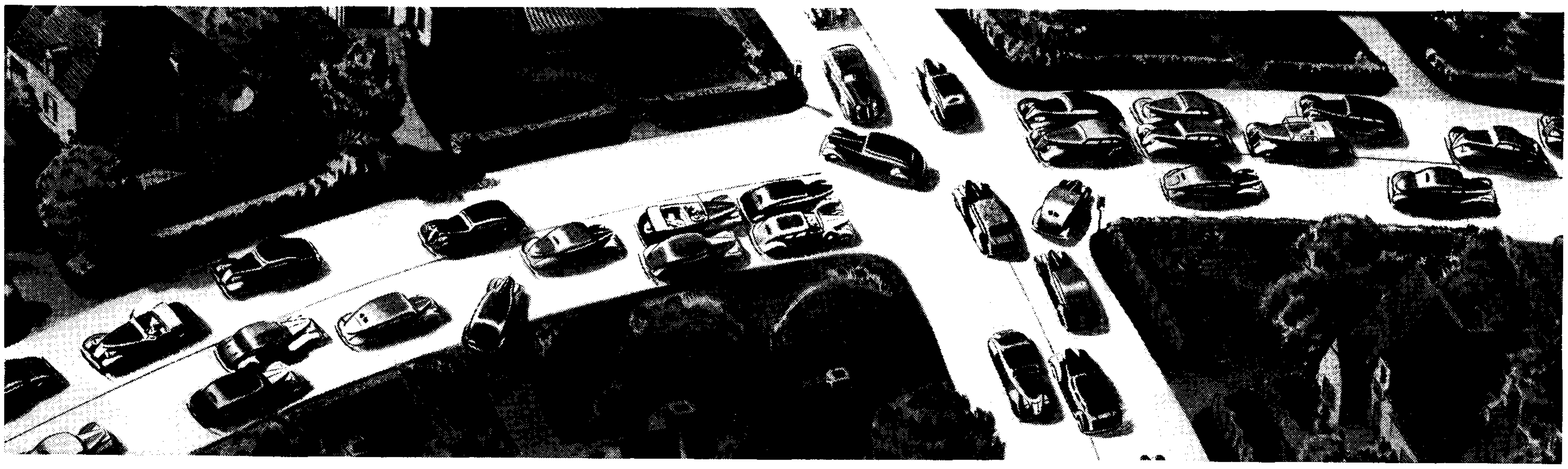
Sophie Tucker's earliest memories are of working as kitchen slavey in her father's restaurant. Now she remains genial and unspoiled after decades of international fame



It's 5 miles as the crow flies...



and 7 miles by the road map...



but 10 miles by STOP and GO

TO your engine, one mile of stop-and-go driving may be two miles or more.

Each time you start, you shift through three gears. In "low," your engine makes about twelve revolutions for one turn of your wheels. In "second," it makes about eight. In "high," it makes about four.

JUST AS SIMPLE AS THAT. You drive a mile, but how far your engine runs depends on how many times you stop and start, how much of the distance is in low and second gears.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you one-third of a mile.

To cut this waste and its cost, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline, making every drop of fuel usable to your motor under all driving conditions.

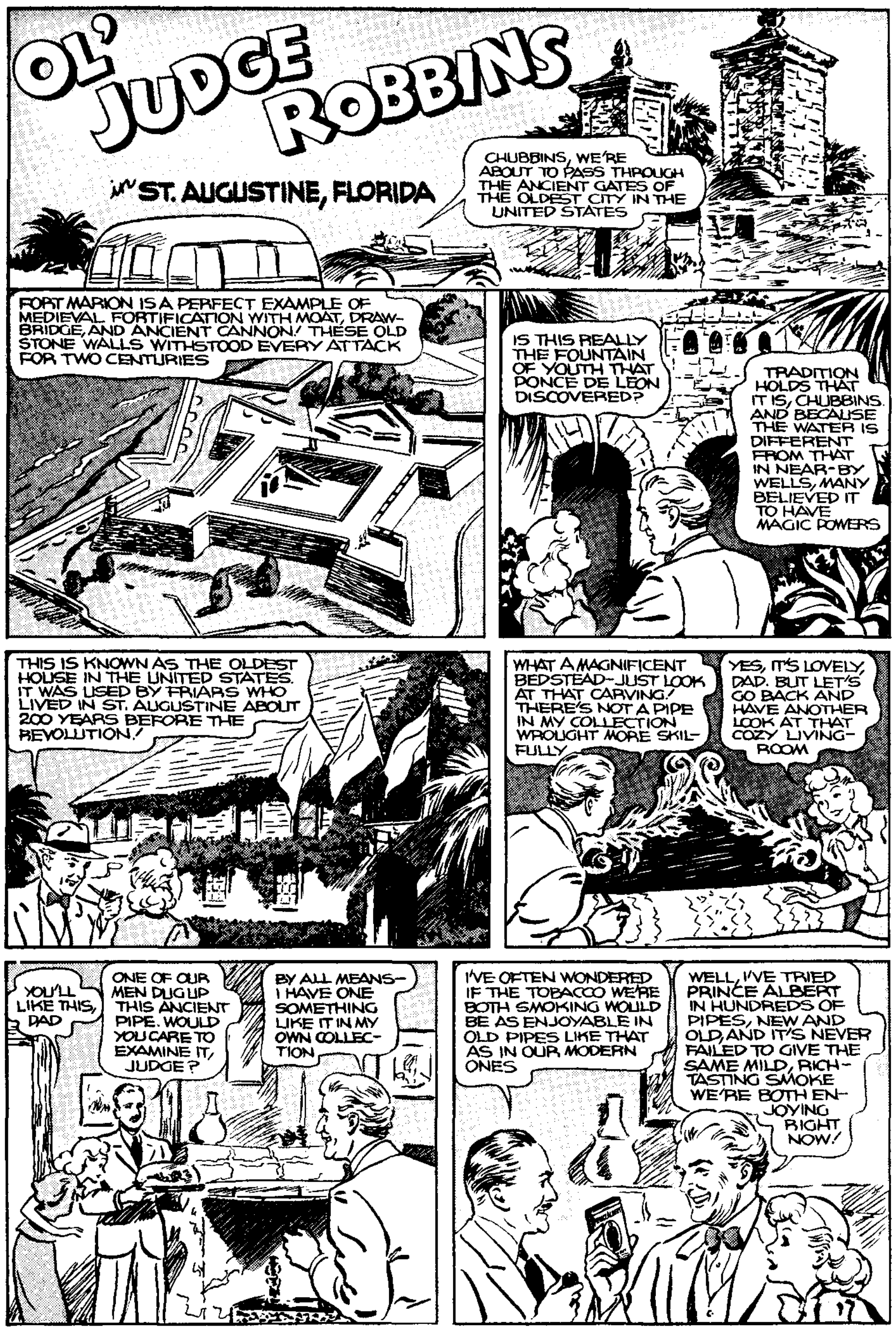
• • •

You can save on the cost of your stop-and-go driving by the regular use of Super-Shell. There's a Shell dealer near you.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON **STOP** AND **GO**

SHELL


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
in ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA
CHUBBINS, WE'RE ABOUT TO PASS THROUGH THE ANCIENT GATES OF THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES
FORT MARION IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF MEDIEVAL FORTIFICATION WITH MOAT, DRAWBRIDGE, AND ANCIENT CANNON! THESE OLD STONE WALLS WITHSTOOD EVERY ATTACK FOR TWO CENTURIES
IS THIS REALLY THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH THAT PONCE DE LEON DISCOVERED?
TRADITION HOLDS THAT IT IS, CHUBBINS. AND BECAUSE THE WATER IS DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN NEAR-BY WELLS, MANY BELIEVED IT TO HAVE MAGIC POWERS
THIS IS KNOWN AS THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS USED BY FRIARS WHO LIVED IN ST. AUGUSTINE ABOUT 200 YEARS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION!
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BEDSTEAD—JUST LOOK AT THAT CARVING! THERE'S NOT A PIPE IN MY COLLECTION WROUGHT MORE SKILFULLY
YES, IT'S LOVELY, DAD. BUT LET'S GO BACK AND HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT COZY LIVING-ROOM
YOU'LL LIKE THIS, DAD
ONE OF OUR MEN DUG UP THIS ANCIENT PIPE. WOULD YOU CARE TO EXAMINE IT, JUDGE?
BY ALL MEANS—I HAVE ONE SOMETHING LIKE IT IN MY OWN COLLECTION
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF THE TOBACCO WE'RE BOTH SMOKING WOULD BE AS ENJOYABLE IN OLD PIPES LIKE THAT AS IN OUR MODERN ONES
WELL, I'VE TRIED PRINCE ALBERT IN HUNDREDS OF PIPES, NEW AND OLD, AND IT'S NEVER FAILED TO GIVE THE SAME MILD, RICH-TASTING SMOKE WE'RE BOTH ENJOYING RIGHT NOW!

RESOLVED—PRINCE ALBERT MEANS MILDER, RICHER-TASTING SMOKING!

HERE'S MY PLAN FOR JOY SMOKING: TOBACCO THAT'S NO-BITE TREATED FOR MILDNESS—CRIMP CUT FOR GOOD PACKING, SMOOTH SMOKING
BUILDER
SO MILD!
THE BIG 2-OUNCE RED TIN
I'M CLOSE TO THINGS THAT GROW. I KNOW P.A. MUST BE BETTER TOBACCO TO START WITH. THAT'S ANOTHER REASON WHY IT SMOKES SO MELLOW
FARMER
THERE'S A RICH, FULL-BODIED TASTE TO PRINCE ALBERT THAT MAKES IT WORTH FAR MORE THAN IT COSTS. AND P.A. IS NEVER HARSH
PROFESSOR
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

TRY P. A. AT OUR RISK!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GREAT IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO!

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

necticut, and Sophie's first memories are of getting up at four in the morning and working as kitchen slavey and waitress in her father's hole-in-the-wall restaurant. She usually went to sleep in school. She grew to be a large girl with a voice that could be heard for blocks and she exercised her vocal equipment by yelling "gefuellte fish" and "noodle soup" from the front of the place so that her mother could hear it in the kitchen.

One day, the Howard brothers, Willie and Eugene of vaudeville fame, told her she had a wonderful voice. "They were only kidding," says Sophie, "but I thought they meant I could sing. After that, it was all I wanted to do."

She stopped school one April and in August married a man named Lewis Tuck. "I did it," she states frankly, "because I wanted to get out of the kitchen. Later, I ran away and came to New York." She had five dollars and the Howard brothers' jocular comment on her singing ability. She was no beauty, but she had the genial expansive personality that eventually changed her from a baby born under an alias and minus a country to a much-loved international citizen. Arriving in New York, she went promptly to the old German Village Café at Fortieth Street. The owner, whom she knew, tried out her voice, changed her name from Tuck to Tucker, had a carpenter go over the windows to keep them from rattling, and gave her fifteen dollars a week.

The First Movie Contract

Next, she got a job singing at a little nickelodeon that ran the first short picture subjects. It was on New York's Upper East Side and was run by Marcus Loew, Nick Schenck and Adolph Zukor.

It was her first association with the founder of the picture company for which she now works. He was just beginning, too. In black face, she sang twenty shows a day for twenty dollars a week and Mrs. Loew made her soup and sandwiches between times because she didn't have time to go out for a meal.

Then she went down to try out at Tony Pastor's on the Bowery. The best acts there went on at three-thirty in the morning. Before that, they had what they called the fill-ins. Bert Green was the major pianist. He was wonderful. The fill-in pianist was terrible. For the auditions you drew numbers. She was trying out for the fill-ins and she drew one of the last numbers. By the time she tried to sing her songs in the big empty place with Tony Pastor listening, the accompanist was ruining her work and Pastor said he hadn't time to hear any more anyhow. Sophie was crying. Then she turned on Tony Pastor.

"I don't think I was violent about it," she says, a slight doubt in her voice, "but I was firm. I told him he didn't have any right to give out checks for more than he could hear and he couldn't expect anyone to make anything even out of good material with someone who was hashing it up like that." Her reminiscent gesture at the inadequate pianist is eloquent. "I told him it was unfair and—well, I told him plenty."

The startled Tony Pastor said, "You're right."

"Sure, I'm right," said the umbrageous coon-shouter. "But what are you going to do about it?"

He promised never again to give out tickets for more acts than he could hear and then he added, "As for you, I'll give you Bert Green for a pianist and I'll put you on first in the regular program instead of in the fill-ins."

Sophie's beaming smile broke through and her tears dried. The run-in had been productive. Within a week she had moved from opening to the best spot on the regular program.

Then she heard that the best training was in burlesque. So she joined the Columbia Wheel. She was playing in Holyoke, Massachusetts, when a scout for Ziegfeld saw her and engaged her for the 1909 Follies.

"They didn't want *me* especially," says Sophie. "They just had to have someone doing an act while the stage and chorus girls got ready for the big scene of the show. They'd spent $40,000 on the number. Someone had to take up the time. I called my old friend Irving Berlin—we'd known each other since Tony Pastor's—and told him here was my big chance, and he wrote four songs for me and said, 'Sophie, you'll knock 'em cold with these.' But I never rehearsed. They were too busy to bother with me. All they saw of me during rehearsals was an ugly girl sitting in the back of the theater, watching. The orchestra had my music and that was enough."

The show opened in Atlantic City and suddenly a voice boomed out over the audience such as it had never heard before. It stopped the show. So, the star got mad and that night Sophie lost her job.

"It put me back ten years," she says. "I didn't get another Broadway show till the Shubert Gaieties in 1919. And it hurt. Believe me, it hurt! But the star was right. She sang popular songs herself. She was one of the best and she couldn't have someone else in the show singing them with that much competition. You've got to protect yourself in this business. When I looked at it cold, I knew that. It made me realize one thing. I suddenly knew I had to be so big and so different that no one could ever come in and steal a show from me the way I had from her. And I had to be big enough so I wouldn't have to kick out some young one and set anyone else back the way I'd been. I went into vaudeville and from then on I spent everything on exclusive material."

Later on, when she had become a headliner and had captured the notices in a town that gave only second-day reviews to the same star who had had her fired from the Follies, the two women became friends and they stayed so till the other one died. It is reported that Sophie was the last person out of her house, that she went in with a full pocketbook and came out with it strangely flat.

Every Wallop Was a Challenge

Her early vaudeville life was marked with the ups and downs that toughen the spirit and make or break a good disposition. Every wallop was a challenge and there was nothing supine about Sophie. One of old William Morris' favorite stories was of the day when she burst into his office and insisted he must be her agent. She'd had the usual roughneck booker of those days and she'd just had a battle with him. He'd booked her for two hundred a week and she thought she was worth three. . . . So she rushed over to the Morris office sputtering furiously. "The blankety-blank swore at me," she raged, calling him everything she could think of, "and I said who the hell are you to swear at me? I'm a lady!"

So William Morris took her on and he said later that if genuine kindness and straight shooting were the fundamental requirements of a lady, Sophie was perfectly right.

In 1911 the well-remembered song called Some of These Days made her famous and she became a coast-to-coast riot in vaudeville.

In 1914, she went back to her place in New York night life—only on a different scale. She went to Reisenweber's to sing, a sort of glorified performance of what she'd done in the earlier days at Tony Pastor's.

Then she had her own place, Sophie Tucker's Playground, and, as she had done in Reisenweber's, she introduced a lot of new talent as part of her act. Rudolph Valentino worked for her at fifty a week, and Joan Crawford was another of the young ones she gave a first break. But she saw to it that no one ever topped Sophie. By this time with her salary and her cut on the whole place, she was making fifteen and twenty thousand dollars a week, doing practically the same thing she'd done in the German Village. "The decorations were better," says Sophie.

In 1922 vaudeville was on the wane, the picture houses were growing too big for her intimate type of work and, always the realist, she looked for new fields. She went to London. There was only one night club there then, the Metropole. Sophie went into it—at an English salary. She made up the difference by singing in five or six theaters a night, just as in the old days. She says it was easy because they were all within a radius of ten miles.

When Sophie Quieted Down

It was at the Metropole that she first toned down her tremendous voice. "They liked me," she reports, "but they sat like this." She pokes a plump finger in each ear and grins. She took London by storm. They didn't just like her, they loved her. She has sung at the Kit Kat and all the best places since then. For years now she has alternated between England and America.

"When anything goes wrong here," she says, "I go over there, and when I come back, it's all right."

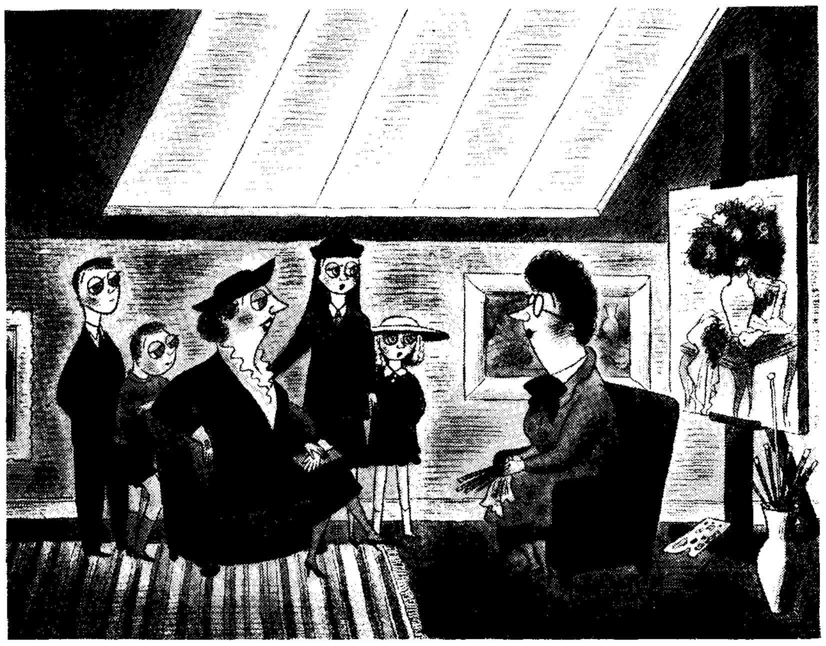
However, she was stoned in London three years ago. Every time she had gone there, she'd sung not only in the West End but also in the East End, London's Jewish quarter. She's proud of being a Jewess and she sings for her people in their own language. Their favorite is My Yiddisha Mamma. When she arrived in 1934, Mosley and his Black Shirts were staging demonstrations in the East End district. She was warned not to go down there, but characteristically she went. And the usual audience was so responsive that, when someone yelled for the regular song, she didn't have the heart to hold back. There was an uproar, catcalls came from roughnecks who had been sent into the place to cause trouble. They quieted when she stopped the song and went back into English, but when she left the theater she was met by a hail of stones from a gang in the street. She knew it was only the one element, but it shocked her.

When the press went to talk to her about it, she said she had always been welcomed by London, but if that was what she was going to get, she'd never come again. The fervor of the papers the next day touched her more than almost anything in her varied career. It was proof positive of the place she held in the hearts of the English people. She went back two years later and was the organizer of the King George V National Memorial Fund, giving a mammoth midnight performance which started the fund with $20,000. On Sophie's bill were Marlene Dietrich, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Michael Bartlett, Eddie Robinson, and plenty of others. When she got back to New York and looked things over, she suddenly had one of her hunches. She went to her agent, the younger William Morris now. "Boss," she said, as she used to say to his father, "send me to California. Get me a job singing at the Trocadero—I don't care about the money."

In the last years in the London supper clubs all the men have stood up when she entered. The same thing happened at the Trocadero in Hollywood, and it made her so emotional she didn't know whether she could sing. But she did. Louis B. Mayer came up to her afterward—they'd never met before—and he said she had to take movie tests. She took them and she reports that they were pretty awful. Wrong material can be hard on even a Sophie Tucker.

Some months later she was singing in Saratoga, New York, during the races, and Mr. Mayer heard her again. "You've got to come back and help me show the boys they were wrong," he insisted, and, with the right material, they did it.

The result is that, for the first time in all these years, Sophie Tucker, genial, hard-boiled and soft-hearted, is glorying in a permanent home. Your gal Sophie's gone to town again and she's found that the name of the burg is Hollywood. You're likely to meet anybody at her house from an English duke to the major picture executives, but the ones she invites most are the young strugglers and the older has-beens, who are having a hard time. She's back there now at work on the new film. The fan mail is flowing in and when she makes her next personal tour of the country, probably a lot more little "punks" will take a tip from the taximan and greet her with the call she likes best—"Hiya, Sophie!"



"Sometimes I wish I'd taken up some kind of creative work too, Henrietta"

R. TAYLOR

start at the Top!

And *work up* a head of handsome **healthy hair** . . . This part time job pays **big dividends,** for men who *"go places"* are invariably *well-groomed*... Write **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** on your memo pad and add *these two notes* to your success story:

Every Morning

brush *a few drops* of **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** into your hair. The *natural* oil of *this famous* **Tonic** just *naturally* makes the hair good-looking . . . helps to overcome *dryness* . . . keeps **unruly hair neat** and in place . . . Remember that a certain amount of oil **in the hair** is necessary to its *best condition.*

Every Week

before shampooing, massage plenty of **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** into the scalp and rub well to *stimulate* **scalp** *circulation.* And, *after the shampoo* if your hair is inclined **to be dry** (and whose isn't), apply a few drops of **'Vaseline' Hair Tonic** to *supplement* the **deficient oils** . . . help to combat dandruff.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

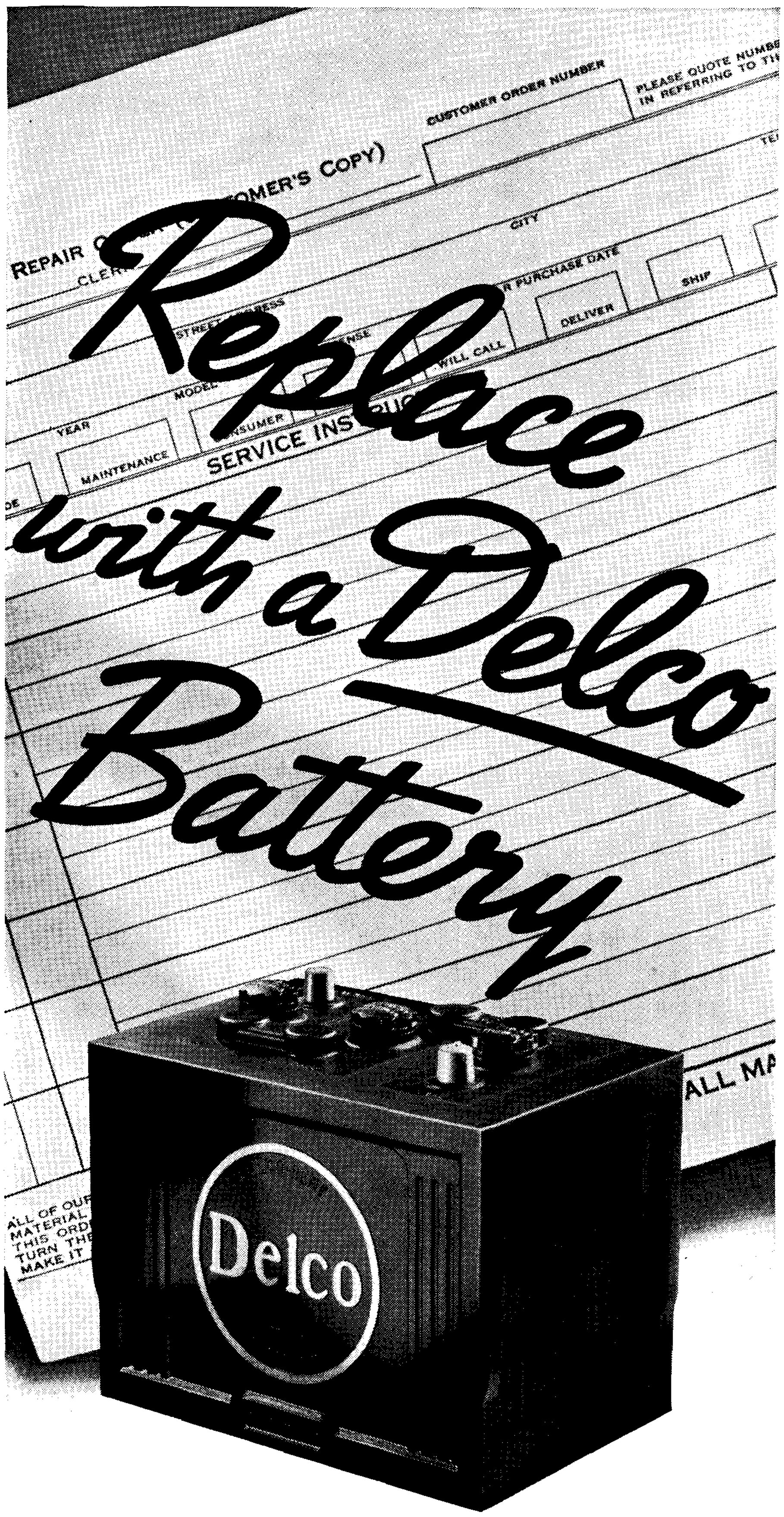
40c and 70c

Tune in on radio's greatest personality show ... starring Jean Hersholt as the small town doctor of River's End ... Hear him in the role of Dr. Christian next Sunday ... Columbia coast-to-coast network ... 2:30 E. T. . . 1:30 C. T. . . 3:30 M. T. . . 2:30 P. T.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



For sure starting . . . for better all-round, day-by-day battery performance . . . for long life, dependability and economy—millions of motorists the world over replace with a Delco Battery.

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

East of Broadway

Continued from page 15

the hole in after you. Getting you out ain't any part of a cinch."

"Are you arresting us?"

"I wouldn't put it that way. But the D.A. has a right to ask questions."

Eddie spoke tensely. He asked, "You're our friend, aren't you, Danny?"

"What do you think?"

"I think yes. And I've got an idea. Listen . . ."

UNACCUSTOMED as he was to morning sunlight, Andrew North rose early; that is to say, he had bathed, shaved and dressed before the hands of the clock showed ten. In the solitude of his apartment his expression remained impassive, but, underneath, Mr. North was not impassive at all.

All his life he had gambled, but never quite so desperately, nor for so high a stake, as now. And the position in which he found himself was more than a trifle disconcerting.

Opposition had cropped up in an unexpected quarter. Believing that he held all the aces, Linda and Eddie had shown a few aces themselves, and had indicated further that they held the joker in reserve. It bothered Mr. North considerably to realize that they weren't playing the game as he had planned that they should play it, that they had developed totally unsuspected streaks of stubbornness, not to say strength, at a time when it was proving most embarrassing.

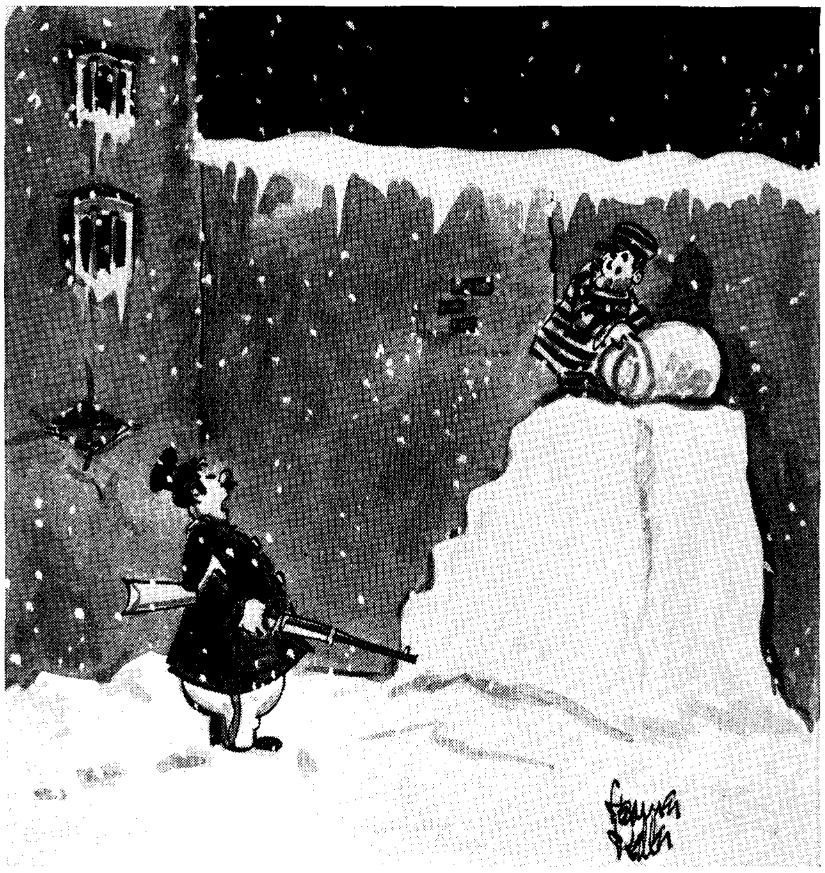
To Mr. North, it was all very annoying. He felt more than slightly perturbed, since there now appeared to be danger that his careful planning and his not inconsiderable effort might go for nothing. He was very much afraid that Eddie and Linda, being two young, impulsive fools, might carry through their threat; that they might definitely refuse to play ball his way. Mr. North contemplated the loss of the quarter million dollars that had seemed so nearly in his grasp, and he said things to himself that were picturesquely profane.

Then, deliberately, he tried to think as he thought Eddie and Linda might be thinking. He was the one person in the world who had positive knowledge of their innocence. But, no matter what the truth, even they must understand that the police could be—and would be—most stubborn, that there was a great deal more than mere circumstantial evidence against either or both of them.

North himself felt secure. The master key had not been missed, no one had thought to mention that he had called upon Vernon Gregg that day . . . and the police apparently had sold themselves on the idea that Gregg had been killed either by the woman visitor, whose identity was still a mystery, or by a jealous male. Either theory fitted in perfectly with the pattern Andrew North had designed. Surely, he figured, neither Eddie nor Linda could be so colossally stupid as to ignore their danger, should the police learn the identity of Gregg's nocturnal visitor.

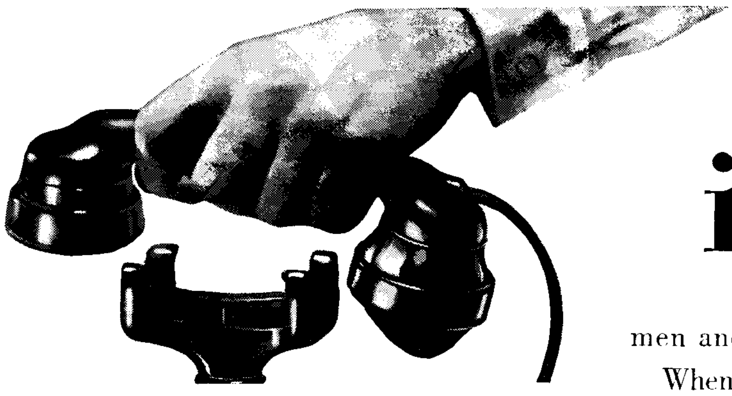
Mr. North had no intention whatsoever of notifying the police. That was the very last thing he contemplated doing. His only hold over the two youngsters was that he *might* tell. Once the police had the facts, Mr. North realized that he could check the whole adventure off to experience, and forget Eddie's fortune. In brief, he was bluffing, but he consoled himself with the thought that they dared not presume that he was bluffing. Think the other fellow's way—that was Mr. North's policy: and thinking their way, Andrew North felt certain that they must bring themselves to the point of swapping money for safety.

Mr. North decided to go for a long walk, not because he was partial to walking, but because continued inactivity gave promise of being more than he cared to stand. When he returned to his apartment hotel, Eddie and Linda,



"I thought you told me you were going to build a snow man!"

REAMER KELLER



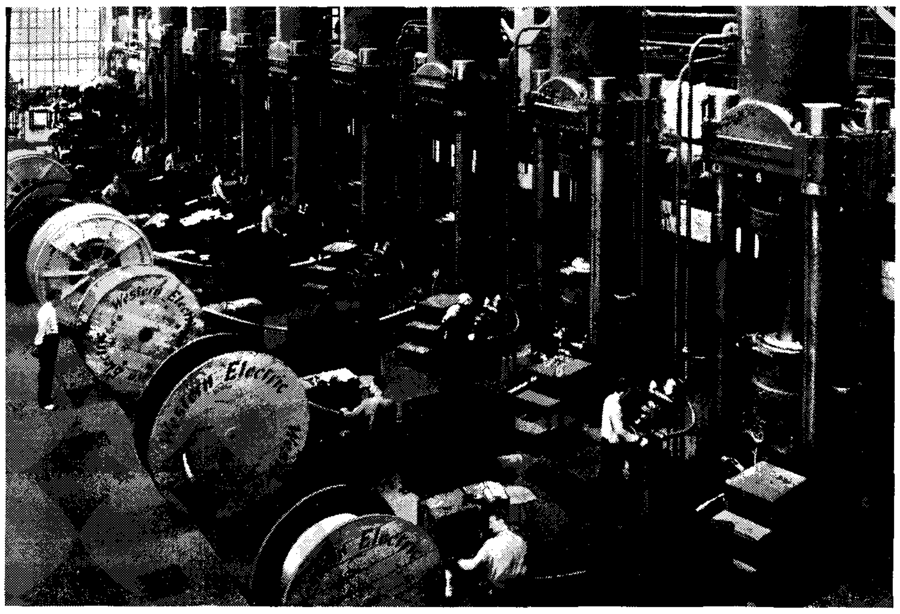
Less than 5% is in your home!

Back of the Bell Telephone in your home is a vast network of equipment that you never see. Back of that are the telephone company, Western Electric and their thousands of trained men and women throughout the country.

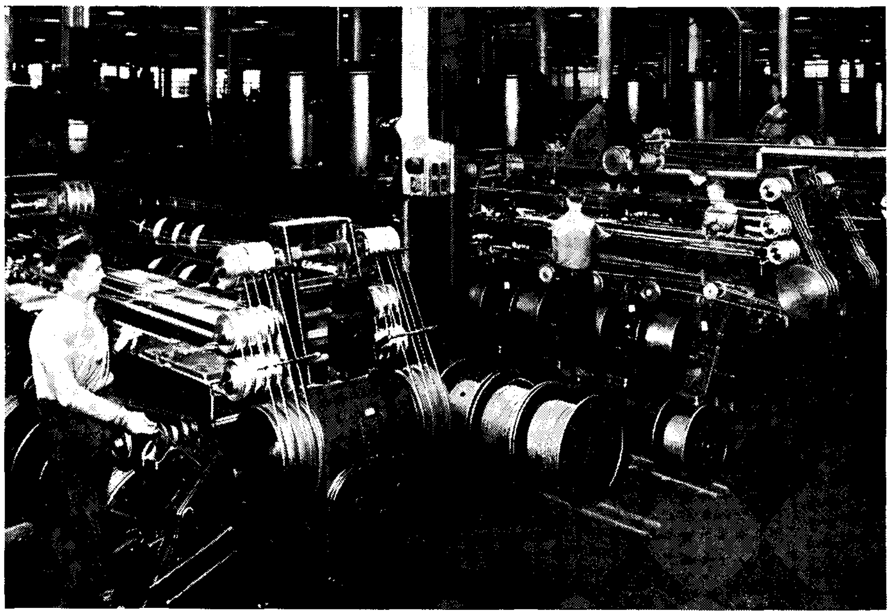
When you lift your receiver, this apparatus goes into action. Wire, cable, switchboards—thousands of items, big and little—all must be ready whenever you call.

And all this equipment must be made with such precision that your Bell telephone will work in perfect coordination with the millions of others in the country. What other product that you use has to meet such a test?

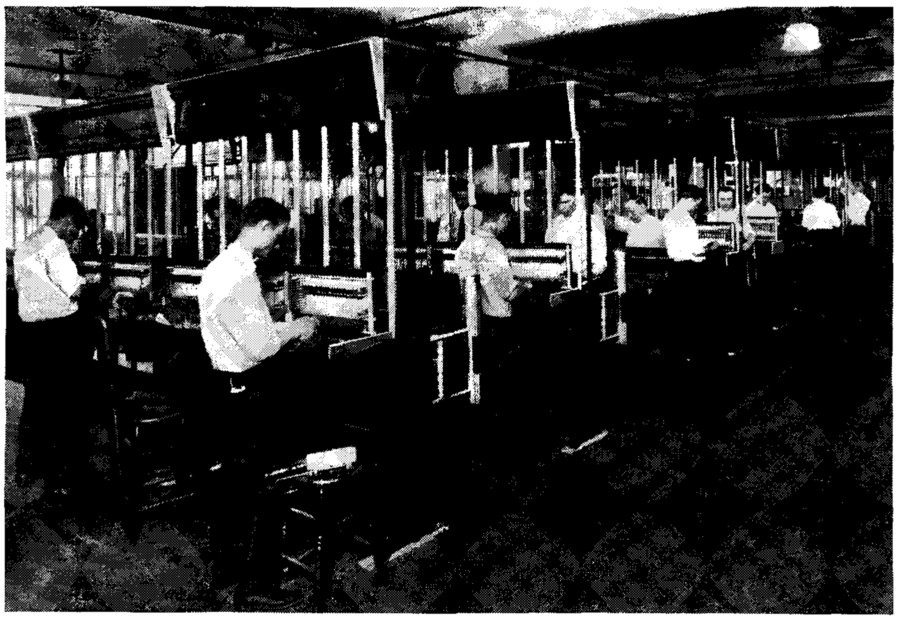
Standardized apparatus of high quality is therefore absolutely essential. To make sure of this, the Bell System has for 56 years entrusted its manufacturing to Western Electric.



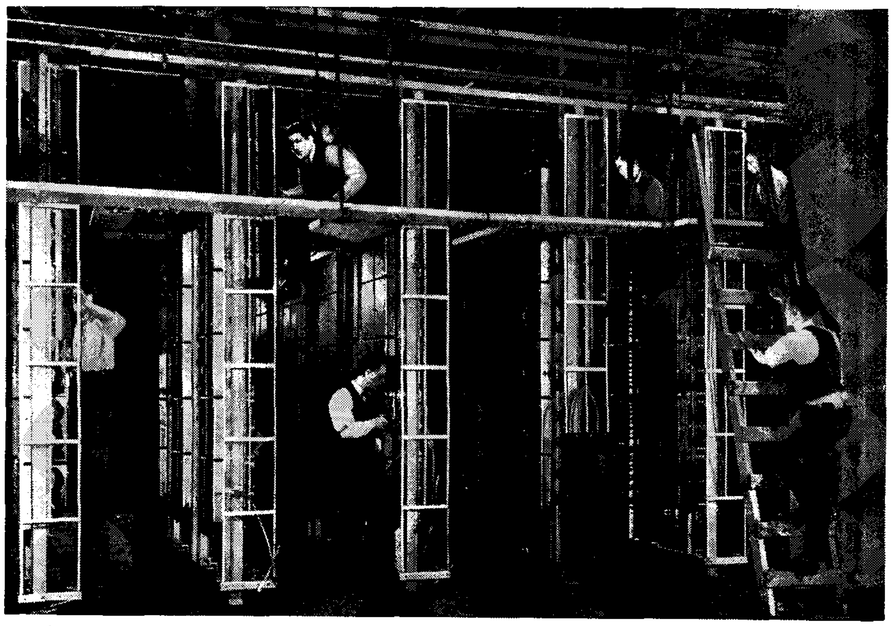
1. Look into one of the great Western Electric cable shops. In a year over six million miles of wire are put into these familiar cables.



2. These machines turn out rubber covered telephone wire. Each year the Company manufactures 400,000 miles of this important product.



3. Expert workmen install an intricate maze of wiring in these telephone switchboards at one of Western Electric's three great factories.



4. Here skilled workers are making delicate adjustments on that marvel of intricacy, a dial type central office.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

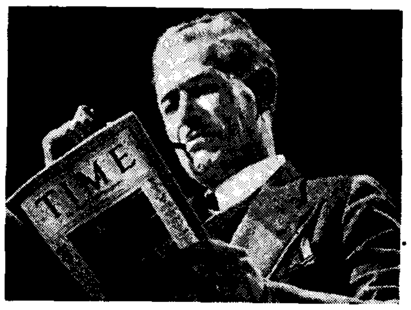
Too big even for Hollywood

AFTER you read *Gone With the Wind*, did the South and Sherman's March mean more to you than it did before? Did *The Good Earth* make China come to life in your mind? Did *Good-bye, Mr. Chips* give you the very feel and flavor of an English public school?

If so, you cannot long resist the fascination of a story more stirring than any of these. It's a story so vast that no single volume could contain it, so tremendous that not even Hollywood could picture it. And if you follow this great story the whole world today will mean far more to you than it ever did before. For it is the story of all mankind—the news.

● Where to read the story

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was invented—not just to report events, for there are 14,000 U. S. newspapers doing that; not to comment on the news, for there are pundits aplenty doing that—but solely to help you follow the stirring story of the world you live in.



TIME gathers together every essential part of that story by scrutinizing each bit of the torrent of news that pours into its office, 2,000,000 words a week, from A.P. and U.P.; TIME builds up the story from newspaper reports in every language; TIME gives it new life and color with uncensored facts from hundreds of TIME correspondents in every news center; TIME verifies every fact of the story through the ceaseless checking of its highly specialized research staff.

And then The Editors of TIME write that weekly story so completely and so dramatically that it walks off TIME's pages into the head of an intelligent man or woman and sticks there.

● It adds up to this

A single issue of TIME is but one brief installment of this true story that outdoes fiction and the films in suspense and surprise. But as you read TIME from week to week the story rounds itself out. News only half understood before, now makes sense. As it gains in color and meaning, it grips your mind and imagination more than ever before—it's fun to read TIME.

Try TIME through the copy now on your newsstand. Then be TIME's guest for three weeks—mail the coupon today and receive the next three issues, free.

C-19

TIME, 330 East 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me the next three issues of TIME, free.

Name____________________
(*Please print*)

Street____________________

City and State____________________

seated in the lobby, rose to greet him. He saw that they were very nervous.

"Well . . . ?" North said. And Eddie said, "We'll go upstairs with you."

The swift journey up in the elevator gave Andrew North sufficient time for thought. And the thoughts in which he indulged were pleasant. He was feeling a most delightful reaction: his last vestige of apprehension had been dispelled, and there was a note of almost genuine cordiality in his voice as he opened the apartment door for them, bade them enter, and conducted them into the living room. They seated themselves on the brown-and-beige couch and Andrew North faced them.

"You've been thinking things over?" he inquired politely.

Eddie said, "Yes."

"And you've decided to be sensible?"

"Yes."

"That's fine. I thought you would."

Eddie said, "I've been thinking about a lot of things, North. Mostly you."

"That's natural."

"Yeh—it's natural all right. But I haven't been thinking the kind of thoughts you believe I have."

THERE was a hint of something in Eddie's manner that Andrew North did not like. The young man who talked now was not the boyish, irresponsible young night-club m.c. who charmed patrons with his broad grin and persuasive good humor. North probed:

"You're going to give me the money?"

"No," said Eddie, "I'm not."

"Then why—"

"—did I come here? I came here because I've been thinking. And remembering."

"What?"

"Things. Important things." Eddie's eyes were narrow and level, but his voice was flat. He said, "You killed Gregg."

North's eyelids dropped. His expression did not change.

"What kind of foolishness is that?"

"It isn't foolishness, North."

"I tell you—I had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, yes you did," said Eddie easily, "and I know it."

"You do, do you? And where does it get you?"

"Plenty of places." Eddie leaned forward. "And dope this out for yourself—I wouldn't be here, this way, unless I had proof."

North was frightened. He was thinking, "He acts as if he really knows something." And then he thought, "If they've got me in a corner, it'll be just too bad for them." But what he said was, "What sort of proof, Wise Guy?"

Eddie spoke confidently. "You worked this thing out pretty, didn't you? But even a smart guy like you slips somewhere. There's always some one little thing a criminal overlooks."

The young man's manner was entirely too sure for Mr. North's peace of mind. Eddie had hit on a truism of the criminal mind, and Mr. North didn't relish it. He said, quietly, "Like what, for instance?"

"Did you know," inquired Eddie, "that I visited Gregg's apartment that morning?"

"So what?"

"We did most of our talking on the terrace. I leaned against the iron railing and got some red paint on my coat."

"What the hell are you driving at?"

"Proof," stated Eddie, "proof that you killed Gregg. This morning Linda told me that she recalled seeing a red stain on your trousers—*after* the murder."

"What about it?"

"Just this," explained Eddie, "when you climbed those iron railings, you couldn't have helped getting red paint on your pants. And when Linda remembered seeing it . . ." He paused and shrugged. "That's the proof," he said.

The unexpected invariably disconcerts a criminal. It is *the one thing* he fears. North blustered, "That's bunk," he said, "there's no red paint *on* those trousers."

"I see. . . . You had 'em cleaned."

"I did not." He walked across the room and into the bedroom. Eddie and Linda followed. Eddie said, "Steady, sweetheart."

Andrew North swung open the door of his hanging closet. He took down a hanger. "This is the suit," he said, as he flipped back the coat. Then he stopped and his pink cheeks became pasty—

On the trousers, just below the knee, there was a tiny red smear. A smear of red paint. Eddie smiled.

"You see, Linda was right."

North stood staring down at the telltale stain. So his plan had *not* been flawless, after all. So there *was* evidence that might prove troublesome. He thought fast and clearly. He asked, "Is that all you've got against me?"

"I think that'll be enough."

"You're nuts! It doesn't mean a thing."

"I'll risk it." Eddie grinned broadly. "When they get that dope, plus our story—and your reasons for being friendly . . . well, I figure you'll have a tough job of explaining to do. I don't think you're any too popular with the cops, anyway."

North said, "What are you going to do?"

"Tell the police. I'm going to tell them everything."

North walked to the dresser. His manner was casual. He opened the top drawer. Then he turned and faced them. The automatic in his hand was snub-nosed and ugly, and North's voice was not pleasant.

He said, "That's just too bad, Eddie. Just too damned bad—for you and Linda."

LINDA'S first thought was, "This isn't real. He doesn't mean it." Then she saw Andrew North's eyes and wondered why she had never noticed them before. They were pale and colorless and dangerous. And his face: It was the same placid, almost cherubic, countenance that she had liked—yet it was definitely different. The eyes, perhaps. Staring straight at them now, they changed his entire expression.

And his voice was flat and unemotional as he said, "Into that room yonder. Quick!"

They backed into the living room. North followed, the trousers hanging over his left forearm, the gun in his right hand. He said, "Sit down!" and they obeyed, seating themselves side by side on the couch.

Eddie tried valiantly not to show how frightened he was. He felt sickish inside, but he didn't want Linda to know that. He took her hand and squeezed it, and was grateful for her answering pressure.

North stood looking down at them. He said, "That was the dumbest play you ever made, Eddie."

"What was?"

"Tipping me off to what you had."

"Apparently you're right."

North profanely endorsed Eddie's statement. Then he said, "Just sit steady and we'll have a little fun."

He dropped the telltale trousers on the floor near the wood-burning fireplace. Still holding the automatic, he retrieved a bundle of old newspapers from the closet, a few lightwood knots, and a couple of decorative birch logs. He worked slowly and carefully, and when the fire was laid, he said, "Just to make it funnier, Eddie—suppose you light it."

Eddie hesitated and Linda said, "I think you'd better."

For Years I Suffered *in Silence!*

AN AFFLICTION THOUSANDS SUFFER, BUT FEW TALK ABOUT!

HEMORRHOIDS or Piles are one of the worst afflictions. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn.

Piles, being a delicate subject, are often borne in silence, and allowed to go untreated. Yet, no condition is more desperately in need of attention. For Piles can, and often do, develop into something serious!

REAL TREATMENT

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

SUFFER NO LONGER!

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 26-Co, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

The blaze was swift. At North's direction, Eddie reseated himself. North waited a few moments before placing his trousers on the burning logs. Linda saw him breathe deeply, as though with relief, and his tone was somewhat lighter. "There," he said, "there goes your evidence."

Linda was thinking, "What will he do now? Does he mean to kill us?" And Eddie was thinking, too. He was remembering how men acted in motion pictures—leaping suddenly upon the person who was holding the gun. It always turned out well in pictures, but somehow Eddie doubted the wisdom of such a move right now.

The blaze burned brighter and hotter. As the odor of burning cloth permeated the room, North experienced a feeling of relief that amounted almost to exuberance. He said, "What else have you got on me, Mister Lawson?"

Eddie said, "Burning those pants don't make any difference. Linda and I both saw the paint stain."

"So what? You can *say* you saw it—but who'll believe you?"

"They'll have to."

"You're marvelous, Eddie. Probably the dumbest duck that ever lived." North actually smiled. He said, "So we're right back where we started. The one piece of evidence you had against me has gone, and I've still got enough dope on you to hang you."

Eddie said, "You killed Gregg."

"Suppose I did. Who the hell knows it?"

"We do."

The trousers were crumbling into unrecognizable ashes.

NORTH said, "So you know I killed Gregg, eh? And where will that get you? Sure, you can tell the cops what you saw, but they don't convict on the stories of suspects." He laughed mirthlessly. "It's colossal. You had me dead to rights—and played into my hands."

"I still don't believe—"

"I don't give a damn what you believe." North's agate eyes were hard, his words close-clipped. "What do you think I am—a sap? I suppose you figured I'd let you walk out of here without agreeing to what I want."

"What else can you do?"

"Plenty. Now get this, you two! Get it rammed into your thick domes. I've been playing sweet and pretty with you . . . so you might as well understand where you are now."

"Well . . . where are we?"

"You're doing what I say—that's where you are. And I'm trying to get across to you that I ain't to be played with."

"If we refuse . . . ?"

"You won't! Use that two-bit brain of yours, Lawson. I'm after what you've got. And I ain't quitting till I get it, see?" North had lowered the gun, though he still held it ready in his right hand. "And just so you'll understand what you're up against, I'll talk. Sure, I killed Gregg. He was a louse anyway. And I'm asking you this: Do you think you can take chances with a man who would commit a murder to get you where he wanted you? Answer that."

Linda was holding tight to Eddie's hand, but her eyes were focused on Andrew North. She said, "I'm terribly afraid, Eddie."

"You'd better be," snapped North. "The scareder you are, the longer you'll live."

"How," asked Eddie incredulously, "did you expect to get away with a thing like that?"

" 'Expect to!' " North chuckled. "Son I not only expected to—I'm *going* to That's what I want you to understand Pushing you and Linda off wouldn't bother me any more than shoving Gregg Is that clear?"

"They'll get you for it."

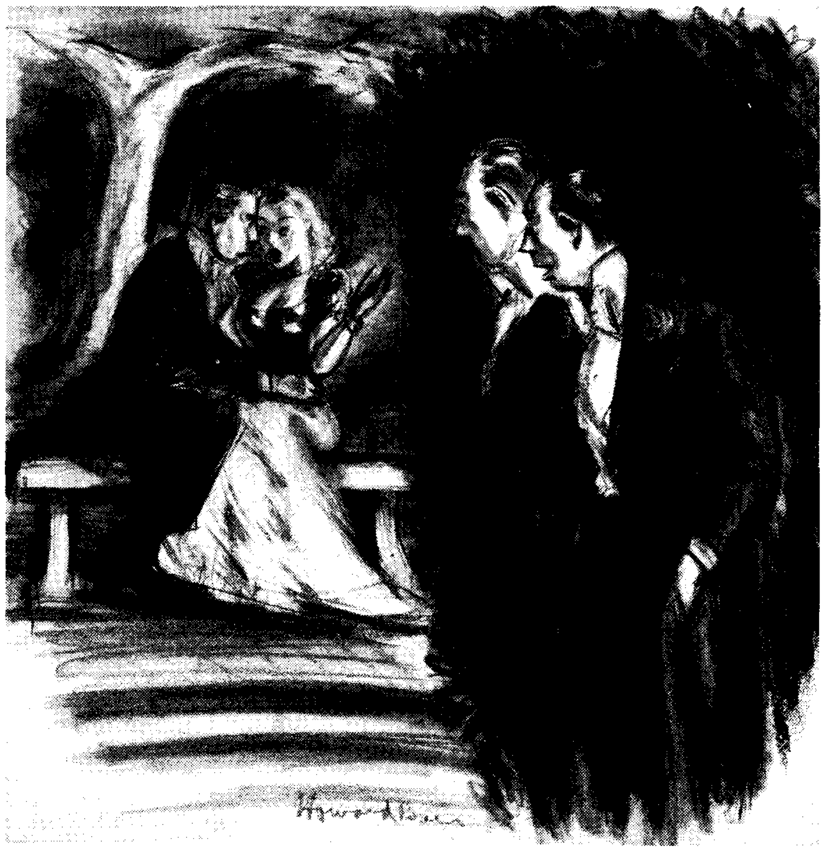
"Like hell they will."

"You slipped once," warned Eddie. "When you climbed onto Vern's terrace you tripped yourself. If I hadn't made a dumb play—"

"But you did. So I can admit cheerfully that I killed Gregg. It's just a question now whether you and Linda want to live a quarter million dollars' worth."

Eddie said quietly, "I believe you're just threatening."

"Don't be a bigger damn' fool than



"It's something she learned in Washington—she calls it a filibuster"

HOWARD BAER

NOW! HAVE THE NEWEST IN RADIO!

RADIO FOR ONLY $89.95*

PUSH A BUTTON —there's your station!

Magic Eye
Straight-Line Dial
RCA Metal Tubes
Dynamic Speaker
Beauty-Tone Cabinet

INCREASED TRADE-IN ALLOWANCES *make buying easy*

RCA Victor dealers are offering special trade-in allowances this month. You can probably turn in your old set for the entire down payment on this RCA Victor Electric Tuning Model 87K1.

Here's the best radio news yet! Now $89.95 buys an RCA Victor console *with the sensational new Electric Tuning* everybody wants. It is a superb 1938 instrument with a wealth of new ideas, headed by the best of them all, tuning that is really automatic. Push a button, there's your station. Any one of your six favorite stations tuned as easily as turning on a light. You know how RCA Victor Electric Tuning has swept the country. Now you can enjoy this great feature at a sensationally lower price. See this Model 87K1 at your RCA Victor dealer's right away. Act now.

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice.

ANOTHER *New* VALUE
ELECTRIC TUNING
Table Set—$69.95*

The luxury of RCA Victor Electric Tuning. The convenience of a smart, compact table design. Ask to see Model 87T2. Price $69.95*

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. S. T., on NBC Blue Network.

When buying Radio Tubes, say "RCA"! First in metal —foremost in glass — finest in tone.

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Something fo
to think about

The brilliant part played by the American railroads in building the nation is a story known to every schoolboy.

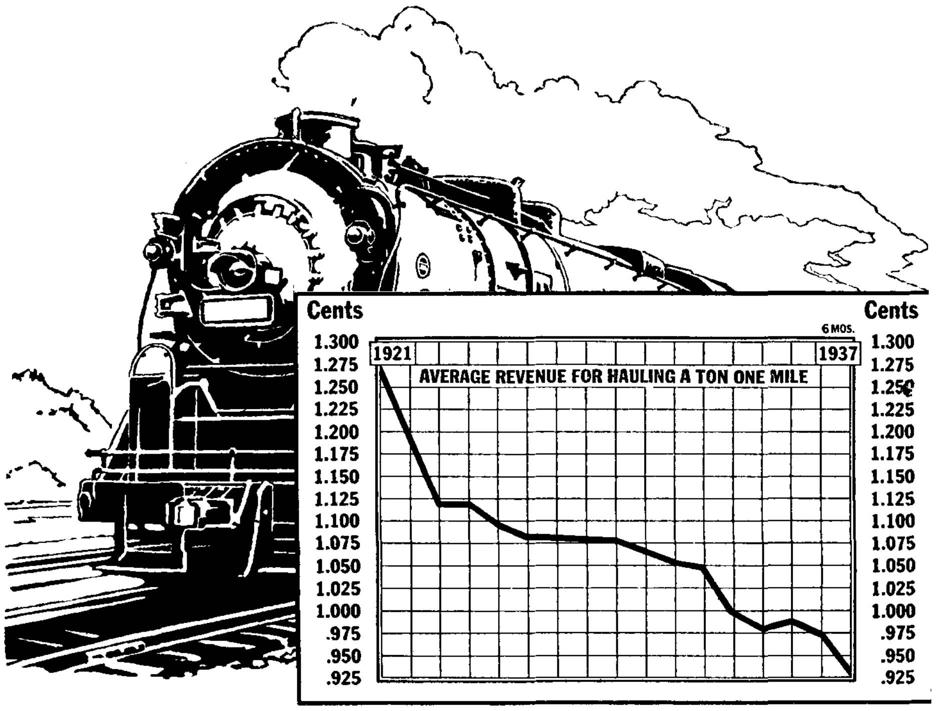
But how many people realize the part which the railroads continue to play in the nation's welfare?

The vast empire of the west, opened by rail transportation, still lives and thrives by the flow of its crops and manufactured products to a nation-wide market. No other form of transportation could do this job.

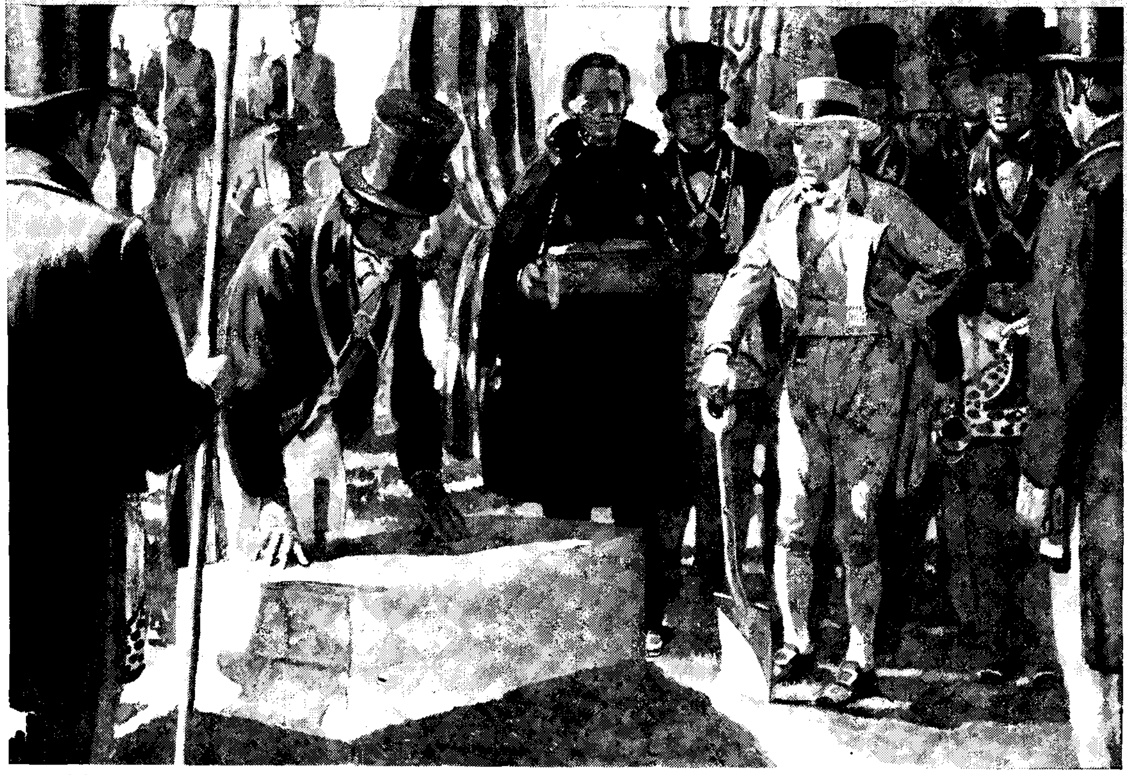
Over the country as a whole, the railroads handled 13¼ tons of freight for every man, woman and child in the United States in 1936—and did it so smoothly that few people realized what it would be to have this vital service impaired.

Within the past four years, the cost of railroad operation has skyrocketed, due to increases in wages and taxes and in the prices of fuel and materials.

Revenue has steadily declined, to a point where



America



"I consider this among the most important acts of my life: second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence, if even it be second to that." Charles Carroll of Carrollton, at the laying of the "first stone" of the first commercial railroad in the United States, July 4, 1828.

the railroads receive an average of less than 1¢ for hauling a ton of freight a mile.

Rail service, of course, will continue. But to maintain its present high level of excellence, the railroads must have additional revenue.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its rate decision of October 22, 1937, recognized this situation by such statements as this:

"From the facts of record no other conclusion is possible than that the net earnings of the railroads are now inconsistent . . . with the conditions necessary for the proper conduct of the public service of railroad transportation by private enterprise."

This is something for America to think about. The record of railroad enterprise in recent years, in face of lean times, amply demonstrates the ability of the railroads to go ahead, if given a fair opportunity to earn a living.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

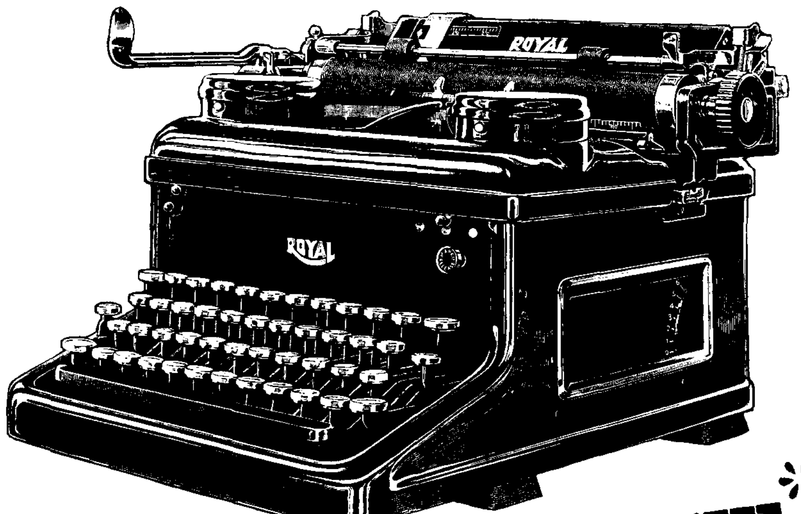
ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GREAT

RESULTS IN BUSINESS OFFICES
HELPED MAKE 1937 THE
GREATEST YEAR IN ROYAL HISTORY



GIVE ROYAL
THE DESK TEST*
IN YOUR OFFICE

● Each of the past 4 years, 1934, 1935, 1936 and 1937—has set new, all-time high Royal sales records. A score of advanced features that make typing easier for the girl, that reduce typing costs, are the underlying reasons. Give the Easy-Writing Royal the DESK TEST! Without obligation—on your own secretary's desk, check the speed, accuracy, and economy of this great writing machine.

**The DESK TEST is a fact-finding trial. It costs nothing, proves everything. Phone your Royal representative for information.*

ROYAL WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

GET A TEN-DAY DESK TEST *FREE!*

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
Department WC-2198
2 Park Avenue, New York City.
Please deliver an Easy-Writing Royal to my office for a 10-day FREE DESK TEST. I understand that this will be done without obligation to me.

*Name*__________
*Firm Name*__________
*Street*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Copyright, 1938, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

you can help. Was I 'just threatening' when I killed Vernon Gregg?"

"No . . . but look, North. . . ." Eddie leaned forward and started talking. He talked swiftly, loudly—almost hysterically. He talked so loudly and so swiftly that Andrew North did not see the door of the bathroom open, nor hear the footfalls of Danny Reardon and his companion.

North heard nothing until a new voice sounded in his ear, nor did he know anything until someone struck his right wrist so that the automatic clattered to the floor. Then four powerful hands grabbed him, and Eddie Lawson dived to the floor and picked up North's gun.

North's face was white. Detective Danny Reardon grinned at Detective Aaron Goldstein. Danny said, "This punk done an awful lot of talkin', didn't he, Aaron?"

"DID he chatter, Danny? And how!" Detective Goldstein snapped handcuffs on the pink, pudgy wrists of Andrew North. He continued to ignore the captive. "Always they think they're smart, Danny—these imitation big shots. They're always sayin' *Boo!* to scare nice kids. An' also shootin' guys from terraces."

"You heard that, Aaron?"

"With my own ears, Danny, I heard it. How he boasts, 'Sure, I killed Gregg.'" Detective Goldstein threw back his head and guffawed. "You remember when Mr. Lawson says to him, 'You killed Gregg,' and he answers, 'Sure, but who the hell knows it?' You remember that, Danny?"

"Yeh—I caught it, Aaron."

"Well, Mr. North—you was asking that question, so the answer is that me and Danny know it. And the D. A. is gonna know it. Also the rest of the world."

Danny was smiling down at Eddie. He said, "You've got plenty guts, kid."

Eddie shook his head. "Danny, I was so scared that even yet I feel sick."

"And as for Linda . . ." Danny turned to his associate detective. "What'd I tell you about her, Aaron? Was I right or was I right?"

"These little women," stated Detective Goldstein sagely, "they got lots of what it takes. My wife is that size, and when she gets started . . . I'm telling you, Danny."

North said, "How did you guys get in here?"

"We was invited," explained Danny. "It was all Eddie Lawson's idea." He smiled broadly. "Maybe you're interested."

"I don't give a damn."

"So you're interested. It ain't right fair to Eddie that you should go on thinking he's dumb."

North said, "Let's get going."

"No hurry," responded Danny. "I know you ain't havin' a lot of fun, but you got a little somethin' comin' to you. And I figured it was only fair that while you was waitin' for the hot seat, you should think well of Eddie and Linda, because, Wise Guy—they outsmarted you. Want to hear how?"

North was silent, and Detective Goldstein said, "He means yes, Danny—so you will tell him, please."

"Well, first of all, Mister North, Linda did *not* remember seeing any red paint on your pants. Not even a little bit. But she *did* remember Eddie getting some on his coat when he visited Gregg the afternoon he was killed. So they started figuring, and it seemed a cinch that nobody could climb that railing without getting some of it. It just *had* to be, that's all."

"Sure, it had to be," endorsed Detective Goldstein. "Only it wasn't."

North frowned, but remained silent. He was staring blankly at Eddie and Linda, who were standing hand in hand.

"So you want to know how it wasn't?" asked Danny, and then answered the question himself. "It just didn't work out that way, Mister North. But Eddie was willing to gamble. So he come to me and told me what he thought. And when you went out walking this morning, me and Aaron and Eddie came up here for a look around. And, Mister North, believe it or not—there wasn't any red paint on them pants. Not a smitch."

North said, "You're just shooting off your mouth. I *saw* the paint."

"Sure you did. But the paint you saw, Mister Smart Guy, was some that Eddie put there himself—this morning. The whole thing was his idea."

"You framed me!"

"Call it that. But it's like Eddie figured: It don't matter whether that paint come from Gregg's terrace or not—it worked just as good. Because, you see, Mister North, a confession carries plenty of weight."

Danny was enjoying himself hugely. He said, "And while you're in the cooler, Mister North, I want you to think kindly of Eddie. Just remember that he knew he was taking a big chance, because if you hadn't done so much talking, we'd have had to cart him downtown for questioning."

North said, "If you're through, we'll go."

Detective Goldstein unlocked one handcuff and attached it to his own wrist. He said, "I'll take him down and book him, Danny. The boys'll be happy to meet him."

The door closed behind them and Danny said sharply, "Hey! Snap out of it, Linda! What do you mean: cryin' on us?"

"Oh, Danny . . . Danny . . ."

"Cut it out!" Detective Danny Reardon shoved her into Eddie's arms. He said, "You handle this, Eddie. I think you got influence."

THE exuberance of the group at a ringside table was scarcely attuned to the chronic decorum of the Skytop Room. "I look beautiful," declared Honey Reardon, and her brother, giving her a slightly disapproving glance, stated, "One more rhinestone and you'd look like a Christmas tree."

Jay van Dorn, host to the party, was enjoying himself hugely. He even relished the discomfiture of the headwaiter who had protested with considerable vehemence against admitting Eddie Lawson, who was distinctive for the fact that he was not wearing dinner clothes. Eddie had explained, "But I'm a bridegroom; see? So I'm not responsible."

Jay placated the protesting dignitary. He whispered, "He's sailing right after the show," and the headwaiter said, "Oh, is he?" in a manner which warned Mr. van Dorn that the rigid rules of the formal room were being violated with vast reluctance.

Honey, who was startlingly resplendent in a satin evening gown of definitely cerise hue, had selected a seat facing a mirror. That she was delighted with the effect was obvious. She said, "Imagine seeing me here," and Tiny Martin grunted, "There ain't a chance of missing you."

Eddie was nervous. He glanced again at his wrist watch and said, "I thought Linda had arranged to go on first."

"Don't worry." Jay van Dorn smiled gently. "She won't miss the boat."

"These one A. M. sailings," sighed Honey, "they do things to me."

"Hmph!" Tiny was unimpressed. "You'd think from hearing you that it was your wedding trip."

"Fawncy!" Miss Reardon raised her sharp penciled eyebrows. "You couldn't possibly throw a bit of yearning into them words, could you, Tiny?"

"Where would it get me?"

"Geev an effort. Maybe you'd be surprised. I'm in a sentimental mood."

The dance music stopped and the floor cleared. The lights were dimmed and a spotlight was focused on the entrance near the rostrum. There was a polite clatter of silverware and a thin scraping of chairs.

And then Linda appeared. She was clad in white, and at her waist was a corsage of white orchids and valley lilies. Somebody said, "Oh . . ." and then, "She looks like a bride."

Jay van Dorn was thinking that, too. He was thinking that she looked like a very beautiful bride. Never had she seemed so infinitesimal or so virginal or so absurdly out of place on the floor of a supper room. As she moved across the polished floor toward the microphone, the music played softly and she flashed a glance toward the table where her friends were sitting. In an instant she included them all, and then her eyes dwelt on Eddie with the provocative glance for which she had become famous. And for the first time Eddie read in that glance precisely what she wanted him to read.

Danny grunted, "Cute!" and Honey looked at him, startled. "Imagine my buddy saying something like that! Next, you'll be tellin' me she's adorable."

"She is," maintained Danny stoutly. "Adorable as hell."

Linda sang softly and sweetly and with a certain quality that was new —with a definite fresh charm that the crowd appreciated without quite understanding. Tiny said, "She's the nuts. All fire underneath and ice on the outside."

"That's what *you* think," stated Honey.

"Well," defended Tiny, "I got to think something, don't I?"

The applause was nicely modulated, but so insistent that Linda was compelled to do a second and then a third number. The moment she left the floor, van Dorn signed the check and led the procession back to the dressing-room corridor. They entered Linda's room and Eddie took her hands in his. "You were wonderful, darling . . . and it's getting late."

"I'll be ready. Will you help me change, Honey?"

"And how!" Honey made a large gesture of dismissal. "Scram, you mugs. Momma's gotta help the bride climb into her going-away costume."

The four men stood outside the door. Van Dorn said to Eddie, "You're a lucky man."

"And don't *I* know it."

"She's pretty fond of you."

"I hope you're right."

"I am. I found out."

IT WAS on the tip of Eddie's tongue to ask, "How?" but something far back in van Dorn's eyes deterred him. In that moment he felt close to the tall, grave young man who had been so steadfast in his friendship. Eddie said impulsively, "You're pretty regular," and van Dorn responded, simply, "Thanks."

Then Linda appeared, clad in a dark suit, a pert little hat and a cloth coat with a fur collar which almost hid her face. She asked, "Can we make the boat, Eddie?"

"Easy. If Jay doesn't stop for traffic lights."

They plummeted down in an express elevator, and piled into van Dorn's car, which had been under the zealous chaperonage of the brilliantly uniformed doorman. They wound through traffic and headed downtown. Eddie captured Linda's hand and whispered, "Happy?" She didn't answer, but even in the half-light, he saw and understood the look she gave him out of the corners of her eyes.

Van Dorn conversed as he drove. He said, "I understand radio's interested in Linda."

"So am I," said Danny Reardon, "but where did it get me?"

Linda asked, "You don't happen to be a stockholder in the company that wants to sponsor me, do you, Jay?"

"Of course not."

"He's a cockeyed liar," stated Eddie Lawson, "but that's his only weakness."

Honey was wedged tight against the mountainous Tiny Martin. She said, "Gosh! I feel all crushed and romantic."

"When I get a steady job," started Tiny, but she interrupted: "You been threatening me for years." She turned her attention to Linda. "Ready for the sailing, Half Pint?"

"I'm excited, sho' 'nough."

"No letdown from this afternoon?"

"I haven't had a chance. I reckon I'm too happy right now."

The dock loomed ahead of them in the night; taxicabs, lights, bustle. The river beyond was churned by impertinent little tugs and from far out in the harbor came the sonorous wailing of steamship sirens. They piled out of the car and rushed inside the building. "No time to waste," chattered Honey. "Git goin'—bon voyage—and all that sort of stuff."

THERE was a general handshaking and a few kisses and congratulations and wishes for a pleasant trip, and then Eddie and Linda dashed madly away and were on the ship, and in an incredibly brief space of time the whistle sounded in the night and they pressed against the rail and waved frantically to their friends, and Honey wailed, "Hold me, Tiny—I'm emotional."

Eddie and Linda remained at the rail as the ship glided down the harbor. Her head scarcely reached to his shoulder, but her hand was warm in his. He said, awkwardly, "I wish I could say nice things, Linda."

"You don't need to, Eddie."

"I've been an awful sap."

Linda nodded. "You sho' have."

"But from now on—"

"Let me guess, Eddie." She looked back at the receding shore line. "I'm so happy," she said, "that it hurts inside."

"I'm trying to make myself really believe that. Wait a minute." Eddie probed into his topcoat pocket. "I've got something for you, Linda."

It was a tiny package, and Linda opened it eagerly. Then the back of her hand pressed against her lips and she gasped, "An engagement ring!"

"I thought it was time for you to have one," he said shyly, "seeing that we've been married five months."

"Eddie . . . it's beautiful! But it's too handsome. . . ."

He laughed. "You know, Linda, all the time I was buying it I had to keep reminding myself that I could afford to." He took the ring from her and said, "Mind if I put it on for you?"

She held out her left hand. He slipped the ring on her tiny finger, and kissed it, and then for a long time they were silent, gazing across New York harbor into tomorrow. . . .

Linda broke the silence. Her voice was soft and more than a trifle frightened. She opened her bag and handed Eddie a package even smaller than the ring box, and she said, "I—I have a little present for you, too, Eddie."

"Now Linda . . ."

"I hope you use it, Eddie."

He broke the string and tore the tissue paper. Then he looked down at the little object in the palm of his hand. He said: "Darling . . . a key!"

"Yes . . ." Her voice sounded very far away, and yet close and intimate. "It's the key to our stateroom, Eddie."

THE END

ROYALS

CHOSEN IN 1937 BY MORE FAMILIES THAN EVER BEFORE AS THE FINEST HOME TYPEWRITER!

ROYAL
DE LUXE

ASK FOR A FREE HOME TRIAL

● Right in your own home—*without risking a single penny*—see what a Royal Portable can do for you—for every person in your family! Prove that the students in grammar school, high school or college, can write faster, *get higher marks*. Prove that Dad can set his ideas down on paper in a modern, intelligent manner, *make more money*. Prove that Mother can take care of her social correspondence easier, *help everyone.*

OWN A ROYAL PORTABLE ON YOUR OWN TERMS!

It costs no more to own a latest model, factory-new Royal Portable. Try it—know that it is the typewriter for you. Then make it yours on your own terms—cash, or **ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY.**

READ WHAT ROYAL GIVES YOU! These great features explain why so many thousands of families are Royal owners. Built by the world's largest company devoted exclusively to typewriters—with standard, full-sized keyboard and easy, effortless action; Touch Control, Finger Comfort Keys, Complete Dust Protection, Genuine Tabulator and numerous other "big machine" features scientifically designed to make writing easier, faster for everyone—young or old. Tested, proved, guaranteed.

FREE! Handsome, durable, all-weather triple-convertible Carrying Case.

FREE! Royal's Instant Typing Chart. Latest invention shows you how to type *right!*

ACT NOW! Get full details of Royal's FREE HOME TRIAL offer. See your nearest Royal Portable Dealer. Or—**mail the coupon below today.**

ROYAL PORTABLE for the home

MAIL TODAY

✱ ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc. Dept. BC-2198, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can own—*for only a few cents a day*—a latest model Royal Portable—complete with free Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart.

I now own a ______________ Typewriter, Serial No. ____________ Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH allowance on a Royal Portable.

*Name*______________________ *Street*______________________

*City*______________________ *State*______________________

Copyright, 1938, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Tough Beat

Continued from page 11

from tenement windows, the hard, brittle-eyed men who clung in corner groups, even the shiftiness of the children were perhaps the manifestation of generations of rebellion against all constituted authority.

On Saturday, however, he got his first baptism of open trouble. For five and one-half days the men of the district labored to eke out a brutal living; on Saturday night they drowned their inferiority in bad liquor. Six days a week there was likely to be trouble in River Street; Saturday night there was sure to be.

About ten o'clock a fight started in the Sailor's Bar. A butcher lost four teeth to a longshoreman, and staggered away to collect his companions from the stockyard. When this gang surged up to the saloon the longshoreman had disappeared, so they were in an ugly mood when Chuck Masters rounded the corner and stumbled on the scene.

It was a bad situation. The theoretical thing to do, Masters knew, was to back away and call for reserves. With their senses dulled and their courage fortified by booze, smaller mobs than this one had stomped coppers to death before now. But this was River Street and to back down now would not only cause Masters to lose face back at the station house, but it would forever finish him in the street. So he slipped the leather thong of his night stick off his wrist and started across the street.

There was a giant hoodlum standing in the center of the crowd, holding a beer bottle like a club. He worked in the slaughtering pens and had an old reputation at the station house as a bad man in a brawl.

Chuck Masters kept his pace steady. He walked up to the man and ordered him to move along. As Chuck anticipated, the big hoodlum swung hard with the beer bottle. Masters bent suddenly, let the swing whistle over his head, then jabbed the big fellow full in the stomach with the tip of his night stick. The brawler gagged, jackknifed abruptly, and as he folded forward, Chuck coolly whanged him over the head. The big fellow dropped like one of his own steers.

Masters braced himself, stooped, and lifted the huge inert figure in his arms. Then he heaved it through the dirty plate-glass window of the saloon.

"Now," he announced to the startled gang, "who wants to be next?"

HE HELD his ground, watching the change in them. There were violence and hatred in the way they glared, but he had dampened the flame of their passion, leaving it to smolder. They let his challenge stand, and slowly, sullenly filtered away. And before midnight the word got around that this Masters was a very tough cop.

For nearly a week after that there was peace and quiet among the drinking establishments and the pool halls. And although Chuck Masters made no mention of the incident in his daily report, the story reached the precinct station. Sergeant Spang commented on it briefly.

"That was neat enough," the sergeant admitted. "While you never want to be deliberately brutal, when you get in a bad jam where you got to be rough, be damn' rough. That business of heaving the fellow through the window, f'instance, will probably save you a dozen fights in the future."

For the sergeant, that was a long speech, but Chuck Masters liked it, and decided he liked the River Street beat. He sensed the perceptible change in the attitude of even the women of River Street; he was treated with a certain deference that suggested that he had passed the first stage of his probation.

He had not seen the girl again. Somehow, she piqued his interest. Twice he had lingered near Sol Levine's, hoping for an opening by which he could casually inquire about her. But the opportunity did not present itself.

It was raining on Wednesday night; not hard, but with wracking monotony. Chuck killed a little time in the Emerald pool hall where he shook down a few transients for guns. This warmed him a little and by the time he reached the lonely call box down by the right-of-way tracks for his nine-o'clock ring-in, he was in a pretty good humor.

He found the girl waiting in the shadow of a doorway.

She moved out of the darkness so that the feeble fingers of a street lamp touched her face. Her eyes searched his shyly, he thought.

"I waited for you," she said. Her voice was low, throaty.

"Well—this is a surprise!"

She was tiny, and rain moistened her upturned face.

"I just wanted to tell you—I'm sorry for the way I had to act."

"Had to act?"

She turned her head away from the light. "You see—I'm married."

Masters felt a quick surge of impatience, then puzzlement.

"Is that why you said you don't like cops—because you're married?"

The lights of a car touched them briefly, then slowed. The girl brushed his arm with a frightened hand.

"Please don't speak to me again—ever." Then she walked quickly away, staying close to the buildings.

The sedan had come to a full stop behind Masters. He swung around and found Sergeant Spang watching him. He moved over to the squad car.

"What's doing, Masters?"

"Very quiet," Chuck said.

"Good. You've won some respect down here. Keep it."

"That's what I intend doing."

Spang grunted. "You know the Bloomfield loft at the north end of your beat?"

"The furrier—across from the Asia docks?"

"Yeah. Well, keep your eye on it. They had a fire uptown yesterday and moved a lot of skins down to the warehouse."

"I'll cover it," Chuck promised. He backed away from the machine as the driver eased in his gears. But at a motion from Spang the driver paused.

THE sergeant inclined his head toward the dark side street taken by the girl.

"Friend of yours, Masters?"

Chuck stiffened resentfully. He bit back the sudden words which formed in defense of his private rights, and sought new ones. Spang must have sensed something of Masters' reaction.

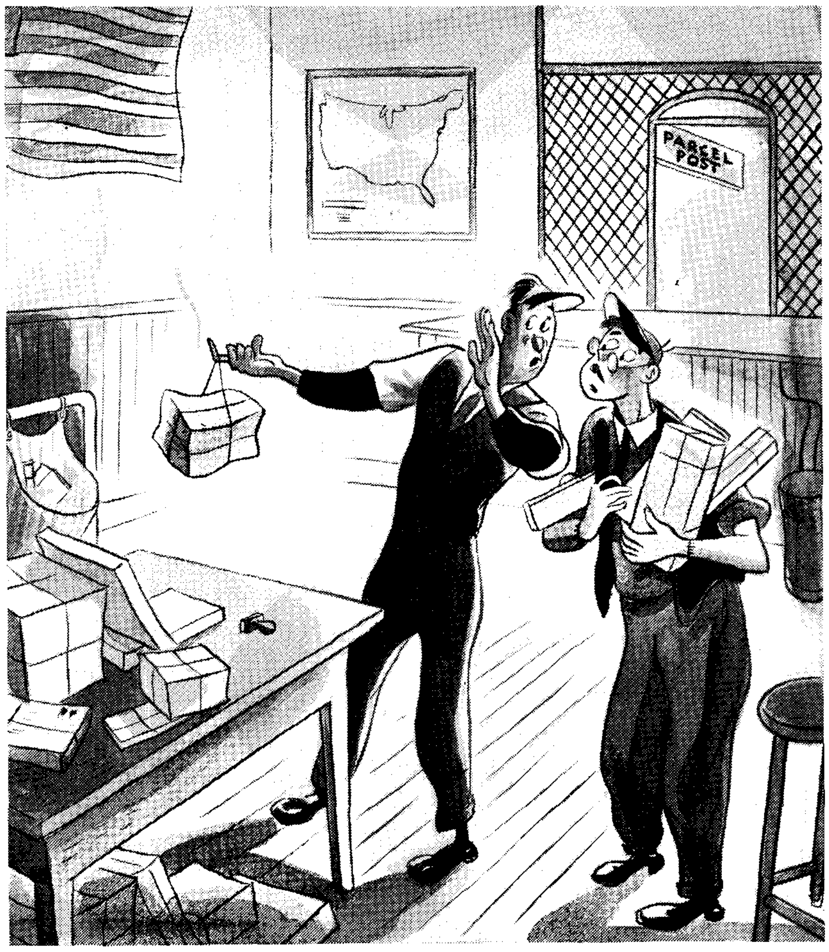
"A cop," soliloquized the sergeant, "can't enjoy the privacy of the average citizen; everything he does is subject to criticism. He's like a goldfish, whether he likes it or not."

Chuck blew steam through the safety valve of laughter. "I don't know her at all. Bumped into her one day last week and she got nasty about it. She just happened to run into me now and apologized."

"*Happened?* We cruised by this way half an hour ago. She was waiting in that doorway."

"I told you I don't know anything about it."

"Well, then, I'll tell you about it,"



"It's marked 'perishable'—and I think it did!" ROLAND COE

Close by your side in your Classified

Painters and Plumbers are easy to find in your Classified Telephone Directory.

So through the alphabet—Carpenters, Contractors, Electricians, Roofers, etc.

Also dealers of advertised brands—such as American Radiator, Barrett, Carrier, Delco-Heat, De Voe, General Electric, Holland.

Save time and trouble—look it up in your Classified.

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

ONE THING ONLY IMPROVED SLEEP

in these ELABORATE EXPERIMENTS

All sleepers move more or less at night. No one sleeps in one position all night long. But too *many* movements indicate poor sleep.

Here you note that the sleeper has moved . . . A special apparatus attached to each bed kept a record of all such movements . . .

"Tossing and turning" movements were *cut down* by Ovaltine . . . thereby indicating that Ovaltine improved the restfulness of sleep.

Of all the things that were tested in this Three-Year University experiment, Ovaltine was the only thing that improved the QUALITY of Sleep

(LEFT) On certain nights the sleepers were given a sandwich at bedtime—on other nights a cup of hot milk—one of two different sleep drugs—or a cup of Ovaltine . *Ovaltine, alone, improved the quality of sleep!*

36 MEN AND WOMEN TOOK PART—SLEEPING FOR 6,800 TEST-NIGHTS

Men Noted for Sleep Research Conducted Tests

IN a leading American University an important investigation has been conducted, concerning the subject of Sleep.

Thirty-six men and women took part in this investigation: sleeping for an aggregate of 6,800 test-nights, under the supervision of a group of scientists noted for their researches into sleep.

We believe that certain results of this test will be of outstanding interest to *everyone* who would like to get better sleep at night.

After the normal sleep habits of the sleepers were determined, they were required (*in one phase of the investigation*) to "take" various things at bedtime—for example:—

On some nights they were given a sandwich.

On other nights they received a cup of hot milk.

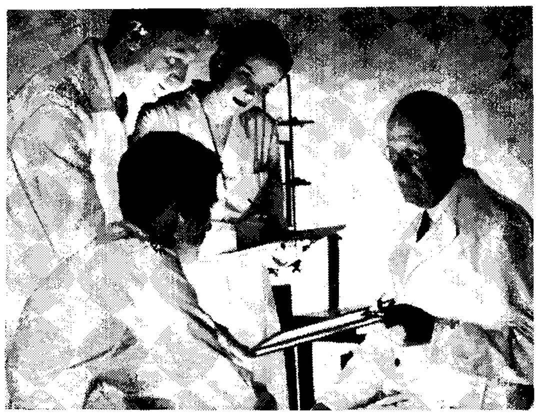
On other nights they were given one or another of two well-known and widely-used sleep drugs.

And on some nights the sleepers received a cup of hot or cold Ovaltine. (Ovaltine was included in the test at the wish of the investigators.)

The results of this test were as follows:

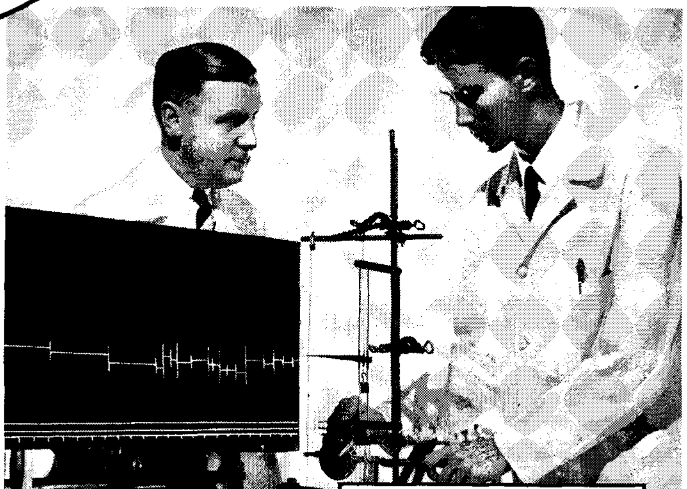
1. Food at bedtime did not aid sleep.
2. Hot milk likewise did not improve sleep.
3. One of the two sleep drugs put the subjects to sleep more promptly. The other one *prolonged* their sleep. (Both these results were anticipated from medical experience, thus confirming the accuracy of the experiments as a whole.) *Neither* drug, however, improved the *quality* of sleep!
4. Ovaltine, and Ovaltine only, of all the things tested—cut down the restless movements of the sleepers during the night and increased the number of mornings on which they awoke well rested . . . as indicated by a statistical tabulation of the records.

Thus Ovaltine *alone* gave a definite improvement in the restfulness of sleep. It did this whether taken hot or cold, in milk or in water. Thereby establishing that it was *Ovaltine* which improved sleep.

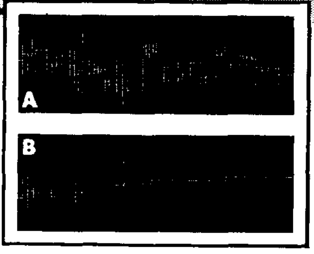


An idea exists that "*Almost any hot drink will aid sleep.*" A tabulation of the results of this investigation showed that apparently this popular idea is not true. Ovaltine was the only thing tested that improved *quality* of sleep!

The sleepers were naturally interested because a record of their movements during the night was made on a chart connected with their beds. This gave a scientific measure of the quality of sleep.



Photograph above shows moving chart by which sleepers' movements were recorded. Ovaltine cut down "tossing and turning."



(RIGHT) Chart "A" shows the restless movements typical of a poor sleeper, whereas chart "B" shows the fewer movements, which are an indication of better sleep! . . .

Ovaltine is not a drug. It is a food—as pure and wholesome as any food in Nature!

A study of the investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefit from Ovaltine, it should be taken *regularly*—not just "once in a while." Since it is not a drug, it will not form a habit. But it is a mighty good habit to form.

So take it tonight and every night for several weeks. See how delicious it is—how easy to prepare! And, see if you don't sleep better . . . See if you don't wake up feeling more *refreshed!*

You can get Ovaltine at all grocers and druggists. Get a can today! Or mail the coupon printed at the right for a sample can. Why not avail yourself of this trial offer *immediately?*

- Ovaltine was originated in Switzerland over 40 years ago. Used as a restorative and protective food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers and the aged; and as a building food for children. Helps to nourish you while you sleep. Rich in vitamins and minerals. Doctors approve it. Hospitals use it. *It is used in 57 countries!*

Copr. 1938, The Wander Company

TRIAL-SIZE CAN!

Mail this coupon to OVALTINE, Dept. S8-C-2
360 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me a trial-size can of Ovaltine. I am enclosing 10c, *to cover handling and mailing.*

Name......................................

Address......................................

Town........................*State*.............

Ovaltine is now made in U.S.A.

(or buy this regular-size can at your dealer's)

NIGHT CLUB
NOW PLAYING
HOTEL
dining
dancing
THEATRE
"CLUB SODA"
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER

WHAT DOES CANADA DRY'S WATER HAVE THAT THE GREAT WHITE WAY HASN'T?

ANS.

The Great White Way sparkles after dark only. But if you leave an opened bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator, it will sparkle for *twenty-four hours.* And this extra sparkle means extra freshness and extra tang in long, tall drinks. Make yourself a highball with Canada Dry's Water. Linger over it...and see for yourself what extra pep means in a mixer. There's a secret behind the long-lasting "Champagne" Sparkle of Canada Dry's Water. It's PIN-POINT CARBONATION, a special Canada Dry process.

Now at new low prices.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

THE WATER WITH THE "Champagne" SPARKLE

Spang growled. "Her name's Sari Hartz. She's married to Sam Hartz, or don't that mean anything to you?"

"I've heard that name."

"Shouldn't wonder. You'll probably hear a lot more of it. Hartz is a loser. He's out on parole."

A jumble of thoughts tried to crowd into Chuck's consciousness simultaneously, confusing him. So that was why she "didn't like cops!" That was why. . . .

"You're sure that's the woman . . . ?"

"Got good reason to be sure," Spang grumbled. "She was his alibi the first time we hooked him."

Chuck backed away from the squad car. "Glad to know that."

The sergeant grunted again. "You got a lot to learn, kid. You made a good start down here. You've got plenty of guts, but about judgment—well, I dunno." He nudged his driver with an elbow. "Okay, Mike. Let her roll."

Frowning, Chuck watched the old squad car disappear. The incident worried him. He sought to regard the affair as just another one of the hundreds of little disillusionments that his eighteen months as a copper had brought him.

IN THE light of the sergeant's information it was perfectly obvious why the girl had acted as she had originally; the wife of an ex-convict couldn't be expected to harbor affection for policemen. Despite that, two factors disturbed him. Why had she waited for over half an hour in the rain merely to offer an apology? And why did he feel on the defensive about it all?

Resolutely, he transferred his concentration to his work. He had, as Spang admitted, made a good start; nothing must interfere with that.

However, despite an earnest effort to keep Sari out of his mind, he found himself unconsciously watching the street for a glimpse of her. Then on Saturday afternoon, just after coming on duty, he saw her crossing the intersection just half a block ahead. She moved rapidly, her head lowered, so Chuck instinctively quickened his stride in the hope she would glance up. But when she did not, a sudden flash of resentment warmed him, for he knew she must have seen him and crossed the street to avoid a meeting.

Angry with himself, he transferred it to Sari. He fought back the temptation to follow her and tell her point-blank that she need not go to the trouble of avoiding him. Instead he contented himself with shaking down the pool hall again.

With darkness, the air became sultry and very still. Ordinary noises were amplified by the windless night and Masters' nerves were raw with a presentiment of something he could not explain.

In a vacant lot near the tracks, Chuck broke up a gang of adolescents shooting craps. Tonight the youngsters were defiant and some of them backed into the deeper shadows and began heaving rocks at Masters. Chuck gave them a run down the right of way, but he failed to lay hands on his elusive quarry, so he was damp and irritable by the time he reached the call box, ten minutes late for his nine-o'clock ring-in.

That defiance should have forewarned him, but it was not until he had turned and started back along the south side of River Street that he became fully conscious of the reaction. It was something he could not describe, yet it was as definite as sound. It quickened his pulse, edged his sense, and he moved over to the curb, deliberately maintaining his casual stride.

When he first saw the crowd milling in front of the Greek's, he assumed it was just another one of the regular Saturday night brawls. So he hunched his big shoulders a little, lengthened his stride and swung toward them. As he passed under the radius of the corner arc light, he knew he was seen.

And in that instant he realized that he was marching toward the manifestation of the thing that had haunted him.

For tonight the crowd did not move. Ever since that first bad fight, when he had thrown the big butcher through the window of the saloon, corner gangs had broken up at sight of him. But now the mob stirred resentfully, but did not disperse.

He suffered a flashing sense of impotence, which melted before his impatience. He barged steadily toward them, letting his eyes lash each man he recognized. But though they winced under his cold stare, they clung together, merely shuffling aside to clear a funnel-shaped path for him.

The path ended in the doorway of the Greek's where a man loomed dark against the steamy light behind. He was a big man, as tall as Masters, and heavier. He was swart, with stiff short hair and little round black eyes. From his posture, braced legs, lowered, jutting head and labored breathing, Chuck Masters surmised he had been drinking and was looking for trouble.

"Come on," Chuck growled. "Break it up!"

Nobody moved. Chuck held his course. He knew he would have to settle with the big fellow. It was jungle law. But River Street was like that.

When Chuck was within two strides, the big man loosed a crooked smile.

"So this is the pretty, two-timin' wife stealer?"

Chuck faltered in surprise. It took him a long moment to catch the implication of the big man's words.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"You heard me, flatty! That trick uniform and tin star don't give you no special right to chase my wife."

A voice from somewhere in the crowd yelled: "That's tellin' him, Sam!"

CHUCK MASTERS had a bad moment. Although his eyes were still fused with those of the troublemaker, he could see and feel the hostile faces that ringed them in. So this was Sari's husband, the redoubtable Sam Hartz.

"You're drunk," Chuck said. "Get on home."

But he knew now that Sam Hartz was not drunk; Hartz was merely cunning.

"I may be drunk," Hartz sneered, "but I'm sober enough to beat the hell out of a louse who dates up my wife in dark corners down by the railroad tracks."

"He ain't got the guts to fight you, Sam, without his blackjack and gun," a voice shrilled.

Chuck's lips went tight across his teeth. He said very quietly: "Hartz, you're coming down to the station with me. You can decide whether you'll come vertically or horizontally."

"The flatfoot ain't man enough to fight Sam Hartz!" a woman bleated from the fringe of the crowd. "He wants to get Sam down to that jail where a dozen dirty cops can work on him."

Hartz permitted himself a warped smile.

"So you're goin' to hide behind your authority, eh, gigolo? All right, smart guy . . . try takin' me!"

Chuck Masters could feel the blood redden his ears. He said: "You're asking for it," and made a grab for Hartz. Hartz lunged backward, bracing himself.

"Sam!"

Both men stopped; Hartz swore. Sari came squirming through the crowd and flung herself at Hartz.

"Don't, Sam! For God's sake, don't do it!"

Hartz cursed again and tried to wrestle

her aside. But she lay against his broad chest, one arm tangled around his neck, the other clutching his left forearm.

"Lemme alone, you two-timin' little devil!"

"Don't do it, Sam!" she repeated hysterically. "He'll send you back to the pen. Please come on home."

Chuck stood back, watching.

"Get the hell away from me!" Hartz bellowed. "Go wrap yourself around your boy friend!" He brought up his free hand and pushed her face back with the heel of it. Then as she tilted back from him, he swung his left and gave her a heavy slap across the mouth. She gave a stifled sob and went limp on the sidewalk.

Her fall removed the last obstacle between the two men. Hartz half kicked her to one side and grabbed the shoulder strap of Masters' belt. Chuck stepped in suddenly, pushed his left hand against Hartz's wrist and with his right, pulled hard on Hartz's elbow.

The punishing hold wrenched a scream of pain from Hartz and he twisted sideways, helpless and in agony. Chuck gave him an extra wrench, then suddenly let go with his right and whipped it up in a short arc that terminated on the side of the other's jaw. There was a dull, moist sound, like the flat of a cleaver against meat. Hartz toppled backward, rolled over and struggled to lift his body on his knees. Then he hung there on braced hands, like a tired horse, head lolling stupidly.

CHUCK straightened long enough to throw a chill glance at the crowd. He hated them, hated the avid way they stared at Hartz. Chuck hunched his shoulders, reached over and tangled a big hand in his opponent's collar.

"Get up!" he commanded.

It was Sari who came first to her feet. She shook her head to clear it, then gingerly fingering the bruised cheek, she moved close to Chuck.

"Please!" she whispered huskily. "Please don't take him away."

Still retaining his grip on Hartz, Chuck turned to face her. He became acutely conscious of the oval symmetry of her face, of the brimming eyes.

"He's just drunk and jealous," she pleaded. "If you will go away, I'll get him home. I'll appreciate it."

She spoke the last three words very softly, and he flushed at the promise implied. He glanced down at Hartz, who still wore a half smirk on his bloody lips. He felt the smothering impact of the crowd's hostility. He knew that whatever he did now would be wrong.

"Well, get him off the streets," he told the girl, releasing his hold. "If I see him again tonight, I'll jug him."

He gave her no time for thanks, but turned on his heel and stalked away. The rumble of voices and the titter of laughter overtook him, confirming what he already surmised.

He had lost face on River Street.

SUNDAY was usually fairly quiet as most of the troublemakers along the street spent the Sabbath wrestling with a Saturday-night hang-over. So Chuck Masters, tramping over his beat, couldn't be sure whether the discomfort he suffered came from within himself or from the habitués of the street. Out of sheer uncertainty he even went into the Greek's for a mug of java. The counterman was surly, but he usually was anyway, so this offered no standard.

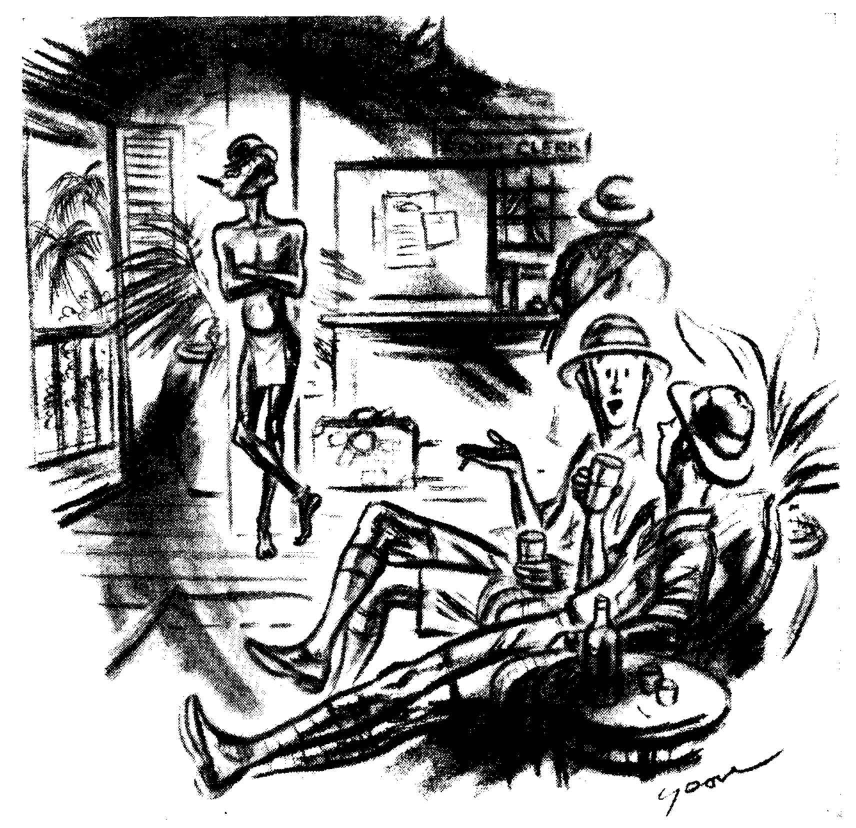
But strangely enough, it was from the kids at the school crossing on Monday afternoon that Chuck Masters learned just where he stood on River Street. These kids were not diplomats. When they walked away from him to stand in little groups, whispering among themselves about him, Chuck suffered an embarrassment he had never before experienced. He toughed it out a couple of more days, trying to be friendly to former favorites, pretending not to notice their cutting aloofness. By Thursday he accepted defeat.

He cornered Sergeant Spang when they were checking off duty.

"I'd like a transfer," Chuck said bluntly.

Spang gave him a slow, oblique glance. "Let's squat in the skipper's office. He's gone for the night."

They went into the battered cubbyhole and Spang heeled shut the door. He gestured Chuck into a chair while he himself rested one hip against the desk. From a baggy pocket he fished out a pipe



"No matter what part of the world I'm in, I can always pick out the house detective" LEONARD DOVE

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU THE NEW HOME APPLIANCES BY

REMINGTON RAND

World's Largest Manufacturers of Precision Machines

$15.75
IVORY MODEL, LEATHER TRAVELING CASE
$15.00 WITHOUT CASE
$17.50 WITH GOLD-PLATED HEAD

Remington Rand ELECTRIC CLOSE-SHAVER

Here's the famous Close-Shaver that doesn't take weeks of "learning how." It alone has *all* these features: *New-Type Head* that shaves from almost any angle . . . *Greater Cutting Surface* and more powerful motor...runs on A.C. or D.C. ..*Combing Bar* to lift flat hairs . . . *Light, Compact* design to fit the hand. Made by General Shaver Corp., a division of Remington Rand Inc.

●

MONARCH PIONEER PORTABLE
$2.00 down, $2.00 a month

A low-priced, sturdy machine for school work and personal correspondence. Both small and capital letters, numbers and punctuation. Arrangement of alphabetical keys identical with office typewriters.

$19.95
CARRYING CASE $1.50 EXTRA

●

HOME ADDING MACHINE
$5.00 down, $5.00 a month

A sturdy, "Bantam" adding machine that's a giant for helping you total up bills, check-books, income-tax returns, etc., at home. Wonderful for housewives, professional men and small businesses. Simple ten-key operation with correction and total keys.

$49.50

IF THE STORE AT WHICH YOU BUY CANNOT SHOW YOU THESE PRODUCTS,* you can get them direct by sending a check or money-order. Or we can mail you complete information. In either case please be sure to mention your dealer's name so we can credit him with any sale.

REMINGTON RAND Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose check (or money order) for $________for product checked below.

OR

Please send me complete information, without obligation, about the product checked.

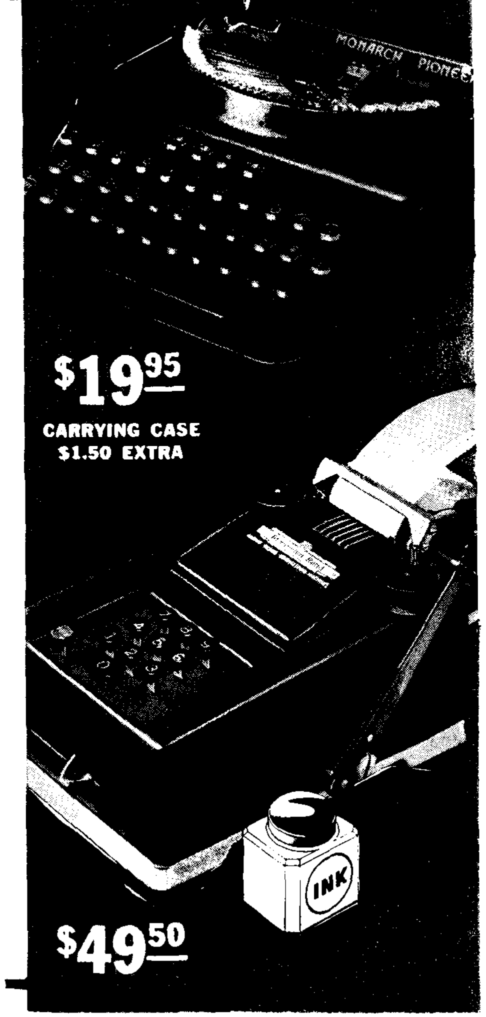
☐ Close-Shaver ☐ Adding Machine ☐ Portable Typw.

My Dealer's name and address________________

My Name________________

My Address________________

C. 2-19



"It's the flavour"
Teacher's
Highland Cream
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm Teacher & Sons Ltd
Glasgow
Scotland
86
PROOF

Teacher's Scotch is smooth. It's hearty. It's mild and mellow, too. Full, rich body gives Teacher's taste that tangy warmth you find so pleasing.

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

and began reaming the bowl. After a long pause, he offered:

"You made a good start, Masters. You got the makin's of a good cop."

"Thanks. But I'd like a transfer to another district. I'm not doing so hot in River Street."

Spang sniffed, nodded. "I heard about it." He leaned across the desk and dumped the residue of his brier into a cuspidor.

"I'm goin' to refuse your request for a transfer," he grunted finally. "You'd be no good on any beat."

"There's not one as tough as River Street."

Spang wagged his head. "Yeah, but you're not tryin' to run away from River Street, Masters—you're tryin' to run away from yourself. If you quit now, you're licked inside. You can't control other people until you can control yourself. Maybe that sounds like a wall motto to you, but it's why River Street shows what a man's got. Anyhow, think it over, and if you decide you're yellow . . . turn in your badge."

Then without waiting for a reply, he pushed off the desk and strode out.

CHUCK MASTERS mulled over the sergeant's words most of the night. The next afternoon he was back on the beat.

Weeks went by, and he did not see Sam Hartz or Sari; nor were their names ever mentioned directly in his presence. Occasionally Sergeant Spang cruised the district in his battered old squad car, but he made no reference to Masters' request for a transfer.

Despite all this, Chuck still chafed under the situation. He knew that the street held the whip, that he was deadlocked. Only the direct challenge of Spang's words kept him from turning in his badge.

And then one morning while he was cooking up a little breakfast, Sari called at his apartment.

How she found out where he lived he never knew. But when he answered the timid ring of his door buzzer, he discovered her framed in the opening. After a moment of hesitation, he stepped aside and she came into the room.

He glanced into the corridor, found it empty and closed the door. He turned to find her seated on the arm of his reading chair. As he met her strange, enigmatic smile, he abruptly realized that it was Sari who, more than anything else in the street, had disturbed him. And with this realization came a new understanding of the remarks of Sergeant Spang.

"Well," he said bluntly. "Why did you come here?" He tried to solve the riddle of her eyes.

"It's Sam . . . my husband. Will you listen?"

Chuck shrugged, walked into the kitchenette and turned out the fire under the coffee. He came back to the living room and found her pulling nervously on a cigarette. So he lit one for himself.

"I'm listening," he prompted.

She took a deep drag, tilted her head back, and let the smoke stream from her nose. Then she cleared her lungs in an impatient exhalation and sat stiff.

"Now get this straight . . . *I'm not ratting!* Sam is my husband and, as you know well, he's served time. The next jolt would be a long one. I don't want that. Can you understand?"

"Go on."

"All right. Some of the boys have propositioned Sam on a job. He's been drinking and he's cocky. I can't handle him. A lot of the folks along River Street, including Sam, figure he put one over on you. Maybe I'm partly responsible."

"You can skip that."

"No, it's all part of it," Sari insisted. "Because that's why I came to you. You can do everybody a favor, including yourself."

"I don't follow you."

She stubbed out her cigarette. "I want to make a deal. I want you to pick Sam up on a minor charge, say drunkenness, and jug him for a thirty-day rap. He's afraid of jail; he's been drinking to forget the last jolt. If he has a month to sober up, he'll quit . . . at least he won't be in on this job. I'm terribly afraid if you don't."

"What's the deal part?"

She hesitated. "Only that you make it a misdemeanor, not a felony. I want your word on that. Then I'll tell you where he'll meet his partner tonight. What you do to the other guy is your business. Only you'll have to handle it alone for that reason. The other guy has a reward on him."

CHUCK looked down into her eyes, mushed out his cigarette and walked to the window. For nearly five minutes he stared down into the street.

Once the girl said: "If you work it right, you'll win back what you lost the other night. And I'll still have Sam. I'll take him away some place."

Masters nodded slowly, then: "Where'll he be tonight?" he asked.

"Across the tracks at the south end of your beat is Monty's Garage. It's closed, of course, but some of the boys still use it. They go in by the back way. Sam'll be there at ten-thirty."

"At ten-thirty, I'm due to ring in at the box on the other end of my beat."

"They're counting on that. I'll fix it so Sam's early; I'll change his watch or something. If you could only get there first and listen in, perhaps you could find out what it's all about. All I want is to keep Sam out of another job in which he'll either get killed or sent up the river for good. His record is against him."

Chuck waded in the depths of her eyes.

"I'll be there," he promised.

She said, "Thanks!" huskily, and hurried out.

Chuck Masters finished his breakfast, hardly aware that he was eating. He tried vainly to analyze what Sari had said; her visit had left him with a vacant feeling of frustration. Unused to such reactions, this puzzled Chuck because her request was not unusual. Scores of wives deal with the police in order to save husbands from some major crime by turning them in on a minor rap. He suddenly became conscious that the subtle aura of her perfume still haunted the room.

HE WENT on duty early, intending to prowl the abandoned garage and so familiarize himself with the layout. Eventually, he decided against it. It might arouse suspicion.

He also decided against confiding in Sergeant Spang. In the first place it was merely a routine matter, especially in its embryonic state. Furthermore, he was reluctant to admit the source of his information.

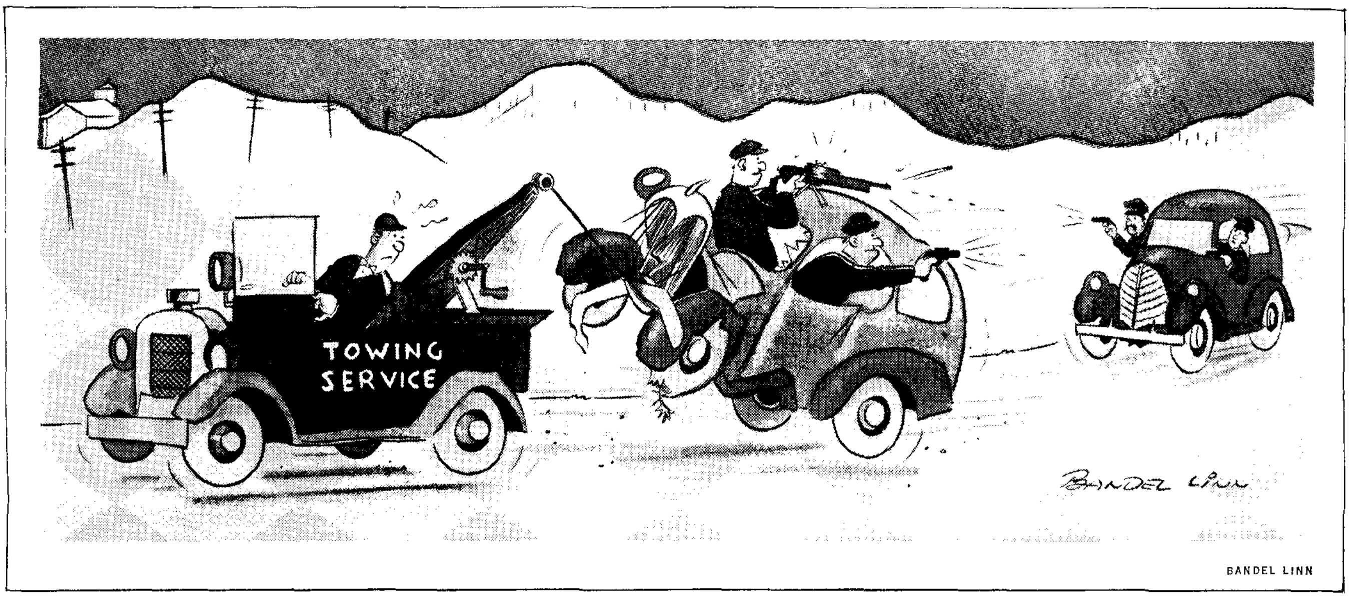
When he made his nine-o'clock ring-in, he glanced across the right-of-way tracks where Monty's Garage loomed black and uninviting. A high fog softened the harsher outlines of the street, but could not obliterate the ugliness. And as Chuck turned northward, he had the sensation that he was watched.

About a block from the tracks, a slight bend in the street cut off his view of the garage. He tramped a few yards until a darkened store window mirrored the street behind him. For several minutes he studied the glass. Finally satisfied that no one was on his tail, he ducked up an alley and worked his way around so that he approached the garage from the rear. He made the door, eased it open. Loosening his revolver in its holster, he slipped into the building.

A wan, saffron glow penetrated the grimy windows up front, and after a few moments his eyes became adjusted and he could distinguish vague outlines of old trucks, a homemade trailer, and a miscellany of machinery. He chose a spot in the deepest shadows, and settled down to wait.

At nine forty-five the furtive beam of a pocket flash splashed through the rear door. Chuck drew his revolver, flattened himself against the wall, and watched the silhouette of a big man enter, cross the garage and clump down an unlighted staircase to a basement. A door opened, a flood light washed out, then the door closed, imprisoning the light.

Chuck waited another five minutes. Then he felt his way to the staircase, went down. He listened at the door for

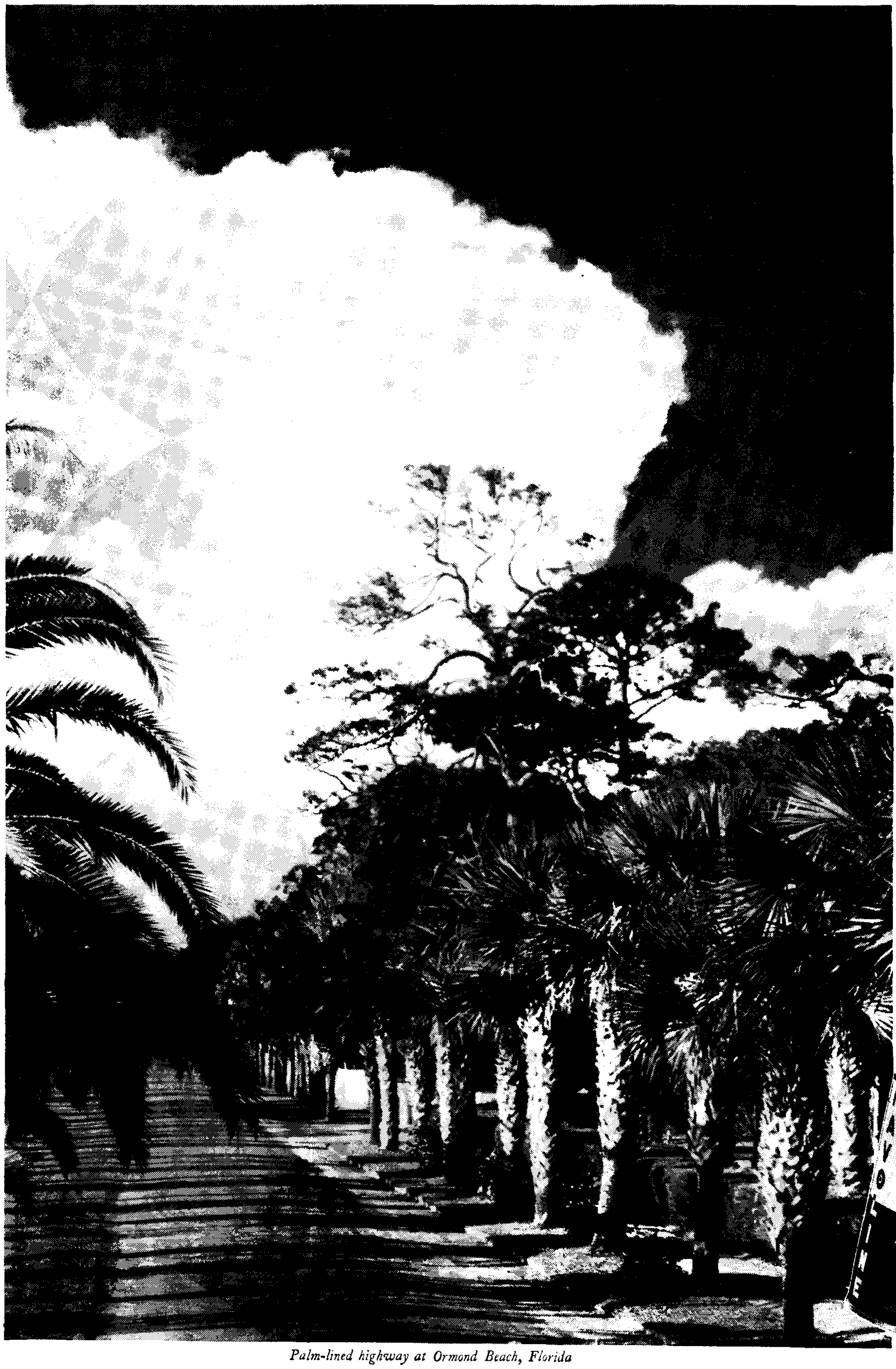


BANDEL LINN

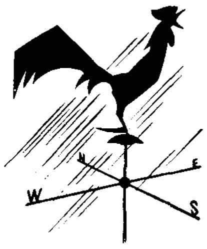
Distilled

FOR AN HOUR'S JAUNT OR A JOURNEY SOUTH

THIS OIL *Keeps your engine clean* **AND PREVENTS WEAR**



Palm-lined highway at Ormond Beach, Florida



Whether you're crossing the city to see a friend or driving across the whole continent, you need the best oil you can buy.

For it is not the distance that matters! It's the fact that as soon as you get your engine turning over you're running the risk of excess wear—unless you're using a modern oil such as Havoline.

Havoline is made for modern motors. It is distilled to eliminate impurities. It is designed to add thousands of miles of smooth motoring to the life of your engine.

Oils break down because of the engine's tremendous heat. They leave a residue. Sludge, tar, hard carbon are deposited in your engine. Its effectiveness becomes impaired. Often costly wear results.

Havoline keeps your engine clean.

Buy Havoline, for protection from wear. On sale throughout the country at Texaco Dealers.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY INDIANAPOLIS
Affiliated with THE TEXAS COMPANY

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
Like clouds Distilled

IMAGINE ME HAVING BAD BREATH!
YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....
WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?
WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!
GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...
WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!
DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"COLGATE'S special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

a moment before throwing it wide open.

"Hold it, Hartz!"

Sam Hartz was seated at a table, facing the door. He had a game of solitaire laid out before him. He took a long look at Masters, then said:

"Hello, flatty."

Chuck strode in and shut the door with his heel.

"All right," he growled. "Get up slow. Turn around."

As Hartz complied, Chuck gave him a quick frisk. Finding no weapon, he backed away so that he commanded both Hartz and the door.

"What's the beef?" Hartz wanted to know.

"Waiting for somebody?"

Hartz gave him a quick look, then shrugged. "Would it be a crime, maybe?" He moved a seven of diamonds.

Chuck Masters stole a glance at his watch. It was within a couple minutes of ten o'clock.

Sam Hartz continued his game as though alone. Chuck watched, and a vague feeling of uneasiness began to grow within him. At first he suspected that perhaps it was nerves due to anticipation, but he knew himself well enough to discard that theory.

At the station house he had heard veterans speak of "coppers' hunches," an uncanny perception akin to intuition. Finally his reaction burst into full flower, and he suddenly realized that he should be somewhere else.

He had plenty of guts, the sergeant had said, but about judgment . . .

He studied Sam Hartz a moment longer. He saw the faint trembling of the hand that moved the ace of spades. His own hand stole toward his hip and extracted his blackjack and cradled it snugly in his right palm.

"Sam," he said abruptly. "Get up!"

Hartz pushed back his chair, started to rise. Chuck hit him squarely and he sprawled forward across the table. He was out cold.

Chuck dragged him over to a wash bowl, and with his handcuffs shackled the unconscious Hartz to the water pipe. Then he turned off the light and hurried back upstairs. It was five after ten by the time he reached River Street. At the first call box, he rang the station. He got Spang on the wire.

"It may be a bum beef," he told the sergeant. "But I got a hunch a mob's tryin' to take that fur cache down at Bloomfield's. I'm on my way there now. You might have the wagon pick up Sam Hartz in the basement of Monty's Garage."

Old Spang grunted, then said: "Take it easy. I'll roll over with some of the boys."

Chuck commandeered a passing flivver, and reached the warehouse in time to nab Sari at the wheel of a small, fast truck. She started to show fight, but when he told her: "Quiet, or I'll slug you," she gave in sulkily.

"Just a cop," she jeered.

Spang's buggy rolled up with a squad who took care of the two mugs in the warehouse. A brief check proved that Sari's truck had already loaded nearly eighty thousand dollars' worth of skins.

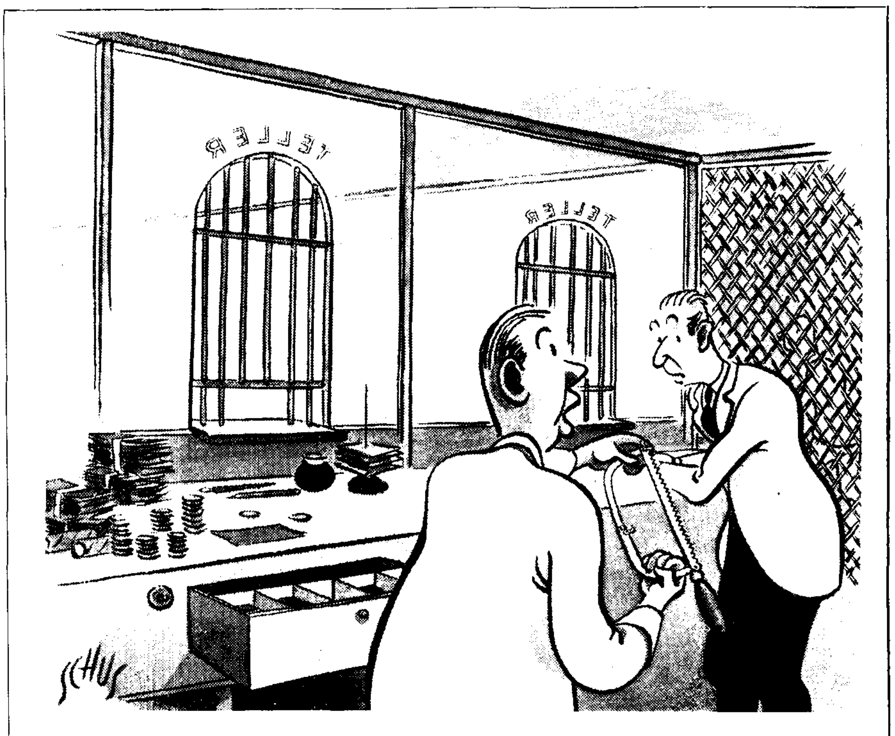
Chuck Masters had another bad moment when he saw Sari transferred to the tonneau of the squad car. She gave him a mocking smile as the squad car tooled into motion on its way to the station house. An instant later the truck, with a couple of cops in the front seat, swung in behind.

CHUCK turned and started to tramp back into the fog. To his surprise, he found that Spang had not departed with the machines. Without a word the sergeant fell into step beside him and for a couple of blocks they tramped the measured beat of veteran harness bulls.

Suddenly Chuck found himself talking: telling old Spang all that had happened, all that he felt.

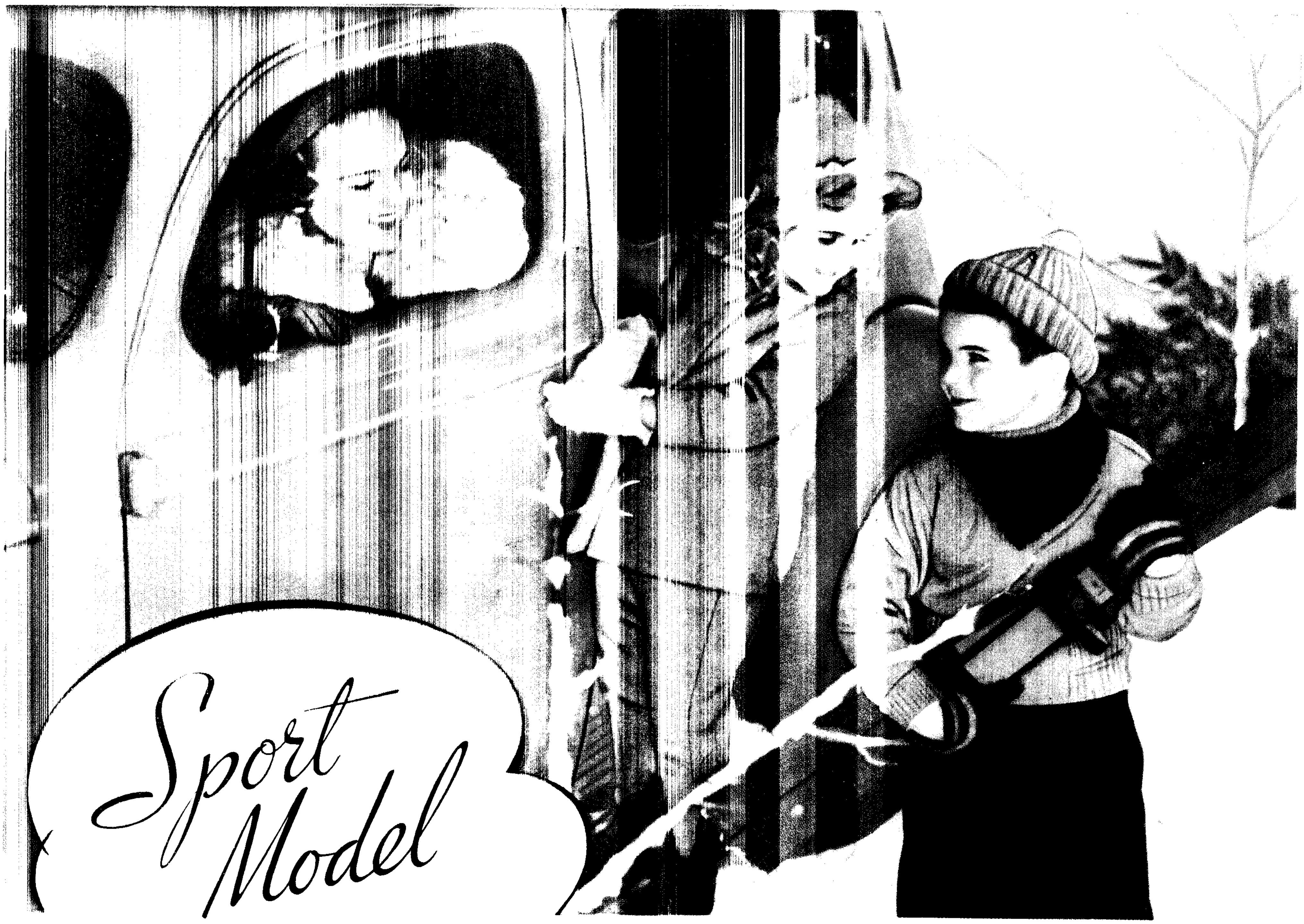
"What she said and did seemed reasonable enough," he concluded, "but there was something about her eyes. . . ." He shrugged. "I can't explain it, but when I stood in the garage and watched Sam fumbling with those cards, I had a hunch that they were playing me for a sucker; that from the very start, from the night she waited for me to apologize to the time of the row with Hartz, I was being built up. It dawned on me that I was lured from the north end of my beat for a definite reason, and that Sam was there to establish an alibi. So I acted on the hunch."

"You don't have to explain," the sergeant grunted finally. "Nobody can explain the way a cop's mind works. Call it a hunch if you like, because hunches are based on experience and on judgment. The point is you conquered yourself tonight, and you used your head, and the best evidence you can get on that point came from the very dame who tried to play you for a sucker. She said it all in three words—*just a cop.*"


TELLER
TELLER

"Look what Mrs. Morelli slipped to me with her last deposit!"

ADOLPH SCHUS



---FANCY NAME FOR THE FAMILY SEDAN

IT SUBSTITUTES for the street car and the school bus. It goes to market . . . to the movies. It liberates the shut-ins . . . carts the children out to skating ponds or snowclad hills for the healthful, outdoor recreation they need.

An automobile is one of the valuable possessions that makes easier a lot of family chores.

It is one of the *durable* possessions, that can safely and wisely be bought on the time payment plan. That's the way a majority of the cars you see have been purchased.

Your old car may still have a lot of miles in it. Those miles are redeemable in cash, today. Likely as not, they are worth enough to make the down payment on a handsome 1938 model, with all the improvements that make this year's crop of cars safer, more comfortable and more economical to operate.

You may find it cheaper to replace, than to repair and re-paint. Inspect the new car of your choice today. Talk to your dealer and learn how little it will cost to own one of the new models on the Commercial Credit Company time payment plan.

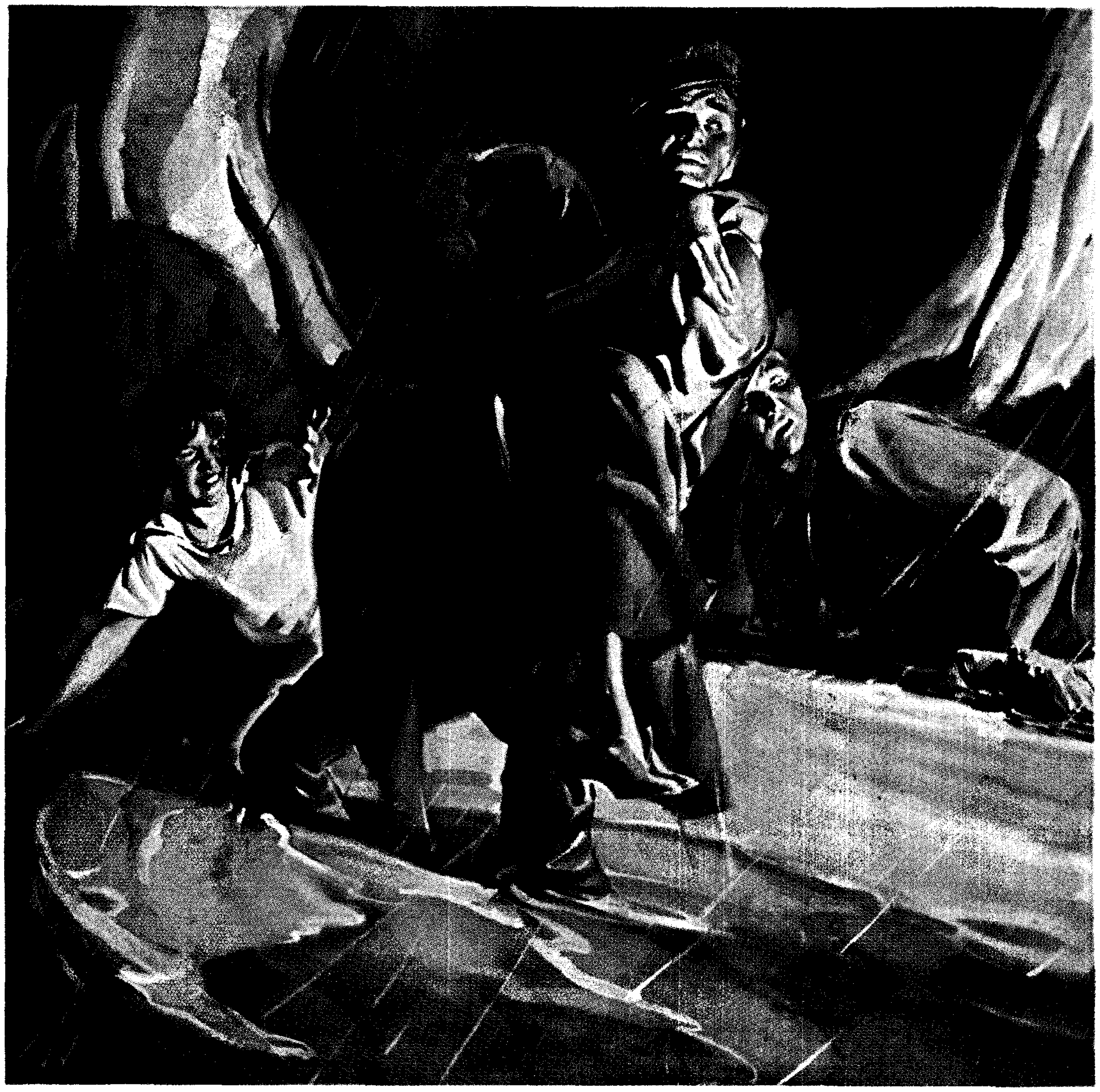
COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

BALTIMORE

Credit Bankers to America's Families

CONSOLIDATED RESOURCES OVER $350,000,000

Serving **MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 195 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA**



"Run!" he was yelling above the swish of the rain and the roar of the flood. "Up the road, Little Ben!"

That Lonesome Road

Continued from page 17

me in a patch of cotton, come planting time."

"I ain't butting into your business, Mr. Potter," Steve fumbled for words. "But Mr. Beasley told me to ask—"

Big Ben's eyes clouded, and Mrs. Potter asked quickly:

"You ain't after the rent, are you?"

"Oh, no'm," Steve assured her. "Mr. Beasley just asked me to drop in and see if you were doing all right."

"Reckoned Beasley would trust me," said Big Ben, visibly relieved. "Better stay for breakfast, Mr. Johnson. We're going to have these catfish Little Ben snagged. Bet you don't get fresh catfish on the road, huh?"

"Sure don't. I usually eat at pie wagons, and they—" Suddenly Steve stared at the big fish, then at Little Ben. "*Hey!* You catch a heap of these?"

"All I want," the boy said proudly. "Catch you some, too, if you like 'em."

"I got an idea." Steve sat on the porch steps and faced the Potters. "I eat every night at a pie wagon up in Little Rock. All drivers on this road eat there. But we never get any fresh stuff—"

"And you want Little Ben to supply the place with fish?" Mrs. Potter asked anxiously.

"That's it! He could meet me down in the road every night when I'm heading back from Memphis. I could run the fish up to the pie wagon. Then you wouldn't have to worry about the rent."

Big Ben's tight lips tightened. "I always look after my folks. My young'un don't have to pay my rent."

"But, Pa," Little Ben pleaded. "Maybe I could go up to Little Rock sometimes in the truck. It'd be fun catching the fish, and—"

"I don't see anything wrong with Little Ben earning some money," Mrs. Potter said quietly, but firmly.

STEVE knew that the issue was settled. Blanche would be pleased to have fresh fish on her menu and it would be good business. And if there was anything he liked, it was catfish and turnip greens.

"Can you grow turnips, partner?" He turned to Little Ben.

"I can grow anything." Little Ben was confident. "I just chunk seeds in the ground, stir the dirt, stand back and give 'em room, and watch things grow."

"Okay, buddy." Steve slapped his hands together and rubbed them. "I'll get you some seed. Get your garden ready, and I'll bet that pie wagon in Little Rock will buy all the vegetables you grow."

He turned toward the truck:

"See you tomorrow night, partner. Have a good string of fish ready. And you, Mr. Potter—I'll tell Mr. Beasley you'll have the rent in a few days. So long."

He let the Traveler creep down the lane, and onto the Lonesome Road. And soon he was humming to himself that old swamp song that all Arkansas truckmen know:

"Look down, look down that lonesome
road—
Before you travel on—"

Little Ben had four big catfish ready for him on the return trip. Blanche was delighted when Steve brought them into the pie wagon.

"Sure, I'll buy 'em. These gypsies will go after catfish in a big way."

"Catfish?" Dusty Rhodes looked up from his lunch of ham and eggs. "Did I hear somebody say catfish? Sounds like home. Say, Blanche, you can put mine in the pan right now."

"Just wait till summer and we'll have turnips, too," said Steve boastingly. "My partner's going to plant a garden, too. He's a farming fool."

Blanche's eyes were glistening as he told her the story afterward.

"And you're paying Beasley out of your own pocket in advance? You're crazy, Steve—but I love you for it!"

Andy Beasley was amazed when he received the money.

"Maybe I got some good tenants down there," he told Steve. "Maybe they got some get-up-and-get. They ought to be good for a little more rent, after cotton's in."

Steve glared and stalked out.

BUT Little Ben's garden was planted long before Big Ben got his cotton land ready. The gypsies' grapevine had carried word over the highways that the kid down on the Lonesome Road was Steve's partner and drivers often stopped by the little farm, but never empty-handed. There was a rose bush from a Florida gypsy, some laurel from North Carolina, and a fig tree all the way from California. Mrs. Potter had a new dress and some color in her cheeks.

The summer came in green and waned in yellow and gold. Blanche helped Mrs. Potter preserve the over-supply from the garden. Big Ben's cotton, scrawny and timid, popped open its bolls and waited in the fields to be picked.

"When you going to pick it?" asked Dusty Rhodes when he and Steve dropped by the farm.

"Aim to get in there soon." Big Ben leaned against a fence and looked at his crop, knowing what hard work cotton picking is. "Been too busy with my worrying to get at it."

"Better hurry up," Steve growled. "I don't like the signs. Clouds been banking to the south for a week, and getting tighter. Little Ben says the catfish are running up the bayou. And I ain't seen a boll weevil in two weeks. They're digging in—"

The big rains began before twilight, and by dawn Big Ben's cotton had been pounded to the ground and lay there like snowballs on a blanket of mud. The flood was upon the land, and cabin dwellers along the rivers began forsaking their homes. But Big Ben was confident.

"Old Lonesome Bayou ain't gonna bust open," he told Steve. "We'll stay here."

"But you can't!" Steve looked at the pounding rain. "Your wife—she can't stand a flood. Might catch pneumonia —after that swamp fever—"

"I'm still the pappy here, mister." Big Ben spoke slowly. "And we ain't gonna leave the land. I lost my cotton, but I ain't runnin' away."

Steve took the problem to Beasley.

"You've got to do something, Mr. Beasley. That woman'll die if she has to stick in that cabin through a flood."

BEASLEY shook his head. "Ain't none of my business, Johnson. Or none of yours. We got enough to do, tending to our own affairs, without meddlin' in other folkses'. Right now I got some important hauls for Memphis—got to be there before high water ties up the road."

"Yes, Mr. Beasley." Steve's eyes narrowed as he looked at his boss. "I know all about those 'important hauls.' Trying to save pennies again on your packing, ain't you? Well, mister, that three hundred dollars you owe me is liable to be boosted to three thousand."

Beasley's eyes were cold. "Well, if you don't like your job—if you are afraid of your cargoes—"

"You know I ain't afraid of high water or any cargo. But I'm worried about those Potters. If you don't get them out of there, and they drown—"

He didn't wait for Beasley's retort, but swung aboard the Traveler. He was in Little Rock that night ahead of schedule.

"Beasley won't help me get Big Ben

to move," he told Blanche. "I can't *make* Potter leave. Neither can the Red Cross."

"But if Lonesome Bayou breaks through—"

"Even Whoop and Holler can't get out." Steve watched the rain pound against the Pie Wagon, and shook his head. "Well, I got a load that's got to be in Memphis by daylight. I better mosey along, honey."

He was just swinging into the Traveler's cab when the Mississippi Mud Cat loomed out of the night, all her lights blazing, her body caked with mud. Dusty spun his wheel, worked her expertly alongside the Traveler.

"Steve! The Memphis road is out! Lonesome Bayou is raising hell! Over the road! I just did get through!"

"My God!" Steve grabbed his shoulder. "Did you know the Potters are still down there on the Lonesome Road?"

"You ain't goin' to try to take the Traveler down *that* road?" Dusty stared. "Why, you can't even see it now!"

"I'll feel it! How's the White River bridge?"

"Be out before morning! And it's between you and the Potters! You can't make it, Steve!"

"The hell I can't!" Steve jumped to his trailer, and felt for the seal that locked his cargo. Then he dropped his hand quickly.

Blanche didn't see the gesture, but Dusty did.

"What you got in that cargo?" he asked hoarsely. "We better unload it here, and go after 'em empty. I'm goin' along, to see that you don't catch cold."

"If rain ever touches that cargo, Dusty," Steve said shortly, "you and I'll be gypsying in heaven. No, you can't go, Dusty—and I ain't got time to chuck this cargo."

He sprang into the Traveler's cab, leaned out and kissed Blanche, kicked on his starter. . . .

BACK in the pie wagon, Dusty shook his head as Tex came in. "I don't like it. Something's funny."

They were sitting there, tapping the counter with their spoons, when the telephone rang. Blanche answered it. The voice over the wire was worried.

"Beasley talking—when my driver gets in there, hold him. Tell him not to go through tonight. Road's flooded."

"Steve has gone!" Blanche shouted.

"Gone!" Blanche heard Beasley gasp. "Into that flood? With my truck? Great God! Stop him! He's got a load of sodium—"

Tex heard, and grabbed the receiver.

"Did you say *sodium,* Beasley? You let a driver haul that stuff in this weather? Is it packed in naphtha? No? You dirty dog—"

Tex's face was white when he turned to Blanche. Dusty already had his hand on the doorknob.

"But I don't understand," Blanche pleaded. "What's soda got to do—?"

Tex put his hand on her shoulder. "It's not soda, it's *sodium.* Worse than TNT. Old Man Beasley had a big contract to haul it and he let Steve roll tonight with that stuff half packed!"

"What does it do?" Blanche's throat was tight.

"If that stuff isn't packed just right and gets wet—it forms a gas. The meanest gas in the world—hydrogen! Stuff that blew up the Hindenburg! It's—"

"But it's got to be lighted! *I know that!* A spark—"

"With the Traveler belly-deep in water, every wire may short-circuit."

"Did Steve know he had that stuff aboard?"

"Yes, Blanche," Dusty confessed. "He knew it! But that couldn't stop him! Nothing could stop that guy!"

"We've got to stop him," Blanche said.

Tex was yanking his jumper tight. "I'm going down the main line after him." Tex's drawl was soft, but his eyes were grim. "Dusty here will cut north and drop down and try to head him off. Blanche, you get on that phone! Call every pie wagon between here and Memphis. Get word to the gypsies. Tell 'em Steve's hauling sodium. They'll know. Tell 'em to stop him. Tell 'em to roll! Maybe one of us can beat Steve to high water and head him off!"

Steve braked the Traveler to a gentle stop on the crest of the slope that fell away to the bayou. Ahead stretched the road. He knew it was there, but he couldn't see it. For miles on either side, what had been land was muddy water.

Standing on his running board, Steve steered with one hand and leaned far out to watch his front wheels. The water lapped at the base of the chassis.

"If it don't get any deeper, I'm all right," he said to himself.

He steered by instinct. He watched his speed dial—four miles an hour. . . .

BACK from the Lonesome Road, the Potters sat in their cabin and watched the rising water ooze from the swamp.

"It won't get up here to the cabin," Big Ben said. "We'll stick it out."

The echo of the Traveler's siren pounded over the water.

"That's Steve!" shouted Little Ben. "Memphis bound!"

"He can't go to Memphis!" Mrs. Potter grabbed the lantern.

"Sounds like he's down about the head of the lane, and aiming up this way." Big Ben stood in the doorway. "If he's figgerin' on taking us out, I ain't going. I ain't leaving my land!"

Mrs. Potter glared at him. "You may be staying, Ben, but my boy and I are *going!*" For the first time in her life, Mrs. Potter was facing her husband in open rebellion. She ran to the cabin porch and was waving the lantern before the sweeping beams of the Traveler's lights found the house in the darkness and rested there.

The big truck rocked as Steve jammed on the air brakes.

"Got to turn around! Where's that turn-off to the cow lot?"

"I'll show you!" Little Ben grabbed the lantern from his mother's hand, leaped from the porch into knee-deep water. He waded to the turn-off.

"Cut 'er in here, Steve! Hard! That's right—little more, now! Stop! Ten feet of water over there! Cut 'er, cut 'er! Now back 'er!"

The Traveler floundered back into the lane again, her nose headed toward the Lonesome Road, and beyond that, safety and Little Rock. Steve leaped out.

"Come to get you! Pile in! Here, Mrs. Potter—"

He lifted her from the porch, sloshed through the muck and tucked her safely into the cab. Little Ben followed, and the two hounds splashed after him.

Big Ben was standing on the porch.

Steve looked at him. "Come on! We can't wait—"

The old man shook his head. "Ain't going, Steve. She's as high as she'll get, and I ain't running away."

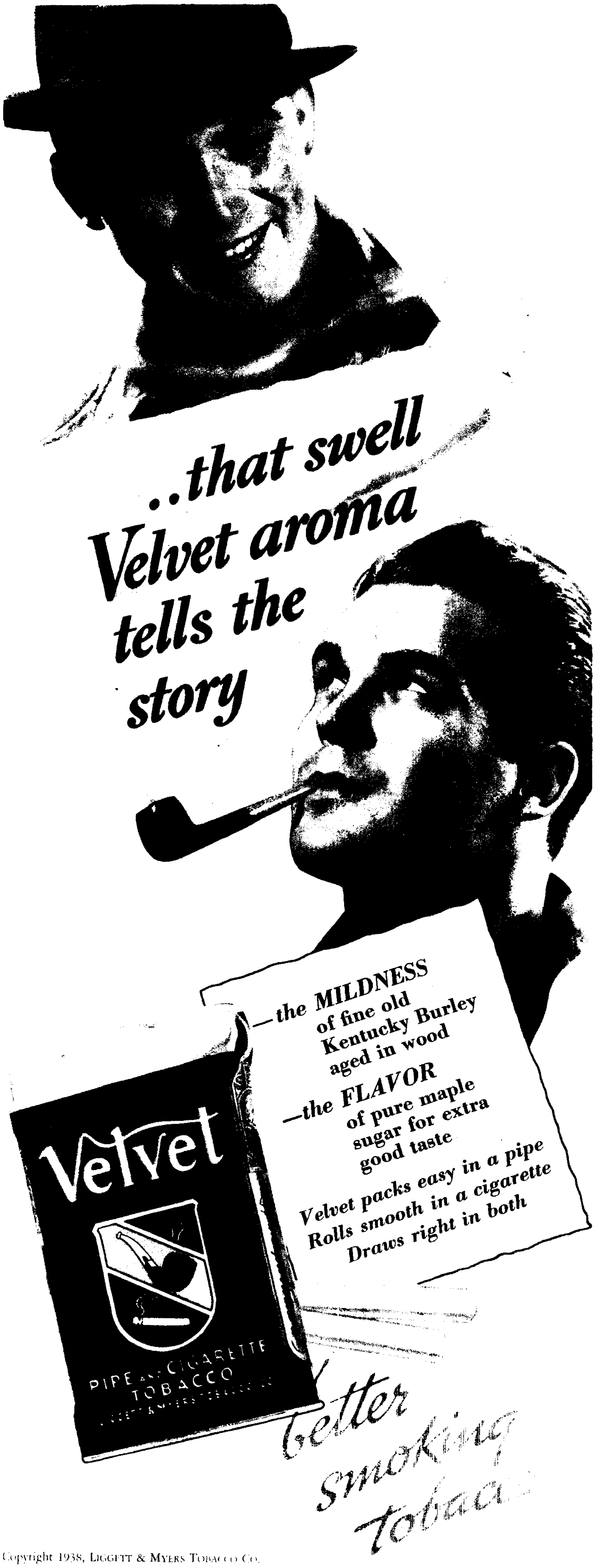
Steve glanced at Mrs. Potter and Little Ben, then stepped to the porch and grabbed Big Ben, squirming and kicking, into his arms. With a grunt, Steve slammed him into the cab.

"We got to roll," he said. Big Ben's protests were drowned in the rising roar of the Traveler's song.

At the head of the lane, where it swung into the Lonesome Road, Steve throttled his motor.

"Leave that right door open. And if I say 'jump,' you jump! All of you—and start running for all you're worth."

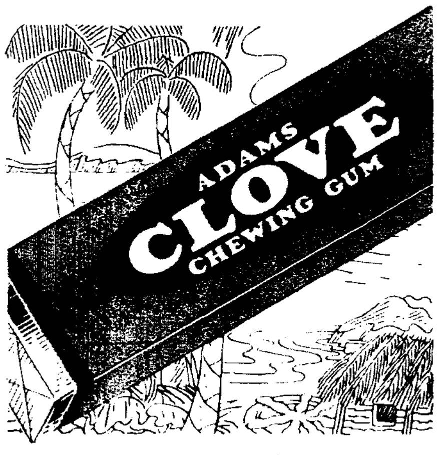
His lights were just above the water when he gunned the Traveler and began picking his way back up the Lonesome


..that swell
Velvet aroma
tells the
story
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Better Smoking Tobacco

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

YOU'LL like it because it's so delicious! Taste it—and then just try to describe this unusually spicy flavor that never bites your tongue but so effectively refreshes your mouth!

And it's true—Adams Clove Gum rids you of breath odors, and it's always handy to use when you need it most.



A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Road. He could feel the concrete under him quivering. He could feel little depressions where the water already had eaten into the highway.

Then he felt the road sinking. There was a sickening sideslip of the Traveler, and the wheel was almost jerked from his hands. The truck lunged.

"Jump! Washout!"

Even as he yelled, Steve had cut his ignition and was out the cab door into the water. It was up to his waist. He reached around, grabbed Mrs. Potter from the cab and held her high.

"Run!" he was yelling above the swish of the rain and the roar of the flood. "Up the road, Little Ben! Run!"

Little Ben was not running—he was half splashing, half swimming. Whoop and Holler were paddling desperately after him. Big Ben, roused to action by the wild note in Steve's voice, was surging ahead. Then Steve was in the hole, up to his shoulders, battling the current, holding his burden above him.

He felt the earth slip beneath him, felt the water lap and suck as it tore at the washout. The Traveler's lights had died in the plunge, but Steve could *feel* his truck there in the dark. He knew water was pouring into his cargo. He knew the inevitable. If it happened before they got across the washout—

Then he was staggering and scrambling out on the other side. He jerked his head over his shoulder, held his breath and waited—

It came—a blinding glare, a sizzle and a flame that lighted the Lonesome Road, the bayou and the swamp. It leaped out almost to his shoulder. The flood itself seemed to burst into fire.

"The truck — she's burning up!" gasped Little Ben, ahead of him.

"It's—it's all right, partner, but keep going," Steve panted as he surged ahead. "Chemicals in the cargo—spark from a short circuit set it off!"

A QUARTER-MILE back up the road, Blanche and Tex and Dusty and a host of gypsies were waiting.

"Steve—Steve, darling!" Blanche was half laughing, half crying.

Steve strode on until he put Mrs. Potter high and dry inside Dusty's cab. Then he caught Blanche, hugged her.

"It's all right, honey. Short circuit set off the gas from some sodium I was hauling. But my gas tank didn't go. Under water. Traveler burned, but didn't explode—"

Tex whistled. "Boy! I wish I had your guardian angel!"

The night became noisy as more gypsy trucks rolled in from every road.

"Much obliged, boys—but it's all right now!" Dusty yelled back along the line.

"All right—?" There was a wild yelp, and old man Beasley, his face twisted with rage, pushed his way into the light. "All right? My truck's gone with a five-thousand-dollar cargo, and you say it's all right! You're fired, Johnson! I'll law you for this—I'll law you!"

Steve rubbed his big fist under his former boss' nose.

"You ain't going to law nobody, Beasley. Because you packed a dangerous cargo in cheap packages. Happens there's a law in this state about packing sodium. It's supposed to be in petroleum or naphtha."

"Where's your evidence?" Beasley barked. Then suddenly his tone changed. He was anything but a coward, but was never a man to let his temper warp his judgment. "Ain't no use us gettin' all het up," he said. "After all, Stevie, you did the honorable thing, and I'll take the loss. Traveler's gone, I guess—not worth three hundred dollars for junk now," he added, suggestively.

Steve glanced at Blanche, saw her eyes gleaming with the same thought that had struck him. He whirled back to Beasley.

"You owe me three hundred dollars, Beasley. Give me the Traveler, just as she stands—burned to the water's edge and buried in mud—and I'll call the bill square!"

"It's a deal!" Beasley snapped, and reached for his pen. "I'll give you a certificate of ownership right here."

Dusty and Tex witnessed the transaction.

"Okay, Beasley," said Steve triumphantly. "The truck's *mine* now. And that motor ain't hurt. The water'll be falling by daybreak and I'll have the Traveler out in forty-eight hours and running in a week!"

"Forty-eight hours!" Beasley looked surprised.

"Yes, siree, and I got enough cash in the bank to fix her up."

"Sorry, Johnson. This road'll be ready for a repair crew in twelve hours and *your* truck will be holding them up! As highway commissioner it's my duty—"

"What?" Tex yelled. "Why, you highway shyster—"

"I'll get a wrecker at dawn," said Steve desperately.

"Law is law," snapped Beasley, "and the law says nobody can block a highway longer than twenty-four hours. Of course, I've got some wreckers up at Barlow, but I reckon they're all goin' to be busy."

"To hell with you and your wreckers!" snarled Steve. "I'll—"

"Suit yourself," said Beasley agreeably. "But if your truck ain't off this road by this time tomorrow, I'll have to salvage it. And if I salvage it, I'll have to charge you for it. You thought I was a fool, sellin' it to you for three hundred dollars, didn't you? Well, that truck's worth forty-five hundred dollars right now. My salvage claim will be a thousand. And if you ain't got it, the truck goes back to me!"

Steve raised his clenched fist. Blanche moved quickly to his side.

"No, Steve—" she begged.

"Use your head, fella," Dusty drawled. "It'd be murder if you hit him. The law's on his side."

"Yeah—guess you're right," Steve mumbled dazedly, looked over at Little Ben, then at the gypsy trucks. "Reckon I'll have to help Little Ben farm—'less one of you guys needs a helper."

"Helper?" Dusty demanded. "T'hell with helpers—I need a partner! My Mud Cat and I've got more business than I can tote. And you'll like my Mud Cat, Steve. Always did tell you she was a better truck than that Traveler!"

"Yeah?" Even in his daze Steve rose instinctively to the defense of his truck. "I'd bet my boots if the Traveler was here and the Mud Cat out yonder, my truck could have snaked it out!"

"Huh?" Beasley caught the words, gasped in amazement. "You don't mean —why, you'd ruin your truck, puttin' a strain like that on it."

DUSTY snapped his fingers under Beasley's nose. "What the hell do you know about trucks, except how to rawhide men to push 'em—you old goat!" He shoved his face close to Steve and snorted. "So you think your Traveler could outpull my Mud Cat, huh? Why, blast your hide—"

Suddenly Blanche let out a cry. Her eyes were sparkling. "Steve! Steve! Don't you see? Why, we've got enough trucks here to pull the whole city of Memphis clear across the Harahan viaduct! Dusty here will help—and Tex—"

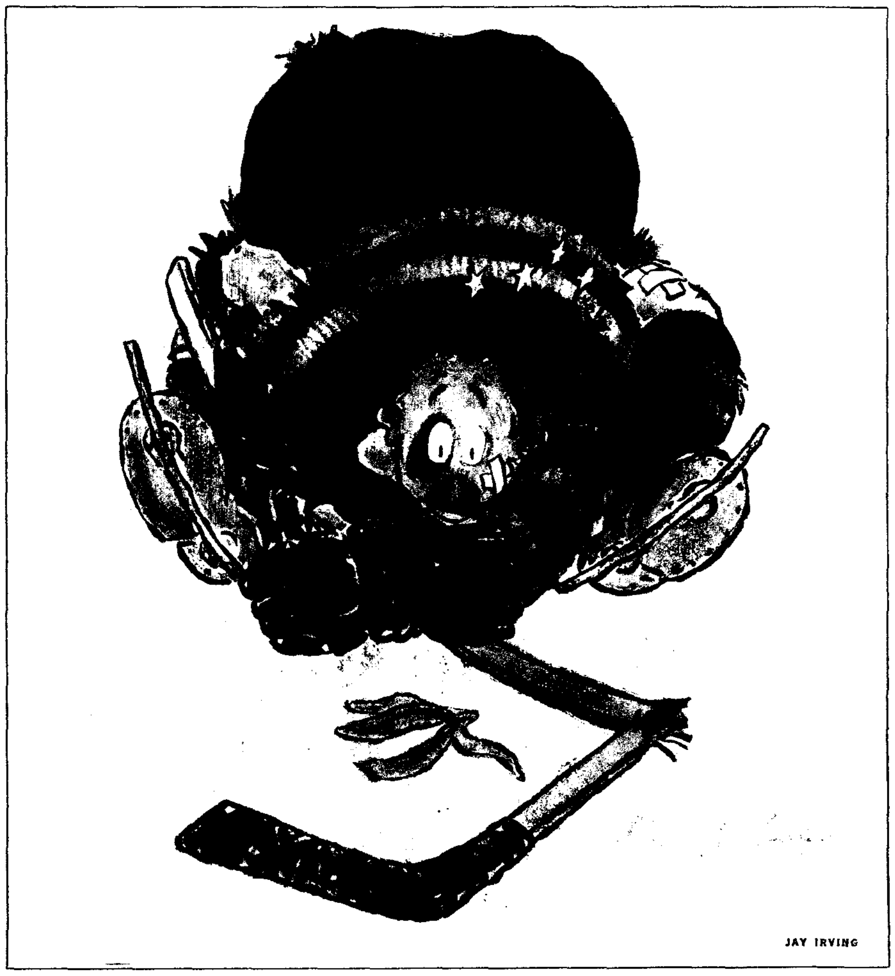
"Sure we'll help!" Dusty let out a whoop. "Get your old wreck of an Old Gray Mare outa the way, Tex Rawlings, and let a real truck pull!"

"Listen, you boll-weevil bum," snarled Tex. "Anytime your Mud Cat can outpull the Mare, I wanta be there to see it!" He shoved Beasley out of the way so hard that the boss of Barlow fell sputtering into the mud and slush. "Come on, Steve. You're a gypsy now, fella. And gypsies stick together!"

Blanche was hugging Steve unashamedly there in the full glare of the Mud Cat's lights. "Oh, honey! Can't you see it now, all fixed up with green and yellow running lights? Ours—our own!"

"You said it, sweet." Steve's freckled face was one big grin. "And we'll paint on the sides, in big letters:

"THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER—
WE GO ANYWHERE!"



I'll Take Care of It

Continued from page 21

But as Doc grew more accustomed to his job, this urge to "take care of" things began to get out of hand. Judy noticed it first. Doc called her one day and told her to call a Mr. Glavis as soon as Mr. Glick came in.

"But I know Mr. Glick doesn't want to talk to him," Judy said.

"But you have to tell him," Doc said, "for my sake."

"What's it got to do with you?" she asked.

"I gave Mr. Glavis my word of honor Mr. Glick would call him," Doc answered. "You wouldn't let me down, would you?"

"Listen," Judy said, "will you relax?"

I was just the office boy, so I couldn't tell her, but she didn't have Doc right either. It was like asking the Statue of Liberty to relax. They both had their parts to play, it was their place in the world; if they changed their positions they would have to start all over again.

IT WASN'T long before Doc's overzealousness became a trap in which he dangled his own feet. One day an old director famous in silent days suddenly appeared at the reception desk, like a ghost. He had one of those faces that say: "I haven't worked in years." His face was trellised with purple veins from too much drinking and not enough forgetting. He had grown a large bushy mustache, as if he hoped to hide his look of despair. He discovered that he was an old friend of Doc's.

"Hello, George," Doc said, "haven't seen you since Shirley Temple was a kid."

"I heard that comedian on the radio too," said George.

"What can I do you for?" Doc asked.

"I thought I might try going back to work for a change," said George, too desperate to sound very funny. "What's new over here?"

Doc told him everything he knew, and he hadn't chatted with secretaries and read notes upside down on executives' desks for nothing.

"It looks like we're going to make a Civil War picture bigger and sooner than Gone With the Wind," Doc concluded.

"Yeah?" said George excitedly. "I'm the guy who produced the biggest Civil War before talking pictures—Her Union Lover."

"Of course Sammy didn't exactly tell me," Doc said, "but one of our readers is rewriting the entire Civil War at the public library, and three vets from the old soldiers' home came through here yesterday."

"That's the break I need," George said.

"I'll take care of it," Doc said.

He called Judy and made an appointment for George.

George had to wait only an hour and fifteen minutes.

"Thanks, old boy," he said to Doc gratefully as he was called in. "You certainly have a pull around here."

"Oh, I like to keep my oar in," Doc said. He would have said more, but George had hurried past.

Five minutes later George came out. His face was red and perspiration was dripping down onto his only clean shirt.

"What did Sammy say?" Doc asked.

"Listen," said George grimly, "he told me you popped out with the studio secret of the year. He warned me that if his idea ever gets out, he'll run us both out of the industry. I practically bought myself a one-way ticket to starvation."

Doc had his salary reduced to twenty a week after that. But that didn't dampen his spirit nor stop him from playing his role. Every afternoon, for instance, he dropped in for a spot of tea at the commissary. If any of us office boys were grabbing a cup of coffee we used to dread seeing him because it would mean the end of our service. Doc was the idol of the waitresses. The moment he crossed the threshold the girls would drop everything they were doing and race each other to the door for the privilege of waiting on him. He had a way of looking a girl up and down without making her feel cheap. He knew how to make them laugh; he knew how to charge the air about them with importance. He was sort of like King Midas, only instead of gold everything he touched turned dramatic.

One girl in particular became one of the most important women in the world. She was a girl with thick legs and fleshy breasts whose voluptuousness almost made you forget she wasn't pretty. Her name was Trigger. Trigger hardly ever said anything. She was constantly singing snatches of popular songs absentmindedly.

"Oh, the merry-go-round broke down," she would sing. *"What will you have? as we went round and round. . . ."*

"Hello, little pigeon," Doc said to her as he came in one day, "from the back I thought you were Janet Gaynor."

"Sure," she said, "and I know you—Clark Gable—*you can't take that away from me. . . .*"

"Sit down and take a load off your mind," he said to her when she brought his tea.

"Thanks," said Trigger, "and do I need it!—*but who knows where or when?* I got the jitters—don't tell anybody, but when I brought Mr. Glick his lunch today, that little beetle made a pass at me—*the love bug will bite you. . . .*"

"Listen," said Doc, "if he tries anything again, let yours truly take care of it—tell him we're engaged."

"*You* listen," Trigger said. "In the first place, when you help a lady in distress keep your eyes off her legs, and in the second place, you got your own job to worry about."

"Baby," said Doc, "I got this job for life."

"Yeah," she said as she picked his saucer up, "but this is one prison where they let you out for *bad* behavior. *Let's call the whole thing off. . . .*"

FOR a big, healthy girl, Trigger was pretty psychic. It all began when Doc surpassed every former effort for taking care of it. Everybody on the lot was agog over the search for a brand-new female personality to play in Sammy's super-Gone With the Wind. The writers had concocted a character that was expected to make Scarlett O'Hara look like Pollyanna. Sammy Glick said it was a star-making part, and so did everybody else after they heard him.

Doc had read the script and was devoting all his energies to casting the role of this heroine, Starr O'Ray. He even sent Sammy Glick a note telling him he thought he had a second cousin in East Orange, New Jersey, who would be perfect for it if she could only have her front teeth straightened.

One day a gorgeous redhead walked in. She was stately and poised, and her features were classic but not stony. She had one of those unusual faces that doesn't have to leer in order to look youthful and animated.

"I would like to see Mr. Glick," she sighed.

"By appointment?" Doc asked.

"I WASN'T GOING AS FAST AS YOUR HAIR'S GOING"

GIRLS aren't handicapped like men with the fear of approaching baldness. For by some irony of fate, Nature gave the weaker sex strong hair—the stronger sex weak hair.

Is *your* hair beginning to ornament your comb instead of your head? Is dandruff shedding on your coat and casting aspersions on your own good taste?

Then run, do not walk, to the nearest drug counter and get yourself one of those big square bottles of Kreml—good old tried and trusted Kreml.

Kreml *does* help to check falling hair. Kreml *does* do a good, thorough job of removing dandruff.

And Kreml is one of the finest, most pleasant hair dressings known to man—and woman, for though it makes the hair behave it's not sticky or greasy.

FLASH! Kreml's down in price so now it costs less than ever to treat your hair and scalp to Kreml *every* day.

Ask your barber or beauty shop for a Kreml treatment, too. It's getting to be one of the most popular items on the barber shop line-up.

Try Kreml Shampoo. It's a fine ally of Kreml Hair Tonic in the job of keeping your hair looking and feeling fit. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it leaves your hair silky and easy to comb.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

THERE WERE 7 LITTLE DEVILS ON HER HEAD

Ugh! How she loathed that pepless, logy, irritable feeling—those headaches that seemed like 7 little devils pounding on her head. It was hard to realize constipation could cause so many troubles.

YET HOW QUICKLY THIS NEW IDEA BRIGHTENED UP LIFE

A friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT—and how quickly the sunshine came back into life! She found, as you will too, that no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! Try this delicious chewing gum laxative yourself. It's wonderfully pleasant to take, but more important still—

You get ALL THREE of these important benefits in FEEN-A-MINT

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it *should.*

You'll *enjoy* taking FEEN-A-MINT—there's no griping, nausea, or weakening after-effects. Ideal for children—they love its flavor. More than 16 million people have already changed to FEEN-A-MINT. Make it *your* family laxative! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

"It's about the role of Starr O'Ray," she explained.

"Have you a girl in mind for the part?" Doc asked.

"I'm hoping to play it," she said. "My name is Midge Lawson."

Doc looked her over from head to foot.

"Midge," he said, "you look like too nice a girl to waste your time here."

"I don't think you realize who I am," she said.

"I don't have to," said Doc positively. "I know the character of Starr O'Ray. She's ten years older than you. She's a brunette—and very short, she has to be real short for a story point."

"Are you sure?" the girl faltered.

"Look at the last ten tests," said Doc authoritatively. "Frances Connell, Jerry Bretty, Mary Alister, all of them brunettes and not one of them over five two."

"If my agent gave me a bum steer, I'll kill him," she said sweetly.

"You'd better go back and see him quick, sister," Doc advised.

The next day Doc was called into Mr. Glick's office.

"Maybe I'm going back to a hundred a month," Doc said as he went in.

Judy opened her mouth and said absolutely nothing.

Sammy Glick was slumped in his chair as if he were hiding under his enormous desk.

"Doc," he said tensely, "do you remember seeing a girl by the name of Midge Lawson?"

"Midge Lawson," said Doc musingly, "she sounds familiar."

"I wish she were more familiar," Sammy snapped. "Her agent promised she'd sign with me, and Paramount nabbed her this morning. I just called him up and gave him hell for not sending her to me first and he tries to tell me he did—and she came back discouraged. Two weeks from starting date we let the perfect Starr O'Ray slip out of our fingers."

"Starr O'Ray," said Doc. "The script said Starr was a little brunette and Midge Lawson was a great big redhead."

Sammy jumped to his feet. "Then you did see her!" he screamed.

"Now that you mention it, I did," said Doc, a little less sure of himself. "She was here yesterday. But I could tell she wasn't the type and I didn't want to waste your time."

"That's damned nice of you," Sammy screeched. "The best bet of the year and you didn't want to waste my time with her. Maybe we were going to change the part to fit her! Maybe you should stop running my business. Why must this happen to me, Sammy Glick, who never did nothing to nobody!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Glick," said Doc, "I won't do it again."

"And I know why," said Sammy. "Because you're fired. You're getting out of here. Tonight."

DOC went back to his desk very quietly. He didn't even stop for his habitual gallantry to Judy. I noticed there was something wrong with him when I picked up the mail at his desk. He told me what had happened. It was tough. Doc loved that reception desk. I guess it was all the power he ever wanted in the world.

I helped him clean out his desk. In the middle drawer there was a comb, some hair tonic, a hand mirror, a marked script of the disastrous Civil War epic and a Motion Picture Almanac. He took his things out slowly, one by one, as if he never wanted to finish.

"Maybe I should hang around a couple of days, to break the new man in," he said.

"Where are you going from here?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "South America or Australia—I've got a soldier's pension waiting for me there."

A blond woman with perfect skin and a placid, satisfied face came in.

"Would you call Mr. Glick for me?" she said quietly.

Doc fell into his act. "Have you an appointment?" he asked stiffly.

"I'm Mrs. Glick," she said.

Doc jumped up from the desk and bowed.

"Then you have an appointment," he said emphatically, and he opened the door for her with a click of his heels.

". . . An appointment—for life," he finished in a burst of glory.

She swished through and Doc saw me watching him bow. He straightened up quickly and looked away.

He just couldn't help going through with it, even though he was all washed up.

Trigger came through. She blew Doc a kiss. "See you in the morning, Doc," she trilled.

"Good night, little pigeon," Doc said.

"*Oh-ho-ho, who's got the last laugh now?*" she hummed as she went out.

Doc pulled out the bottom drawer and drew out a huge blue volume, The History of the Movies, and a lot of loose typewritten pages.

"I was starting to write a book about Mr. Glick," he explained, "but now that I'm leaving so soon I guess I'll have to make it a short story."

He was ready to go.

"I STILL think that Midge Lawson would have ruined Sammy's picture," he said. "Some day maybe he'll call me in and thank me and give me back my job."

"But you'll be in South America," I reminded him.

"Keep your chin up," he said to me. I thought he was about to sit down and give me an hour's lecture on making good. And this time I wouldn't have minded, I was so sorry to see him go.

I didn't hear a word about Doc after he walked out that night. The new man who took his place at the reception desk was efficient, and knew his place, which meant that all the fizz had gone out of the joint.

One day I was sent to deliver a message to Mr. Glick's in Beverly Hills. There is a big sign on Sunset, right on the corner of the road leading up to Mr. Glick's, that reads, VISIT THE MOVIE STARS. A man was barking through a megaphone to a single insignificant young couple. The man was speaking to them as if they were a very large crowd.

"PEEK into the intimate nooks and crannies of Hollywood," he was declaring. "Be the special guest of a man who knows Hollywood from the inside, who has actually decided the destinies of movie stars. See the glamorous homes of Marlene, Bob Taylor, the new Paramount star Midge Lawson, and the famous Norman castle of my very good friend, Sammy Glick. And if you have any questions, any little whim your Hollywood guide can satisfy, I'll take care of it."

It was Doc! I jumped out of the car and rushed over to him. Before he could shake my hand he had to excuse himself grandiloquently to his audience.

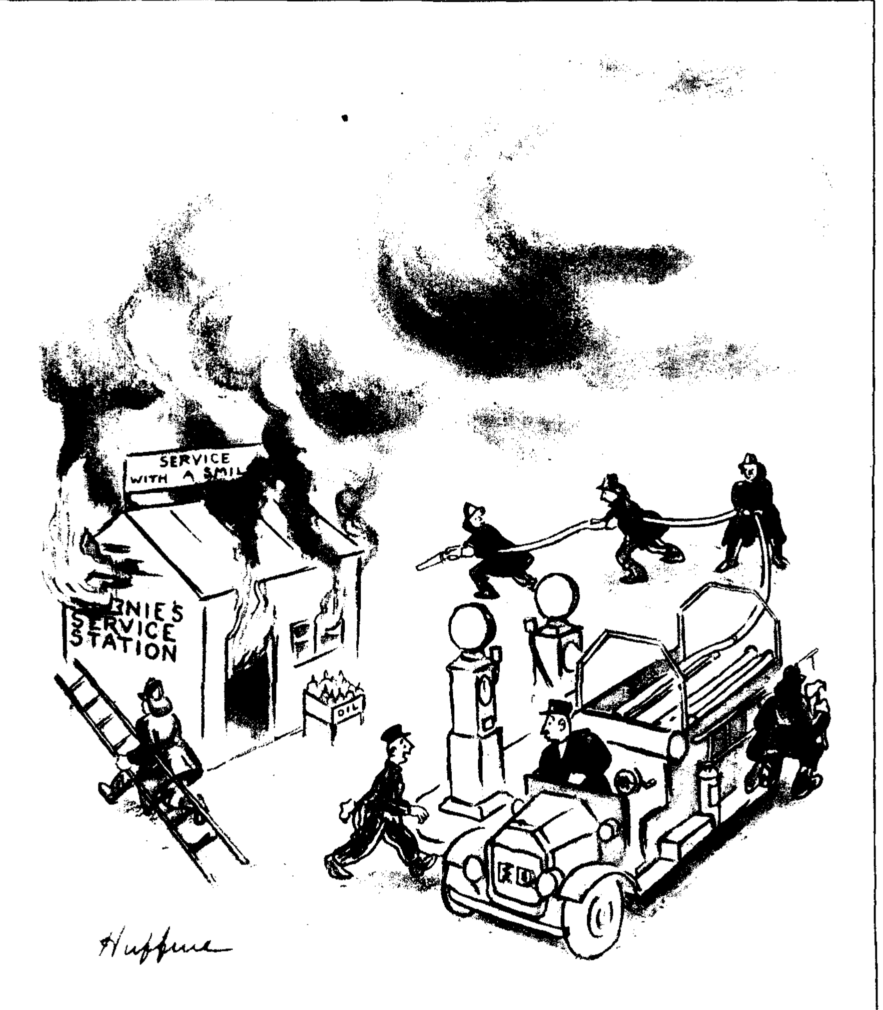
"Doc—as I live, breathe and run errands," I said, "how long have you been doing this?"

"Started yesterday," he said. "Took me several months to decide on the proper vocation."

He had his important face on. "It's a job with a real responsibility," he continued. "As the first contact outsiders meet, I am the Face of Hollywood, as it were."

I felt much better when I drove on to Mr. Glick's. I could never feel sorry for Doc again. Doc was probably the greatest dead-pan comedian that ever lived.

"Give my best to Sammy," Doc called after me, loud enough for his pale little couple to hear. "He's a swell little guy, but I'll never cast another picture for him as long as I live."



"Fill it up?" D. HUFFINE

Don't Splash, Please!

Continued from page 22

Gone are the churning, boiling waters that are whipped to white-flecked foam by the fierce struggles below the surface.

Boiled down to a few facts and figures, here is a statistical picture of the game in brief. Water polo is played by two teams of six players each in a pool from 60 to 75 feet in length and from 20 to 40 feet in width. When possible the shallow end is not less than six feet in depth.

At either end of the pool is a goal, a board four feet wide and eighteen inches high. When any part of this board is touched by a swimmer, ball in hand, three points are scored. When he throws the ball from beyond an invisible line fifteen feet from the goal and strikes the board, two points are tallied. A penalty goal, counting one point, is tossed from beyond that same fifteen-foot line.

For Dear Old Alma Mater

To start the game or to resume play after the scoring of a goal the two teams line up on the end walls and the referee drops the ball—seven inches in diameter and inflated only seven-eighths full—in the middle of the tank. Then there is a wild rush by both teams to get possession.

After that it is passed back and forth in a goalward offensive drive, the thrown goal generally being scorned in favor of a touch one. The players swim free style with the ball clasped in one fist, treading water to toss it to a teammate.

The American style rules are a bit stricter now than they were in the Joe Ruddy heyday some twenty years ago, but there is still plenty of room left for some good, old-fashioned throttling down below. Rule VIII, Section 2D, for instance, states: "A player who has possession of the ball may be held under water ten seconds *or as long thereafter* as he retains possession of the ball."

Despite its robustness the sport spread like wildfire from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. At some time or other within the past third of a century practically every athletic club in the country engaged in water polo, American style, and some thirty or forty college teams were mauling one another, trying frantically not to die for dear old Alma Mater.

The sport prospered under the paternal gaze of the Amateur Athletic Union until 1909. But a year later the A. A. U. disowned its unruly offspring and did not resume control for another twenty-three years. The reason?

Well, the game had been getting rougher and rougher and in 1910 the New York A. C. met the Chicago A. A. for the national championship. Midway in the first half the referee lost what slight grip he had on the combatants. The game speedily developed into a Donnybrook.

Joe Ruddy, a puny lad of 190 pounds, became embroiled in a bitter struggle with Fred Gunther, 220-pound center forward of the Chicago A. A. Gunther, for some quite unaccountable reason, resented a back strangle and leg hold that Ruddy clamped on him.

So he jabbed Joe neatly on the jaw just as they fought their way to the surface. And then, right in front of the startled referee, Mr. Ruddy placed a very firm fist very suddenly against the right eye of Mr. Gunther.

That punch touched off a spark right there in the water. Ruddy refused to leave the pool as ordered and a battle royal promptly began. The first half was never finished but the sport was. The A. A. U. abolished it.

But the clubs and colleges—in dwindling numbers, however—continued to play it anyway. Meanwhile the international game began to replace the American one with the Los Angeles A. C., the central figure in the newer style.

It is really extraordinary that in any discussion of water polo Joe Ruddy dominates it completely. He was a far greater figure in his sport than Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones, Jesse Owens and Babe Ruth were in theirs.

This new hard-ball game is not quite as dull as dishwater but it's not so far from it. The referee's whistle plays a shrill and constant tune all during the game. There are more don'ts and thou-shalt-nots than at a strict school for demure young ladies.

When two American teams play the international game the spectators yawn gracefully and are very glad that the total playing time is only sixteen minutes. In the old style of rough-and-ready (or should it be rough-and-Ruddy?) play sixteen minutes of drowning, slugging and the like was about all that the human frame could stand.

However, games between different nations, even under the sissy international code, do have slightly more zip to them, for the simple reason that anything on an international scale always does engender bickering and discontent in spite of the fact that sport is supposed to cement friendly relations between nations.

There was, of course, the classic at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1932. Brazil was playing Germany and the Brazilian temperament is not exactly phlegmatic. The team had had its troubles in getting to the Olympics in the first place, since the only way money could be raised was by sending the Olympic contingent along with a cargo of coffee.

The coffee was a gift to the Brazilian Olympic Committee, which had to sell it en route to Los Angeles in order to pay for the passage of the athletes. Half of the coffee was sold before California was reached. So half of the athletes debarked. More coffee was peddled at San Francisco and a few more Brazilians were "bailed" off the boat. The last of them departed with the last of the coffee up around Seattle. So, as you can see, the Brazilians were not quite in their most charming mood by the time the Olympics opened.

Knocked for a Goal

So they started off in the water-polo game. Germany was in the tank with Brazil and soon had a very comfortable lead, to the great indignation of the assembled South Americans. As time grew short their tempers grew shorter. The referee, they thought, was not only positively astigmatic but also of distinct German leanings.

The gun sounded for the end of the game. It almost was like the crack of a gun at the start of a race. Every Brazilian in the game raced for the poor referee. The giant goalie, who was built along the lines of a brewery truck, was the winner. He caught the referee in the fifth row of the grandstand, knocked him down and was just ready to let go with his Sunday punch when the California gendarmes nailed him.

Although this might indicate that the international brand of water polo is not such a sissy game after all, I don't believe it. If you have to wait four years between fights in water polo, it's not water polo at all but more like water ping-pong.

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Not a "Cure-All"

..just a finer Cigarette

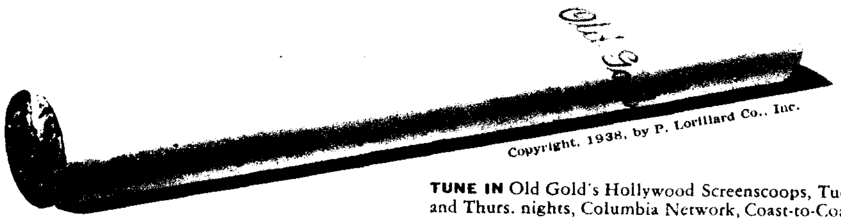
Old Gold does not pretend to be a "cure-all". The only magic it claims is the magic of the finest prize crop tobacco, brought to you as fresh as it left the cigarette machines.

You see the House of Lorillard has been making fine tobacco products since George Washington's day. It's this skill, born of 178 years' experience, that enables Lorillard to select, age and blend the world's kindliest tobacco leaf into a mighty pleasing cigarette.

But the Lorillard quality-insurance goes further. We put Old Golds in a weather-tight, double Cellophane package that keeps out dampness, dryness and every other foe of your cigarette enjoyment. The outer Cellophane jacket opens at the bottom of the pack; double sealing the top of the pack where the ordinary cigarette package is weak.

But we'd rather let a trial package of Double-Mellow Old Golds tell you the rest of the story. We believe you'll find that (1) Old Golds are genuinely of better tobacco quality, (2) are [illegible], (3) so smooth and mellow you can smoke them in any number without Cigarette Hang-Over.

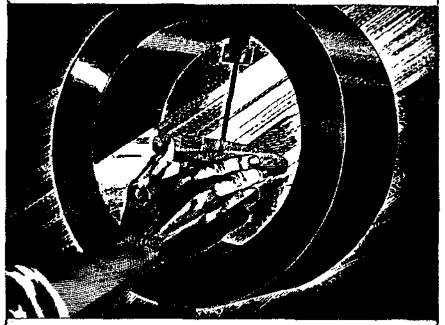
Sincerely, P. LORILLARD COMPANY,
Purveyors of fine tobacco products since 1760.



Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

OIL SAFETY
. . under Terrific Bearing Pressure



UNCLE SAM'S PROVING RING

This absolutely accurate device in the National Bureau of Standards at Washington is used to keep in delicate adjustment powerful machines that test the strength and safety of steel rails and beams under the terrific pressures they must meet.

●

As your car gently purrs along the highway, it's hard to believe that turmoil exists within your motor. Cyclone explosions in cylinders! Whirlwind delivery of energy! Crushing forces that bring bearing and journal dangerously close! Tremendous pressure everywhere!

All that stands between years of service and the sudden ruin of your engine is a thin film of oil . . . But if that oil film is 100% Pure Pennsylvania you can be sure of complete safety. For Pennsylvania Motor Oils keep cool under pressure. They're tough-bodied. They stay on the job!

Why? That secret is Nature's. She put into Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the crude from which all Pennsylvania Motor Oils are made—special stamina to fight pressure not duplicated in any other crude!

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNA.

Copyright 1938, Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Better Oils
FROM THE GROUND UP!

The symbol below is not a brand. It is an emblem guaranteeing source and quality. Its use is permitted on those brands of Pennsylvania Motor Oils certified under bond to be 100% Pure Pennsylvania and up to the quality requirements of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association.

MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
PERMIT NUMBER ....
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

Marse Jeff Davis

Continued from page 10

"Ugh. Ugh."

"After that they threw me into a cell with whitewashed walls that nearly put out my eyes. Kept big oil lamps burning in the room all night."

"An' you don't never sleep wid a light burnin'."

"And all night long two soldiers marched back and forth."

"Right side o' yo' bed? Whyn't you make 'em git out?"

"They wouldn't obey me," he smiled patiently. "But every footfall seemed to hammer on some raw nerve in my head.

"On the fourth day in prison I had thrown myself across the cot, delirious with pain, when the Union captain stalked in with a blacksmith behind him. Florida, I couldn't believe it but the blacksmith carried a pair of shackles and grinned at me as he rattled their chain."

"What he aim to do wid dem things?"

"Rivet them to my ankles."

"No, no, no," the horrified woman put up both hands as she almost screamed, "dem Yankees dassen't put irons on you same as a runaway nigger."

"Yes, Florida.

"The blacksmith riveted his fetters on my right ankle and locked them on the left. There I lay, manacled like a felon."

"I'm so sorry, so sorry," the black woman moaned.

"See here," he bent over and pulled up a trouser leg, lowered a sock and showed her the thin, emaciated shank that still bore ugly bruises. Florida gazed at the humiliating marks and, long after Mr. Davis had gone, still sat there silent, staring straight ahead.

Hurricane's Oldest Resident

This is one of many stories told by a remarkable Negro woman who is still alive after working for more than a century on Hurricane Plantation, where, for the unknown years of his career between 1835 and 1845, she came in daily contact with Jefferson Davis. The grandson of the Confederate President believes Aunt Florida to be approximately 125 years old, with a clear mind and memories that are fairly accurate.

Aunt Florida Huelett — everybody calls her "Gramma"—attracted the attention of this writer, who found her on a Delta plantation in a cabin that was being rapidly submerged by rising waters from the Yazoo River. So he removed Gramma to dry quarters and questioned her for several weeks. She can neither read nor write and it seems impossible for her to invent such tales.

Little Florida, daughter of Isaac Ringgold, the carriage maker for Joe Davis, was a merry brown imp who romped through a joyous childhood, waited on white ladies at the Big House, grew old enough to pick cotton in the fields, married Robert Huelett, the spruce young hostler, bore many children and was happy. As child or woman she knew nothing about the horrors of slavery, for nobody ever told her. She saw hundreds of black men and women go about their daily tasks while the master and his family did a different sort of work, each according to that station in life to which it had pleased God to call him. Everybody labored, everybody rested, everybody had plenty, and Florida conceived of no other way to live.

Sometimes the white folks seemed bothered but Negroes never worried even when the Mississippi rose and covered their land. Those whose cabins stood on lower ground would huddle together in the gin house and make a lark of it until the waters ran off.

Memory is a willful child that brings us broken toys, so that many of Gramma's statements must be mended. She has no conception of time or dates, but a vivid sense of drama. Often the bent figure would rise from its rocking chair and she would pound the floor with a cane while her voice came strong and her dull eyes flashed with fire.

She is now the only living creature who knows anything about Jefferson Davis during his period of seclusion on Brierfield Plantation after the death of his first wife. We are not attempting to compile authentic history from such a precarious source, but it is possible to give the environment that crystallized the character of Jefferson Davis and vitally affected the course of this republic. Civilized white men preserve such annals in dry-as-dust volumes while Negroes gather round their old, old grandsires and listen to the story of their tribe. Perhaps the plantation was originally opened by Joseph Emory Davis, and the version as handed down by word o' mouth to Florida may be inaccurate, but it tingles with human feeling as we prefer to give it, rather than the white account of how Hurricane and Brierfield were settled some half a century before the Civil War.

"Marster! Oh, Marster!" Huge Hutton, a giant Negro, had hacked his way through thickets to the edge of a bluff where he stood brandishing his ax and shouting, "We's mighty nigh dere. I kin smell de water, suh, smell de water."

"Yes, Huge," his master answered from the rear of a caravan that plodded along the fresh-cut trail. "We should reach the Mississippi today or tomorrow."

Samuel Emory Davis, father of Jefferson Davis, the only white man in a squad of migrating slaves, had halted his pony behind a pair of wagons and smiled as he listened to the ringing of axes. Ever since they'd turned off from the Natchez Trace and plunged westward through the wilderness those two cheerful axmen had pushed on in advance, carving a path for the wagons. Twenty paces behind Huge Hutton and John Plater came Isaac Ringgold (afterward the father of Florida), a slender brown man leading a pair of stout little mules that pulled a wagon with a stock of corn and agricultural implements. A second wagon carried more corn, and on a pad of quilts sat two young mothers with babes suckling at their pendulous breasts. Aunt Sarah, the cook, and Mom Ella usually walked side by side, each holding the hand of a tiny toddler, and careful to see that the youngsters did not hurt their feet on jagged stumps of new-cut saplings.

Journey's End

Bigger boys and girls skylarked around in single garments of homespun, darting off into the forests to chase rabbits with a pack of yapping curs.

"Hooray, Marster!" Huge Hutton yelled again. "Here's de ribber. Run, people, quick."

Every ear pricked up. The wise mules knew they were at their journey's end. Children ran forward, shouting, eager for a first look at the promised land.

"Yes, Huge, here we are," Mr. Davis spoke in a tone of awe as he gazed upon the far-reaching panorama of woods and water that lay beneath him. Almost at his feet the hills broke off, dropping down to dense-grown flatlands that crouched beside the river.

"My people," the master pointed, "there's our future home."

"Home?" skinny Aunt Sarah demanded. "Wharbouts?"

"Down there. At the far end."

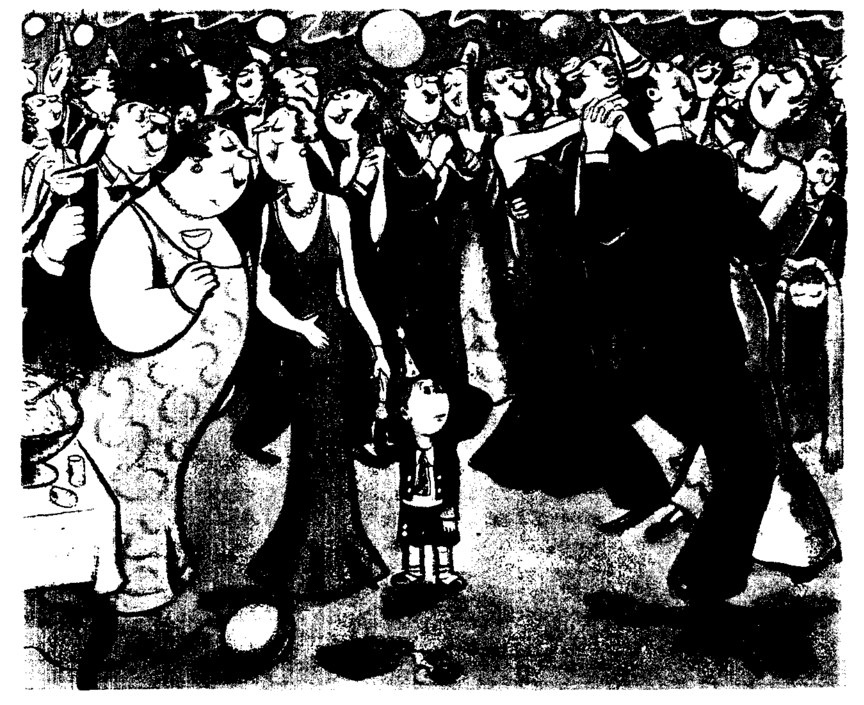
"I don't see no home," Sarah persisted. " 'Tain't nary cabin, neither no clearin'."

"Certainly not, not yet. It's wild land and we must build everything. Yes, Sarah. God gave to man dominion over this earth. Our axes will cut down those trees and fire will burn the canebrakes until we have hundreds of open acres to plant our cotton."

"What's dat, Marster?" asked one of the women who had never seen the Mississippi. "What's dat big thing out yonder?"

Mr. Davis had already noticed a scow floundering in midstream, like a great yellow beetle that had got turned over on its back and waved six futile legs in the air.

"That's a flatboat out of the Ohio



"Isn't this a wonderful party Junior's having?"

SYDNEY HOFF

River," he explained, "bringing provisions to New Orleans. They'll supply us with potatoes and salt meat and apples until we can produce our own."

Negroes stood gaping at the unwieldy craft with six stout Kentuckians working the sweeps and slowly making their way down the Mississippi.

Mr. Davis glanced upward and remarked, "The sun has just risen and we can get settled before dark. Huge, do you see that tall sycamore beside the edge of the slough?"

"Sholy, suh. White as a dead man."

"All right. Take your gang and cut a path down this hill. Aim for the sycamore and you'll find a Choctaw trail that leads to the new plantation."

"Yassuh," Huge nodded. "Joe Thomas, you an' Ringgold git three axes. Give one to Afficker Man, den all three of you come wid us."

After carving a zigzag trail down the precipitous bluff, the ax gang returned and Joe Thomas reported, "Marster, now we got to onload dem wagons and travel light. People kin walk and tote dese things as far as de sycamore."

Both wagons were emptied, corn stuffed in sacks and belongings parceled out. Everybody carried something as the wagons started down the slope, with wheels locked and the stubborn little mules holding back until they reached the comparatively level ground.

Beyond the sycamore tree they came to a scarcely perceptible trail worn by Choctaw moccasins. To their left lay the vast river, occasionally visible through openings in the forest. The master rode ahead, followed by Huge Hutton and John Plater, one on either side, widening the trail with their axes. Negro dogs caught the scent of bears, wolves and panthers and no longer ran yelping through the brush, but tucked their tails and trotted under the wagons. Nobody saw the resentful Indians who hid in the forest, for while these Choctaws were friends of white men they realized that plows and planted fields meant the end of their happy hunting grounds. Bushes were held aside, tense eyes glared at the intruders and slinking bodies vanished.

Founding of a Plantation

For hours the travelers forced their way through an incredible tangle out of which they could see nothing because of green walls that shut them in. It must have been near noon when Mr. Davis stopped under the branches of a great oak and announced, "Well, Mengo, you may take out the mules. Here we are."

Both wagons halted beneath an enormous live oak whose far-flung branches nearly touched the ground and formed a leafy tent where no underbrush could grow. Long gray mosses dangled from the limb and shadowed the unholy spot. Superstitious Negroes clung together, even the children feeling a sense of fear and pressing close to their mothers. Mr. Davis saw the dread that gripped his people and bustled around giving brisk orders: "Mamma Sarah, spread some quilts in the shade for these young mothers to stretch out and rest. Huge, get your ax gang. Big job before us."

"Ready, suh," the cheerful giant answered.

The master did not stumble upon this spot by accident, but on a previous visit had chosen it with care. The land was higher, as he could tell by lack of watermarks on the trees, so he had selected this site for his own residence and slave quarters, which would be above the normal overflows.

"Come, Huge and John." He led them to a slight ridge and pointed. "Start here and cut forty straight trees, averaging one foot through the butt. Twenty feet long with all branches lopped off."

"For buildin' a log house?"

"Precisely. Isaac and Joe Thomas will square them. Afficker Man," he beckoned the willing black who trotted toward him, "clear away the small stuff in here."

Axes rang and trees fell crashing among the underbrush, where their branches were stripped and naked trunks lay prone. Joe Thomas and Isaac Ringgold made chips fly while little boys carried away the trash and piled it at corners of the camp, where watch fires would burn all night.

First Night at Hurricane

Suddenly the children stopped work, flinging down their moss and brushwood to raise a shout and go racing back along the trail, followed by a rabble of yelping curs. The hunters were coming in, the great excitement of their day. Mr. Davis could see the slim black twins, Junius and Jason, trudging toward camp with as many rabbits and squirrels as they could carry, surrounded by children and dogs.

"Let me see, boys," he called to them. "You had a good day's sport?"

"Shucks," Jason snickered, "we could ha' kilt ten times dis many. I ain't never seed so many varmints."

"You'll see plenty here when we burn these canebrakes. This place is alive with bears and wolves and panthers."

"You say pant'ers?"

"Yes, and it's your job to thin them out."

"Meanin' me, suh?"

"We can't have a calf or a pig until you and Junius thin out the panthers."

"S'posin' dey thins us out?"

Joe Thomas looked on smiling and remarked, "Marster, I sho feels sorry dat young Marse Jeff is missin' all dis fun."

"Yes, Jefferson enjoys being in the woods."

"Co'se he do. Ev'y little boy loves to camp out. What you reckin' he's doin' now?"

"Studying, I hope, at his school in Kentucky."

"Huh. I don't see no sense in so much book larnin'."

"Hurry, Jason," Aunt Sarah called from her fire. "Skin yo' critters quick so we kin put 'em in dis pot. Ev'ybody's hongry."

No master ever worked a more willing crew. Before night settled down, dense and throbbing in the jungle, a stout stockade had been built of logs, and their bivouac began to take shape. Four great fires burned at the corners with another in the middle, like a blazing five of hearts. The center pip was Aunt Sarah at the pot. Her stew had simmered all the afternoon, amalgamating the squirrels, rabbits, potatoes and "yarbs" for seasoning.

Owls were hooting in the swamps and night birds flopping heavily overhead when appetites like Huge Hutton's had scraped the bottom of the pot. The well-gorged Jason jerked himself upright at hearing a far-off cry that sounded like the wail of a lost babe.

"Lissen to dat pant'er, Junius," he said to his brother.

"I is. And Marster says us got to thin dem out."

At a little distance Afficker Man squatted on his haunches and eyed the master like a devoted Airedale. He came from a tribe somewhere in the deep interior, and other Negroes regarded him as a cannibal, letting him pretty much alone. Whether cannibal or no, he was the only one of them who had been recently captured and brought over on a slave ship, so Mr. Davis often wondered what hideous tales he could tell if he had not been denied the power of human expression.

Mr. Davis had become interested in watching a savage whose tribe at home had developed no further than a few

A Valentine "Reminder"

ERHAPS you can remember the old-fashioned valentines you used to send . . . before your "Valentine" became your wife.

Now the two of you have problems to work out together . . . the children's education, their future . . . and your own future, too. Naturally, all this suggests your life insurance. But have you had it planned in such a way that it will do exactly what you want it to do?

For example, have you ever taken the time to figure out how much your family would have left for their support, after deducting an estimated "*clearance fund*" for your outstanding obligations and "final expenses"? How much would their *income* be, how long would it last and when would it stop?

And for *yourself*. . . how much could you expect in cash, or income, from your present insurance if you live to retire (your children grown up and married, with homes of their own)?

Then, these questions answered . . . could you save any more money? If so, shouldn't you add to your life insurance for the *double purpose* of increasing your family's protection and accumulating more for your later years?

Finally, what policy should you select? . . . A competent New York Life representative will be glad to assist you with your life insurance program. Ask him to help you work out a suitable plan for you and your family.

Safety is always the first consideration . . . nothing else is so important

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* • ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*

syllables of articulate speech with a crude knowledge of fire. Being more or less ostracized by the other blacks, Afficker Man had found just one outlet for whatever soul might be in him—music. At Negro frolics he would hang around outside, watching through a window while his fingers itched to get hold of a fiddle. Then one day the master gave him a simple instrument, which consecrated the solitary creature to a life of love and service.

The camp had surfeited itself from Sarah's pot, and recumbent figures sprawled about the ground. The women were washing their tins when Aunt Sarah suggested, "Afficker Man, git out yo' fiddle an' play some chunes."

After a nod from his master Afficker Man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders and long, hairy arms hanging down like a gorilla's, went shambling toward the wagon. Gently he brought out his violin and sat on a log. Light still lingered in the sky while the camp itself had grown so dark that the musician's black face was only partially illumined by flickers from the fire. Afficker Man didn't bother about tuning up but plunged into his music while the master sat wondering, "Where did he get it? Where did he get it?"

Jungle Tales Set to Music

He was a natural genius and made his violin speak the universal language. Many plantation Negroes could remember tales that were handed down to them by forebears who had been captured in mud-and-dung villages where mothers crooned to their babes and naked tribesmen idled through the heat. These were the tales that Afficker Man's violin was telling so vividly that even Mr. Davis understood.

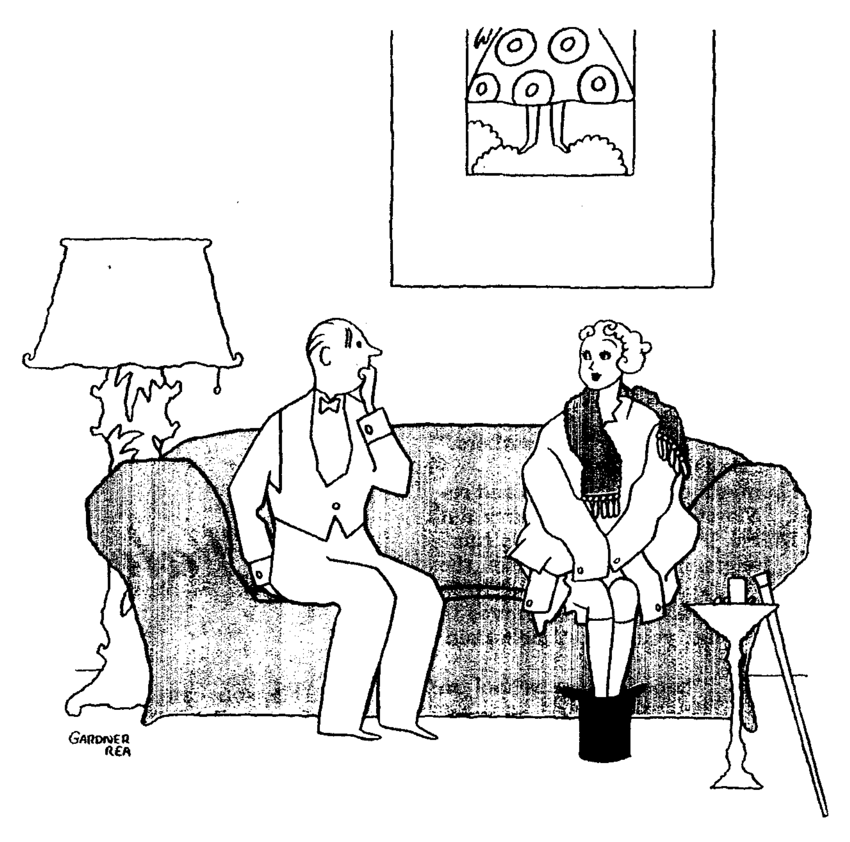
The first low notes suggested a hamlet as it drowsed in the sunshine, the buzz of insects, the bleat of goats. Listeners could hear the savage heart of Africa throbbing in its jungle and all was peace until a dog barked furiously. A woman shrieked. Raiders had fallen upon them in a surprise attack and fierce warriors shouted their battle cries. The music rose and fell in a frenzy as Afficker Man told how the raiders had burst upon his village, killed the men who resisted and dragged all others into slavery.

Mr. Davis felt that he had actually witnessed these horrors and his Negroes saw it, too, for every one of them sat bolt upright with clenched fists and eyes fastened upon the inspired musician. Then his violin shifted into jig tunes and the audience relaxed. Older ones sang and patted their feet while children leaped up to caper around, sitting down again as the music became low and soft with the soothing tones of a lullaby.

"Come 'long, chillun," Mom Ella said as she herded them together. "Time for ev'ybody to be in bed."

All women and children, with several men for protection, trailed off to the stockade where their quilts were spread on soft moss. Father Mengo mended the fire and stretched himself beside it while Afficker Man replaced his violin in its box. Their camp settled down for its first night's rest on what was destined to become the famous "Hurricane Plantation."

Only the master remained awake, seated on a log with a fowling piece across his knee. Fagged as he was, Mr. Davis sat and smiled as he imagined the day when little Jefferson would ride back from school, a tall, strong young man coming home to a prosperous property where the independent life of a cotton farmer was already cut out for him. Occasionally the watcher beside the fire rose and hurled a blazing brand at the eyes of a wolf that glittered from the thicket.



"My poor little hands are still cold, Mr. Hemingway!" GARDNER REA

Years of toil began to show results. Their first crop had been planted with hoes, wriggling among the stumps and partly shaded by deadened trees. All they need do was punch a hole in the ground, drop a seed and let it flourish.

The river had lost its loneliness, for Kentucky boatmen noticed a new clearing and tied up their scows; long-haired, uncouth fellows stalked ashore to barter potatoes, apples, turnips and whisky that they had brought down from the Ohio Valley. Steamboats multiplied, not the gorgeous palaces that afterward developed, but crude little contraptions lashing the water with their paddles and giving communication.

To mature a crop of cotton requires about one hundred days, so the plantation labor had two hundred days each year that were devoted to improvements. Gangs of Negroes grubbed up stumps and widened the fields until the master might now stand on his porch and gaze across hundreds of clear acres, clean and level as a parlor floor, where solemn mules marched before his plows. Each season the clearings grew broader and each season they produced more cotton to buy more slaves. As additional labor was brought to the property other accommodations were added to the quarters, lengthening the village street of whitewashed cabins.

Originally the master had lived in a one-room log hut, little if any better than those occupied by the Negroes. They had got pretty well settled when a devastating storm arose from the river, blowing down their houses and tossing logs like a bunch of toothpicks. With grim humor the place was named Hurricane and rebuilt.

On a ridge near the site of his primitive stockade, Mr. Davis erected a six-room log house with wide halls and generous porches, all made astonishingly comfortable.

Aunt Florida sometimes gets her dates mixed as to which of the daughters were married, and when three of them came to live with their father. But rough-and-tumble pioneering on Hurricane gradually gave way to the refinements of civilization, so that by 1823 their midday dinner had become a leisurely meal for the planter to rest and chat with his family. At either end of a big oblong room Florida, with another small Negro girl, squatted, nodding sleepily and pulling a string that operated a punkah fan suspended on hinges from the ceiling to keep flies off the white folks.

Miss Amanda, the eldest daughter, sat at the head of the table across from her father, with Lucinda and little Mary on either side. Waiter boys hurried to and from a detached brick kitchen at the rear, where Aunt Sarah bent over her fireplace and sent in smoking dishes.

Mail Day on the Mississippi

Usually their meals were periods of relaxation but today they seemed excited and expectant, for this was mail day, and several hours ago they had seen the steamboat pass upstream from New Orleans. Early in the morning of mail days Junius always appeared at the Big House to get a cloth bag with a puckering string, mounted his mule and rode off to the post office at Warrenton Landing while three girls called to him from their front gallery, "Hurry, Junius, hurry. Don't stop anywhere." And Mary would add, "We expect a letter from Brother Jefferson."

As a rule Junius returned about dinnertime and now all four of them watched from the windows where soft white curtains pulsed in and out, stirred by river breezes.

"Father," the practical Amanda remarked, "I cannot see why you are so bent on making a farmer out of Jefferson."

"Because it's the greatest career that an ambitious young man can pursue, to grow cotton on these rich lands."

"Maybe Jefferson will not want to be a farmer."

"He's never tried it."

"Oh, yes, he did—forgive the contradiction," Amanda tossed her head and laughed; "he did try. Tried hard."

"When?"

"Don't you remember the day he rushed home, so angry and outraged by his teacher, announcing that he'd never go back to school, never."

"Of course I remember," the father chuckled.

"And how you two sat in conference to discuss the situation? I stayed in the room and listened while you explained that everybody must work, either with his head or his hands. And if Jefferson were not trained to use his mind, then he must earn a living with his muscle."

"That's true, but he well-nigh out-talked me. Jefferson's a mighty man at argument."

"Anyhow, Father," Amanda continued, "it impressed me that you treated the child as if he were a responsible human being. Man to man you gave him free choice to be educated or to labor with his hands."

"Then sent him out with the plow gang," Lucinda said.

"Shame! Such a little chap, only nine years old."

"It was the best thing to do," their father maintained. "I let Jefferson convince himself."

"Well, he did convince himself. You remember, Father, how he looked that first day when he came in to dinner, red-faced, his hands blistered, and sat down without saying a word; so wretched that we ought not to have burst out laughing. Still he didn't speak, just gritted his teeth and said nothing."

A Favor from Mr. Calhoun

"Yes, Amanda, that boy stuck to his plow for three days. Every time I rode through the field I saw him plowing his own row, and scarcely tall enough to reach the plow handles. Amanda, do you know what decided him?"

"Yes. He confessed to me that he was thinking of how an illiterate white man must toil on a level with the blacks."

"That's why he came to me and said, 'Father, I want to go back to school'—and made an excellent student."

"I hope," bright-eyed Mary spoke up from her side of the table, "I hope he gets that cadetship at West Point. Won't it be splendid to have him visit us and strut around in his trim new uniform?"

"Splendid, no," her father almost snapped. "Soldiering's a hard life."

"But you were a soldier in the Revolutionary War," Lucy argued. "And so were three of your sons in the War of 1812."

"That's different. I had to help free these colonies from the oppression of King George. And your brothers had to march with Old Hickory to New Orleans and give the British another licking. It's necessary sometimes to fight for our country, but I don't like soldiering as a profession."

Suddenly Mary pushed back her chair and sprang up, exclaiming, "There's Junius," then went flying down the walk to snatch the mailbag from him. Back she rushed, opening the bag as she came, to dump an assortment of newspapers, packages and letters on a side table.

"Here's the letter. From Transylvania University. Addressed to you, Father. Please, please, open it quickly."

The excited girl fidgeted behind her father's chair as he tore open the envelope. Then she leaned over his shoulder, reading as he read.

"What does Brother Jeff say about the cadetship?" Lucy inquired eagerly.

"Mr. Calhoun has appointed him."

"I'm so glad. So glad."

The more serious Amanda had noticed her father slump forward, resting both elbows on the table, and even the enthusiastic Mary stopped jigging behind his chair. Florida and the other Negro girl jerked their fan; the curtains swished in and out at the windows, as the bitterly disappointed old man looked up and said, "Mr. Calhoun has rendered me a sorry service."

The second article of this series will appear next week

Do Be Sure the Tomato Juice You Buy is Campbell's. Remember there Really is a

BIG DIFFERENCE IN TOMATO JUICE

NATURAL TANG that refreshes you at first sip, perks you up in one cold glassful —that's the first difference you'll note in this tomato juice of Campbell's

VITAMINS A, B & C retained to the maximum make for an important difference. There's health in every glass of tomato juice—if it's Campbell's

FRESH FLAVOR, alive with the verve of August-fresh tomatoes, and *kept* alive for you by special canning. Taste the difference in Campbell's

Rich Man's Refuge

Continued from page 14

And that reminds us of how this refuge of the rich happened to get started up there behind the mountains whose ramparts the tax collectors cannot scale. There may have been stranger accidents, but we never heard of one.

Six years ago not even the Nevadans knew they lived in a tax haven. They hadn't changed their tax laws materially since 1874, the year of the big upheaval over the cost of state government, when the state's tax rate hit an all-time high of $1.25 a hundred. That autumn the citizens rushed to the ballot booths and threw the rascals out. Since then the rate has been whittled down steadily year by year to sixty-eight cents. The Nevadans saw nothing remarkable in that. They don't like to pay taxes and never did, and they elected governors and legislators who kept their state in the black when others were going deeper and deeper in the red. But, far from shouting about it, the Nevadans didn't even know they had done anything exceptional, until Mr. Fleischmann came along.

"Nevada Unlimited"

Max C. Fleischmann is the yeast king. For many years he has been a moving spirit in the Montecito millionaire colony near Santa Barbara. Even outside business hours he's a very yeasty character, given to violent fermentations over rights and wrongs, and quite willing to sacrifice his personal comforts or tastes over matters of principle.

Some five years ago when the California legislature, along with those of other states, hatched a brood of new tax laws, Mr. Fleischmann bubbled over with indignation. He organized a revolt among the aristocrats of Montecito colony and they agreed to let him lead them out of California if a tax refuge could be found elsewhere. Mr. Fleischmann's attorneys were instructed to make a survey of the tax laws of every state in the country. They discovered Nevada's unique setup.

In the first place, the Nevadans had but one tax, an assessment on real property. They had no income tax, no sales tax, no inheritance tax, no tax on securities or intangibles, no corporation or estate taxes. Furthermore, the one property tax raised not only the funds the state needed, but likewise those for the counties, the school districts and the towns. This wasn't just the law of Nevada. It was written into the state constitution by special amendment.

Even more astonishing, the state had no outstanding indebtedness in private hands. Nor had any of the counties or the towns. Every dollar's worth of bonds issued by the state, the counties, the towns or the school districts for public improvements had been purchased by the state treasurer either with the state's surplus funds or those held in trust for the university, hospitals or other endowed institutions. The Nevadans clung to the old-fashioned idea that their government should be run on a cash-and-carry basis.

They had evolved another ingenious device for keeping themselves out of debt. Before a bond issue could be put out by any city, county or any other political unit, it had to run the gantlet of the state tax commission, and then be approved by the people themselves at a selective election.

Elated over this discovery, Mr. Fleischmann planned to buy the whole Washoe Valley, south of Reno. But when it came to pulling up stakes in Montecito, most of his neighbors found the wrench too much. Reluctantly, he abandoned plans for moving the colony bodily over the Sierra Nevada, but he purchased a sizable bit of forested lake front, built a quarter-million-dollar mansion and transferred both his legal residence and estate headquarters to Nevada.

Max Fleischmann is credited with launching the trek of the rich to Nevada. Those Nevada millionaires who antedate him came out for quick divorces, fell in love with the country and remained as residents. But the yeast king came seeking a haven. He sold his friends and even the Nevadans on the tax-refuge idea. Others followed him, not only from Southern California, but from New York, Chicago, even from Canada, the Philippines and a lot of other places.

Personal items in the Nevada papers are a strange blend of socialite Washington and New York, the industrial Midwest, Hollywood, Palm Springs, Pasadena and the international set.

"Nevada Unlimited" sent a special invitation to the Duke of Windsor and Wally to take refuge in Silverado. And got a reply, too. His Royal Highness regretted he couldn't become a Nevadan and said so as if he meant it. But Christian Arthur Wellesley, Fourth Earl of Cowley, has become a dirt farmer in Washoe Valley. And Mr. and Mrs. Norman Biltz (she's the former Esther Auchincloss, you know) have moved into their hundred-thousand-dollar home in Reno. Mrs. Susie C. Snyder of New York and her daughter, the former Princess Karageorgevitch, are now Nevadans. Rex Bell, Hollywood director, and his wife, Clara Bow, spend a lot of time at their ranch near Searchlight. E. C. Ruckstell, the axle maker, has purchased a home near Boulder City. Mr. Arthur K. Bourne (sewing machines) of Chicago, is in his new home, Round Mountain Lodge, on the lake. Dr. W. B. and Mrs. Janet Newlands Johnston of Washington, D. C., and Paris, France, made their residence in Nixon House, Reno.

A Big-Money Game

To quote these items ad infinitum from the Reno papers might give an impression that most of the newcomers are society swells, but that's not so. A lot of them are just poor plain millionaires with money to hang onto by some hook or crook. Fellows like John J. Raskob, who has bought heavily in mines and whose sons, John J., Junior, and Robert, are managing the former motor magnate's Nevada properties. Or Errett L. Cord, another motor maker, who had bought the Black Mammoth, the Merry Mine and other properties at Silver Peak, where he maintains his home and plane.

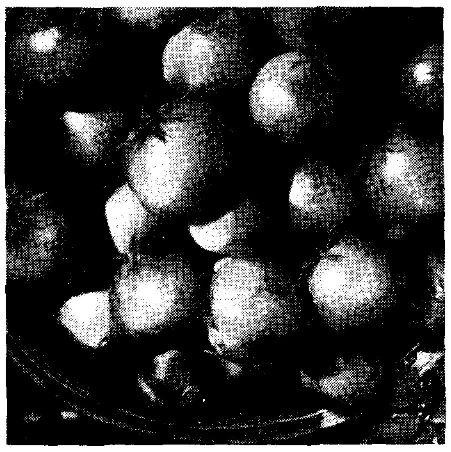
The influx of the wealthy has changed the Nevada mining picture. We were discussing it with Hal Lemmon over at Sierra Pacific Power Company. Mr. Lemmon used to be a fighting Carson City editor and he knows what it is to put editions to bed from behind the bars of the old stone jail for being forthright in his views. He knows the old Nevada.

"It wasn't so long ago that the saloonkeepers had the hills plastered with prospectors on grubstake," he said. "Now the grubstakers are businessmen from the East."

The newcomers have made mining a big-money game. There's hardly a mining property around Virginia City, Tonapah, Goldfield, Eureka, or anywhere else in the state, for that matter, that hasn't taken in rich men from New

Campbell's is the one with the True Fresh Tomato Flavor-You can

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

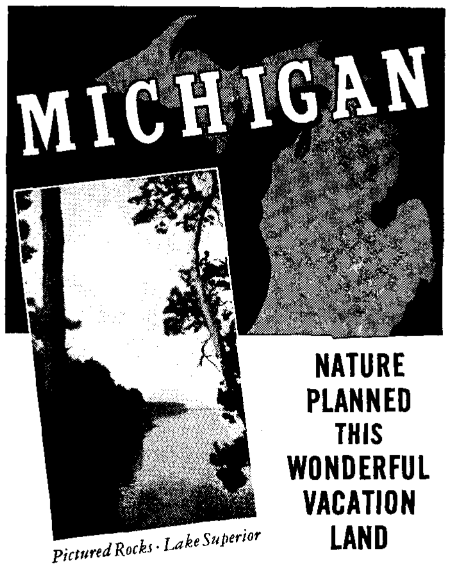


AT THEIR BEST. The tomatoes are specially grown. Then, at their luscious peak, they are picked and hurried, top-speed but with care, to Campbell's

KEPT THAT WAY. By skillful preparing and canning, flavor and health value are captured to delight you now, months later. It's—Campbell's

Campbell's
TOMATO JUICE

LARGEST SELLING tomato juice of all is Campbell's. Small wonder, for the flavor is so true and fresh. Truly you can **TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!**


MICHIGAN
Pictured Rocks · Lake Superior
NATURE PLANNED THIS WONDERFUL VACATION LAND

It's not a bit too early to plan the most enjoyable vacation of your life. Make it Michigan next summer! Here is everything you want for a restful or an active vacation. 5,000 fresh, clear lakes, four of the five Great Lakes, the longest shoreline of any state in the nation, 9,000 miles of fine highways, 56 well-kept, inviting State Parks. Great fishing, boating, swimming, golf and tennis. Plan NOW for a Michigan vacation!

STATE OF MICHIGAN TOURIST BUREAU
122 STATE CAPITOL, LANSING, MICHIGAN

Trout fishing

RITE for attrac-

Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN A WEEK

York or Tulsa or Chicago as partners. The sleeping ghost towns of the Comstock Lode have come to life again. At the end of Virginia City's rambling, ramshackle main street, steam shovels scoop pay dirt from a dozen pits. With heavy machinery they're working ground that the old-time miners scorned.

Bernard M. Baruch and some of his Wall Street associates have joined George Wingfield in a big mining operation in the center of a million acres of worthless sagebrush land in Eureka County. They bought the desert to head off encroachment. Mining engineers told them they needed a 4,000-ton stamp mill to handle the ore. Instead they built a 400-ton mill, one that can be run by pushing buttons and with a minimum of labor.

When old George Austin proved up Nevada's latest and most sensational gold strike at Jungo with a hole of fabulous wealth, a year and a half ago, rich men from many places suddenly took vacations in Nevada. George found them crowding his little store, offering capital to his wife when he was too busy to listen to them. He turned them down one by one, including John J. Raskob, the Democrat, and Herbert Hoover, the Republican. And a lot of others, too. When his offer was turned down, Mr. Hoover said, "Well, George, if that were my mine, I would be just like you and I wouldn't sell it to anyone."

Not all the newcomers are hipped on mining. A lot of them are going into agriculture. Seriously. You never thought of Nevada as a farming state? Neither did they. But the facts are agriculture ranks with mining as a major Nevada industry. Each enriches the state to the tune of some $11,000,000 a year, or six times as much as the divorce mill brings in and ten times as much as the take of all the gay gambling clubs of Reno together.

Saving $30,000 a Year

In fact, the scramble for ranches in the chain of fertile valleys that stretches for fifty miles along the Sierra Nevada ramparts south of Reno has become a problem for the real-estate dealers. They can't find enough ranches to supply the demand. Some have bought dude ranches, like Mrs. Beverly Blackmer, formerly Francesca Frazier of New York, who now owns the 250,000-acre Big Canyon Ranch on Pyramid Lake. H. B. R. Bushard, a California millionaire, bought the entire eastern slope of Mount Rose, west of Reno, for a fifty-thousand-acre stock ranch. A retired New York brain specialist has located on the slope west of Minden. And so the Nevada land rush goes on.

Some of the tax refugees are extremely shy about discussing their Nevada residence. They crawl into their holes as soon as you mention the subject to them. Others want to shout about it from the housetops, like Frank R. Payne, a retired chain-store merchant.

"I'm sixty-five years old," he told us. "I've worked hard for what I have. My wife has worked hard with me. When I was sixty years old I said, 'They don't work a horse more than fifteen years. I'm four times that old, so I'm going to quit work.'

"I was living up in Salt Lake City at the time. It was a little too cold there so I started looking for a warmer place. The choice narrowed down to Florida, Washington or California. Florida was too warm in summer, so we went to Seattle. Soon after we arrived there the state passed an income tax. It hit us too hard, so we moved to Hollywood and built our home there. Then the California legislature passed an income tax running up to fifteen per cent. I said, 'I'm going to try again!' So I came up here and found that Nevada had the most equable taxes in the world.

"My father died when I was six years old and my Scotch mother used to say to me, 'Son, willful waste brings woeful want. Always put something aside, for you never know when it will rain.' I have done that all my life and my wife has done it, too. We've been thrifty. Now the tax collectors of most states would like to take what we have accumulated. If I died they would take one half of my estate from my wife just when she needed it. You can see what a difference it makes to a man with a modest estate when I tell you I save about $30,000 a year by being a citizen of Nevada."

This year, according to the census estimators, Nevada's population passed the hundred-thousand mark for the first time. But for a better yardstick of the state's growth, turn to the books of the property assessors. Ten years ago all the property in Washoe County, in which Reno is located, was assessed at $37,858,120. Last year it was worth $42,377,765. The increase is mainly in new homes. Or look at the bank deposits. After the bank holiday of 1933, there was but one institution in Reno able to open its doors. The deposits aggregated $3,000,000. Today this same bank, with sixteen new branches over the state, has $30,000,000 in deposits.

One of the officers of the bank reached in his desk and pulled out a sheet of paper filled with names and figures. He folded the sheet so that the names were concealed and the amounts visible. The smallest item was $11,000, the largest $159,000. The total at the bottom read $1,400,000.

"All new accounts that have come in during the last ninety days," he explained. "Here's what brings them in."

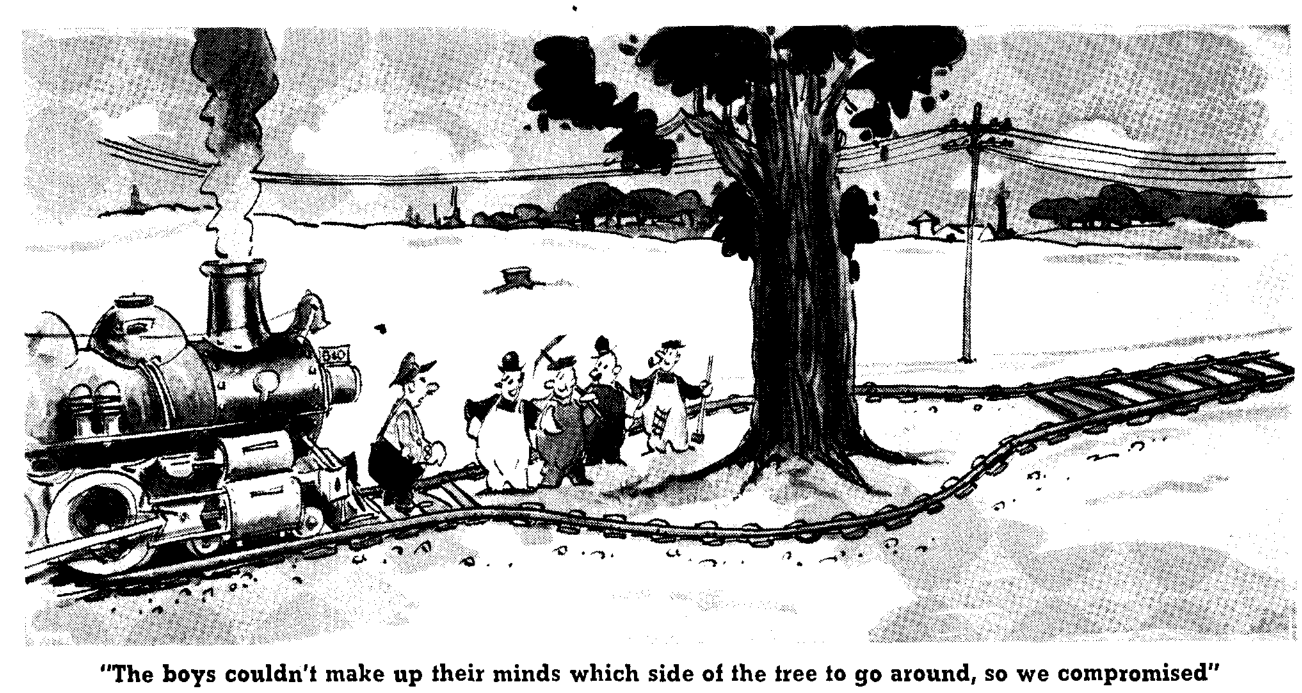
He pushed a book across the desk. On the cover was the legend, "One Sound State." The book was a reprint of a series of articles first published in the Nevada State Journal by Editor F. W. McKechnie, who is credited with originating the idea that Nevadans ought to sell their taxpayers' storm cellar far and wide. The First National Bank distributed ten thousand of the books to wealthy people everywhere. From another drawer in his desk the banker drew a stack of letters four inches high from movie stars and producers, financiers, manufacturers, merchants, oil producers and professional men, all wanting to know more about the storm cellar.

Divorces Off, Marriages Up

"Well, what are you going to do with all these millionaires when you get them here?" we asked. "Make another Palm Beach or Santa Barbara?"

"I should say not. That's the last thing we want. We're going to keep Nevada a plain, freedom-loving frontier state where a man can go out on the highway and drive as fast as he wants to, or go into a gambling club and gamble all he wants to. He can go into the mountains and hunt all he wants or out to the lakes and fish to his heart's content. We've got everything in this damn' state but we've had to be a little bit bad to advertise it."

When we left him he was explaining how things were changing. The divorce mill, which has been grinding out marital freedom at the rate of three thousand units annually, was off eight per cent last year. But marriages were up to four thousand a year, thanks to the California law requiring a three-day wait to think it over after filing notice of intent to wed. In fact, one of the air lines was doing a land-office business in California on Reno weddings; sixty dollars on the counter for an all-expense honeymoon including round-trip transportation for two, the license and minister's gratuity; seventy dollars with room overnight and breakfast. But if you're in such a hurry that the county clerk has to get out of bed to issue the license, why, that's two dollars extra.

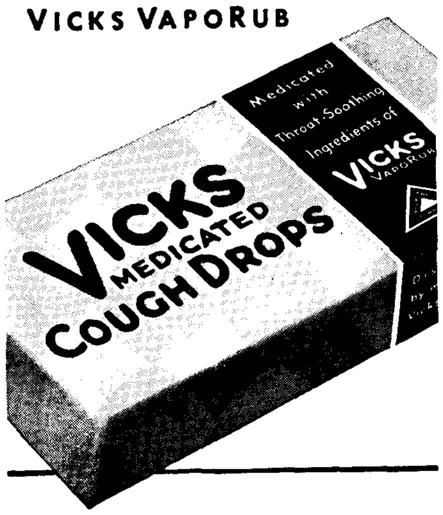


"The boys couldn't make up their minds which side of the tree to go around, so we compromised"

REAMER KELLER

Actually

MEDICATED WITH
THROAT-SOOTHING
INGREDIENTS OF
VICKS VAPORUB


VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VapoRub

Good News... and Good Whiskey... always get a Grand Welcome

J. G. WIDJETTS
7TH VICE PRESIDENT

GOOD news travels fast, but *Good Whiskey* travels slowly... over the tongue. That way is favored ...because that way it's *savored*. And once *you* savor G & W, you'll agree—it's *Good Whiskey*. Good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. Good all the way through because it's controlled at every step. *Get Wise*...get G & W...and learn why those two letters mean *special delivery* every time!

WIN THIS FASCINATING CARD GAME!

The 8 "G & W" expressions below are purposely scrambled. For correct arrangements, like "*Grass Widow*," plus best comments on G & W whiskies or gins, Gooderham & Worts Ltd., will award, FREE, the brand new party game *Gang Way*.* You can play 17 different fascinating games! Send your entry to G & W, P. O. Box 887, Detroit, Mich., before February 28, 1938!

Grass Welles
Golden Word
Gideon Warbler
Granite Works
Gas Wall
Great Washington
Good Western
George Widow

G&W
G&W
Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS
1 PINT
7 YEARS OLD
100° PROOF
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA BY
Gooderham & Worts Limited
TORONTO CANADA ESTO 1832
G&W
ESTD 1832
G & W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
G&W
THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
G&W
Mill Farm
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
90 PROOF
ONE PINT

Get Wise...get G&W...it's Good Whiskey

G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON OR RYE WHISKEY—This whiskey is 7 years old. Bottled in Bond in Canada. 100 proof.

G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% grain neutral spirits. 90 proof.

G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—This whiskey is 2 years old. 90 proof.

*This offer good for adults other than Liquor Industry Employees, in states where such offers are permitted.

DON'T LET A GROWING WAISTLINE SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE

GET THAT TRIM ATHLETIC LOOK WITH THE Bracer

NO RIP. The Bracer's seams are impregnated with live rubber—cannot loosen or pull out. The Bracer stands up under hardest wear.

NO BULGE. The Bracer is knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn to insure complete support.

NO ROLL. Four removable ribs at the top prevent rolling, keep The Bracer comfortable, snug, in position.

NO BOTHER. The exclusive fly front means you can wear The Bracer all day without removing. No buttons or buckles to bother with.

Amazing new-type supporter belt makes you look better—feel better, too

When your waistline begins to bulge and you lose that well-groomed, athletic look, don't worry. Try The Bracer. You'll look years younger, instantly—regain that trim, neat appearance—feel better, too! For this amazing new-type supporter belt is scientifically designed to give complete support with the greatest protection and comfort.

A Bauer & Black product, The Bracer is made from the finest materials, under conditions of hospital cleanliness. No detail is overlooked to insure the highest quality. So don't worry about that bulge. Get The Bracer—*only The Bracer assures you—no roll, no rip, no bulge, no bother.* At department, drug, haberdashery and sporting goods stores.

THE Bracer

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail this coupon with a check or money order. Price $2.00 (Canada $2.75).

BAUER & BLACK, Division of The Kendall Co.,
Dept. A-50, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
(In Canada, Station K, Toronto.)

I am enclosing check or money order for________
Please send me________Bracers
My waist measurement is________
Name________
Address________
City________State________
My dealer's name
and address is________

Castle Sinister

Continued from page 19

He would have given it no further thought if it had not been for the night before, but now all the while he walked along the causeway he could not help feeling something was behind him. It gave him a conspicuous, almost guilty, sensation as he walked.

The distance to Smith Island was not only longer than he had anticipated, but he had not considered also that there would be flies on the marsh, until they came buzzing out of nowhere, charging at his face, dodging clumsily when he struck at them. Afterward, when he thought of Smith Island he always associated it with the hostile buzzing of stinging flies.

In spite of the cool breeze he was hot by the time he had crossed the marsh. A lane led between stone walls enclosing old fields so overgrown as to show that the place must have started running down a good fifty years before. Nevertheless, when he was near the house, traces of previous formality and pretentiousness of the grounds made him forget the wildness. The lane became an avenue, which passed between two granite gateposts and wound in a curving drive beneath a border of elms. In a hollow were the remains of barns and outbuildings whose roofs were caving in, but the house stood by itself, aloof from everything else, on the remains of a series of formal terraces, at the end of what had been a long, broad path. The house and lawns had been surrounded once by a high, elaborate wooden fence now rotted almost beyond recognition except for occasional posts with the remains of wooden figures perched on top of them, representing weather-beaten, grotesque images of men and animals. He could see as he walked up the path the vestiges of formal gardens and summerhouses obscured partly by heavy growths of lilac. Enough remained to show that the dwelling had stood in a fantastic, overplanted, overdecorated setting, and now it rose out of that ancient elaboration nakedly and sadly. Its white paint was half weathered into the gray of wood. There were magnificently carved medallions above the tall windows. The main doorway was a broken arch with a weathered pineapple decoration on top.

John Thorne's professional interest made him pause before the doorway. He had never seen such a house before. It had an abnormal quality that was entirely beyond him. It told unmistakably that the man who had built it had been afflicted by a sort of madness that had caused a definite creative achievement. It was not difficult to imagine that there might be a contagion to the eccentricity, or that anyone who dwelt there might be seized with it.

What made the place stranger was an utter lack of life. As far as he could tell, standing there before the door, the house might have been deserted for a hundred years, as little used as the baths of Caracula. The wind moved through the trees in fitful gusts and every moment the fog was growing thicker.

John Thorne whistled tunelessly and walked slowly toward a set of granite steps that led to the imposing door, and he saw that its panels were stained green from a great brass eagle knocker. A name was engraved on the bar of the knocker, which was still legible beneath the verdigris. "Lord Budge," he read.

The name made the whole house assume the aspect of Wuthering Heights.

"Except it looks crazier," Thorne said to himself, "crazier even than the Brontë sisters."

The knocker worked easily enough when he used it. It made the great door boom like a drum and the sound was followed by another as though the two were mechanically connected. A dog was barking in the hall inside with a deep-throated, sullen roar. The sound made John Thorne take a step backward, and just then the door was opened.

A girl in blue dungaree trousers opened the door, but he did not have time to look at her carefully; he was looking with deeper interest at a brindle mastiff that she was holding on a heavy leather leash. Folds of skin hung loosely over bloodshot eyes and heavy jowls. The eyes beneath the loose skin glowered with disapproval and their owner was growling softly.

In contrast the girl seemed uncomfortably small and delicate and he hoped she was strong enough to hold the dog, until her manner made him understand that she might not wish to hold it.

"What do you want?" she asked him. Her voice sounded musical above the brindle's growls. "Didn't you see the sign at the head of the road? I don't want to buy any lightning rods or vacuum cleaners or life insurance. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said John Thorne; "I understand perfectly. I wish you'd put the dog away. I won't disturb you for more than a few minutes."

"You won't disturb me as long as that," the girl said. "You came up by the road, didn't you? Well, this is private property."

"Now wait a minute," John Thorne said. "I've come here on definite business." He smiled reassuringly. "I really don't mean any harm. I'm just an antiquarian."

But the girl was not impressed. She bent down and touched the dog's head.

"You go down the lane," she said, "and keep going, or he'll know what to do."

"Come now," John Thorne said, still smiling, "that isn't any way to talk. I haven't the slightest idea that you'll set that dog on me."

Her next remark would have filled him with astonishment if he had had time to be astonished. As it was the whole thing was so unexpected that he scarcely heard what she said. He was standing on the broad step by the front door when he heard her say:

"Haven't you?" and then her voice grew sharper. "Go and get him, Rollo."

He could not take much credit to himself for the next few moments. Rollo must have made a clean jump at him from the threshold, for he remembered a shape like a projectile coming toward him. He always said that it was not Rollo's fault that things did not go worse for him and it was not because of any personal skill. John Thorne had a wiry build, weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, and his hands were strong. He must have raised his hands in an instinct for self-defense, when his fingers accidentally encountered Rollo's throat. Then he and the dog rolled down the steps, but, though the fall half stunned him, he continued to keep his hold. The dog's legs were clawing at him. The animal's body thrashed from side to side, and as Thorne's wits came back he knew that he must not let go; he had Rollo by the windpipe and was choking off his breath. Perhaps half a minute later John Thorne found himself kneeling on top of the dog, still holding him by the throat.

At the same time everything was coming back to him through a bright haze of anger. He could see the gray-

SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

Modern-Formula Piso's Relieves Coughs Due to Colds in 2 Definite Ways

Tonight - - when you feel a coughing spell coming on, have Piso's ready to give you relief in two definite ways - - *both* locally and internally.

LOCALLY, Piso's clings to your throat, promptly soothes irritated membranes and allays the tickling that makes you cough.

INTERNALLY, Piso's formula includes two important cough-loosening ingredients that stimulate protective secretions in your throat and bronchial channels. This internal effect helps loosen tight, irritating phlegm, and clears air passages.

For comforting relief from coughs due to colds, ask your druggist now for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's). PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

Start a POTATO CHIP BUSINESS IN YOUR KITCHEN *and* MAKE MONEY!

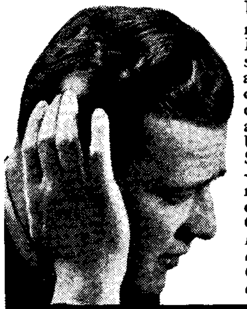
Buy potatoes for 2c a lb. Make sensational new "Greaseless" Potato Chips and sell for 35c a lb. Ideal business for men or women in spare or full time. Small investment buys complete equipment. No experience needed. I show you how to get stores to sell all you make; tell you how to make profit first day. All information, pictures, prices and terms sent free. Send a postal card for Free Facts on this big "Home Business" Opportunity. G. H. HARDT, Dept. D-222, 325 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

For a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also free book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," address Carter's, 46 Park Place, New York City.

Patchy Baldness

DANDRUFF—ITCHING?



Use the method so many follow—Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic Massage. It's a remarkable aid for combatting these and other common scalp and hair conditions. Use Glover's Medicated Soap for the Shampoo—cleanses the scalp, removes Medicine's piney odor. All Druggists sell Glover's.

Barbers and Hairdressers are skilled in giving Glover's Mange Medicine Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

white walls of the house. The girl was bending over him, pulling at his arm.

"Don't," she was crying to him. "You're killing him."

John Thorne looked up at her. His light gray coat was in ribbons, his cheek was bleeding.

"You started it, didn't you?" he said.

"Don't," she cried again. "He was only going to knock you down."

John Thorne grinned at her. "Are you telling me?" he said.

"Don't," she cried, and then her voice was choked in a sob, "please! Don't you see you're killing the dog?"

"I hope you're right," John Thorne said, "because that's what I'm trying to do."

"You don't understand," she answered. "He wouldn't have hurt you. He's just trained to knock you down. He's really very gentle. Please let him go."

The girl was crying.

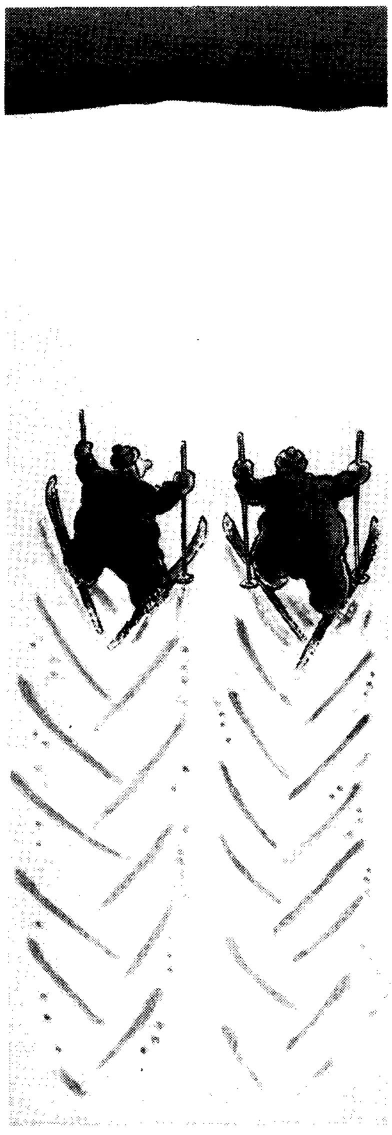
"I did it for your own good," she was sobbing. "Some — someone's coming here. He ought to be here any minute."

John Thorne stood up breathing heavily and dusted his coat and looked down at the dog.

"All right," he said; "he isn't dead. Are you going to do what I tell you now, or aren't you?"

"You can't stay here," she said. "You've got to go now right away. You don't understand."

"You're mistaken," John Thorne answered her. "You're the one who doesn't understand. You're going to get me some hot water and soap. Then you're going to get a needle and thread and sew up my coat, and then, when I'm sufficiently rested, you're going to show me through the inside of your house."



"Oh, going up is all right. It's coming down I don't like!"

JAY IRVING

She rubbed her sleeve across her face and pushed her hair back from her eyes.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"Oh, yes, I do," John Thorne told her. "I came here on legal business and before you let me explain you set your dog on me, and you can go to court for that. Do you want to go to court?"

"I'm sorry," she said; "I'm really awfully sorry, but you can't—"

"You'd better be," John Thorne told her.

The dog was gasping for breath, and John bent over and slapped him.

"Get up. Good boy," he said. "Now missy will put a leash on you and we'll all go to the house, and while missy makes us comfortable—"

"I told you I was sorry," the girl said. "Isn't that enough?"

"No," John Thorne said, "it isn't. I'll get through with my business here and then I'll go."

"But I own this place," she said, "and I have some—some friends who are coming any minute. They mustn't see you here."

"THAT may bother you," John Thorne told her, "but it doesn't bother me at all. Put a leash on Rollo, Miss, and we'll go inside and talk, or else I'll go down town and swear a warrant and come back with the police."

He was sure then that she looked frightened.

"Will you promise me you'll go away just as soon as you can?" she asked him. "Will you get whatever you want over with just as soon as you can?"

John Thorne grinned at her.

"Don't you worry," he assured her. "I won't stay here a minute longer than is necessary. I don't like it here. In fact, I was warned against you."

"Warned against me?" she repeated.

"I hear you smoke and paint," John Thorne told her, "and live out here alone. Come to think of it I'd like a cigarette, and I'm dying, simply dying, to see your lovely house. I told you I was an antiquarian."

"A what?" she repeated.

"An antiquarian," John Thorne answered. "A specialist in the field of American crudes."

"Is that what you are?" she said. "Is that what you are really?"

"Yes," John Thorne said. "What did you think I was?"

"Oh, dear," she said. "Well, never mind. We'd better go inside. What are American crudes?"

She walked quickly ahead of him, up the steps to the open door leading the brindle dog, while John Thorne followed, mopping the gash on the side of his cheek. He was surprised at his own reaction. The indignation that he felt did not obscure his curiosity. He wondered why the girl had thought he was. There was no doubt that she had seemed relieved when he told her that he was an antiquarian. Besides, he had an idea that he had seen her somewhere. He was sure that he had seen her.

When they were in the front hall she faced him, frowning.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll get you some soap and water."

He stood looking about him, listening to the neat, precise sound of her footsteps. The interior of the house followed a formal design similar to other square three-story dwellings of the late eighteenth century. The hall divided the house in two from front to back. A broad staircase rose to a landing and branched to the left. Although the doors opening on the hallway were closed, he could imagine the rooms behind them, the high-studded rooms of the time, beautifully proportioned, each with its fireplace, each with wainscot and formal molding.

He recalled that Lord Robert Budge

A home of their own

and money to spare

Thanks to their Fidelity Income Plan nobody has to "take care" of them

THE years fly by with lightning speed as the forties draw near . . . particularly for husbands and wives who have never been able to acquire any substantial cash reserves.

And yet many, who are far from old age, find it a simple matter to relax and rest, long before they otherwise could, simply because they have been putting aside small sums each month in a Fidelity Income Plan.

More quickly than you ever dreamed, a little odd change each day will build up a substantial Fidelity retirement fund for you, will help you obtain a home of your own in some sunny clime, will provide the means for travel and recreation.

Behind you stand the experience and integrity of an organization over a quarter century old with assets in excess of 34 millions of dollars.

Fidelity has always met every contractual obligation when due without exception. Fidelity keeps on deposit at all times with the state treasurer of West Virginia or other state depositories, approved securities equaling the total cash liability to all contract-owners.

Whatever your age, it is simple and easy to start and complete a Fidelity Income Plan adapted to virtually any future need. Without obligation, phone our nearest office now or mail the coupon to Fidelity headquarters.

Established over 26 years . . . Assets over $34,000,000.00

FIDELITY INVESTMENT ASSOCIATION, WHEELING, W. VA.

JOHN MARSHALL, *Chairman* CARMI A. THOMPSON, *President*

Offices in Principal Cities. Affiliate: Fidel Association of New York, Inc.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Fidelity Investment Association, Dept. C1
Wheeling, West Virginia

Without obligation, I should like to know more about the Fidelity Income Plan for future financial security.

Name..............................

Street and No...............................

City.............................. *State*..............................

Make your future secure through

FIDELITY INCOME PLAN

Out of date—
MORNING-AFTERS!
Smart men snap out of them this FASTER way
"LATE SPORTS BROADCAST. ALL IN NEXT MORNING. THEN TOOK BROMO-SELTZER
IN TOP FORM AFTER A PARTY, THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER
BROMO-SELTZER

"Strenuous job—reporting an ice-hockey game. Next morning I woke up with a nervous headache. Bromo-Seltzer cleared it away—left me keener."
CLYDE KITTELL, announcer.

Eases head, calms nerves

● Morning-after headaches may come from upset stomach, parties, nervous strain. Get rid of them the way successful men do—with Bromo-Seltzer.

Doctors proved that Bromo-Seltzer clears up morning-after *faster* than any other remedy they tested. It does *more* for you! Settles your stomach—calms quivering nerves and *alkalizes!* At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too!

P. S. Bromo-Seltzer can also help *prevent* morning-after. Take it at bedtime. Then, after waking, take another Bromo-Seltzer to offset the effects of late hours.

ALLAN W. BETTS, hockey player, says: "Have to be in top form for this sport. After a party, I take Bromo-Seltzer before going to bed. It helps prevent headache. Another on waking leaves me peppier."

Helps prevent morning-after

had referred to his house as a palace, and he was not far from right, for it had a dingy magnificence and the imprint of a personality in spite of that austere accuracy. A spirit seemed to hover about the enclosed silence, a spirit that was half malicious, half amused.

John Thorne was examining the stair railing when the girl came back, and again he was sure that he had seen her somewhere.

"I suppose you've noticed," he said, "that no two sticks are alike."

"No," she answered, "I hadn't noticed. Here's your water and some soap and a towel. You can put the basin on the stairs. There isn't any hot water. Are you really interested in banisters?"

"I'm supposed to be," John Thorne said, "but I was just wondering whether I am. . . . You've bought a very peculiar house, Miss—" He paused suggestively, but she did not answer.

"I'M WORKING for a museum," he added. "We're all putting on American wings these days. My name is Thorne — John Thorne. I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

"Brooke," she answered, "Doris Brooke. Do you mean to tell me that a museum is interested in this place?"

"Of course," John Thorne said. "Don't you realize that you're living in a landmark?"

"Do you mean to say," she repeated, "that people like you are going to keep coming around here?"

"Worse than me," said John Thorne cheerfully, "a whole lot worse. They'll be crawling all over the lawn two weeks from now, if everything's as good as this hall. They'll be taking photographs of everything. You're going to have a lot of fun, Miss Brooke."

"But they can't come here," she said hastily. "This place was bought because it was remote. I want to be alone here, and I won't have it."

John Thorne tossed the towel on the stairs and smiled politely.

"You should have found a plainer place," he answered, "if you wanted to be remote. I'm afraid you don't know what you have here. It's a jewel in its way, absolutely unique, and you can't stop us, because we have an easement."

"We don't want anybody here." Miss Brooke's voice was louder. "We bought the place because it was remote."

"Did someone else buy it with you?" John Thorne asked her.

"No," she said, but she looked confused. "I bought it. It's my place. There's nothing to see here. I'm just moving in. It's all in ruins."

"That's what makes it interesting. It's never been disturbed," John Thorne answered patiently. "I know the way you feel. It's a nuisance. I don't suppose anyone told you that my employers paid for an easement on this place a month ago. We have the right to make measurements and photographs. We also have the right to take the wallpaper and the woodwork from a room known as the dining room. I've been sent to examine it and to give an opinion. If we choose to take it, we'll replace everything with replicas."

Her eyes were wide and incredulous.

"I've never heard of such a thing," she cried. "It just doesn't make sense. No one's disturbed this place for years."

There was candor in what she said, perfect candor.

"So you actually didn't know what this place was before you bought it?" John Thorne asked her. "Didn't anyone tell you?"

"I haven't seen anyone," she said. "I've just been here a few days. What is there to tell?"

"A good deal," John Thorne assured her, and the situation began to amuse him. "I can't tell you how glad I am to see someone who doesn't know about early Americana. You've bought a semi-historic landmark, Miss Brooke, which was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century by one of our few famous eccentrics, known as Lord Robert Budge. He built it after a succession of successful mercantile adventures. He called it his palace."

"His palace?"

"Yes," John Thorne said, "his palace. He had his own poet laureate, an astrologer, a tomb and five hundred French clocks. I can tell you more if you're interested, because I've gone over all the available material. I know it pretty well, even if I've never seen it. You're living in a landmark and you have to take the consequences."

He could not understand her reaction to his speech. At first he thought she was about to laugh, but she didn't.

"Mr. Thorne," she began.

"Yes," he said, and she became formal and gracious.

"I'm so glad you told me this. I'm so dreadfully sorry for any misunderstanding, Mr. Thorne. You see I'm a stranger here and I didn't know, but what you tell me changes everything. I'm enormously interested and impressed, and I'll do everything I can to help. In a week's time if you come back, I'll do everything. It simply isn't convenient now, just as I'm moving in. Some—some decorators are coming." She smiled brightly and held out her hand. "If you'll write me for a definite appointment a week from now, I'll make it. You see my position, don't you? I'll look forward to seeing you again so much. Some decorators are coming."

Then she moved past him toward the door and began to open it.

"I'm sorry," John Thorne said, stepping toward her, "I'm just an employee under orders. It's important to see the house before the decorators start on it and, besides, if you've ever seen the Southdown Tavern you wouldn't want me to stay there for a week."

"You don't understand." Her voice was desperate again. "I appreciate everything you say, but you can't stay now."

"Why not?" John Thorne asked. "I won't hurt anything. Look here, Miss Brooke, what makes you nervous? Is anything the matter here? Is anything wrong?"

"No." She shook her head quickly. "It's only that it isn't convenient." Then she stopped, still holding the door half open. There was the sound of an automobile in the lane outside, and a snatch of men's voices.

"ARE those the decorators?" John Thorne asked. "I'll go right through the house with them. It will make it all the easier."

"Why didn't you go when I told you?" she said. Her face was pale and her voice was trembling.

"What's the matter?" John Thorne asked her. "What's wrong, Miss Brooke?"

"Didn't I tell you not to come here?" she asked him sharply. "Didn't I tell you?"

He could see from her face that there was something very wrong. Outside there was a roar from an accelerated motor and then the engine stopped, and then he heard a man's voice speaking loudly.

"Behind them bushes," a man was saying, "and watch the road. And one to stay with Dutch. Jake, you stay with me. Get the bags up, Marty."

"There seems to be quite a crowd," John Thorne remarked. Miss Brooke turned away from the door. Her face had a queer look.

"Yes, there's quite a crowd," she said. "I warned you, didn't I? Now you can take the consequences, but I warned you."

"What consequences?" John Thorne asked, but she did not bother to answer.

"Hello, girlie," someone said from outside, and she answered:

"Hello, Tom."

Then the door was thrown open and three men entered the hall. A single glance was enough to tell John Thorne that they were not decorators. There was a smartness about their dress which reminded him more of the race track. Two of them, looking almost like twins, wore natty blue suits, belted in the back, with fuzzy gray fedora hats pulled over their eyes. They were carrying suitcases and they walked carefully behind a taller man, who must have been the one who had spoken.

HIS clothes were as perfect as a floorwalker's. His unobtrusive suit of gray cheviot was beautifully tailored and he gave the appearance of being a very careful dresser. He was not large, but he had a fine figure for clothes, good shoulders and a narrow waist. He wore an expensive panama hat which shaded his face, but as he turned his head John Thorne could see his eyes. Their color was a peculiar greenish-brown; they were set under delicately penciled black brows and were shaded by long lashes. The face, which was smooth and unwrinkled, had a slightly olive tint; the jaw was square and the lips were curled up at the corners, giving the genial suspicion of a smile. Yet there was no humor about that set expression because the greenish eyes were too intent. He walked into the hall with an easy, noiseless stride and the two others walked carefully behind him, but when he saw John Thorne he stopped abruptly, everybody stopped. Everyone stood absolutely motionless and there was a curious sort of silence.

"Well, well," the newcomer said. He spoke slowly and gently. "Who's your friend, girlie? What's happened to his face?"

Miss Brooke drew in her breath sharply.

"He says he comes from a museum, Tom," she answered. "He got in here. I couldn't stop him."

"So that's his story, is it?" Tom said softly. "Well, what's the rest of his story?"

"If you ask me," John Thorne began, "I'll tell you."

Without moving his beautifully tailored shoulders, without moving his body a fraction of an inch, the man turned his head in Thorne's direction.

"Speak when you're spoken to, bud," he said. "What's the rest of his story, girlie?"

"I think it's all right, Tom," the girl said quickly. "I set the dog on him. He nearly killed the dog."

"So he's got a rod on him," Tom said softly. "He pulled a rod, did he?"

"No," Miss Brooke said, "he didn't. He got the dog by the throat. He says a museum wants to buy the woodwork in the house, and some wallpaper. I had to let him in because he said he'd get a warrant."

"I never seen this guy around," Tom said. "Any of you fellows ever seen this guy?"

"No," one of the men answered huskily behind him.

"Tom," Miss Brooke said sharply.

"Yes," Tom answered. "What is it, girlie?"

"I know more about this than you," Miss Brooke said. "I know something about museums. He says this house is a landmark. He says it was built by a crazy man named Lord Robert Budge. He says the museum has what they call an easement and an option to buy some woodwork. Museums do things like that."

John Thorne listened to the conversation with a growing uncertainty because it seemed to have no bearing on actuality. The three men in the hall were entirely beyond his practical experience. He knew only that they made him uneasy. He could not understand their mobile watchfulness; he could only understand that they had taken something about him for granted.

"I got a lot more on my mind than museums," Tom said gently. "I don't know about 'em, but I know plenty."

"Tom," Miss Brooke said, "you are making a mistake. All you need to do is look at him."

Tom rubbed his carefully manicured hands together.

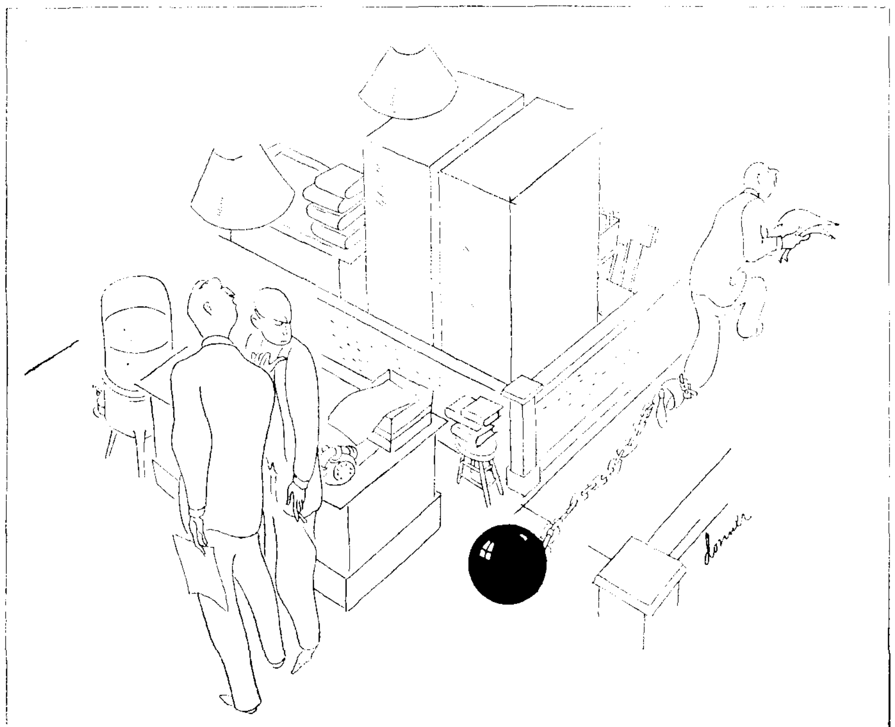
"You leave this to me. Wonderful," he said, and he thrust his chin forward and nodded to John Thorne. "Toss 'em up, bud," he added.

"If you're speaking to me," John Thorne said, "you'll have to make yourself clearer. Toss what up?"

Then a metallic tone came into the other's voice that John Thorne did not like.

"Don't act dumb, bud," he said. "Toss 'em up. And don't move sideways: you're on the line. Go ahead and frisk him, boys."

(To be continued next week)



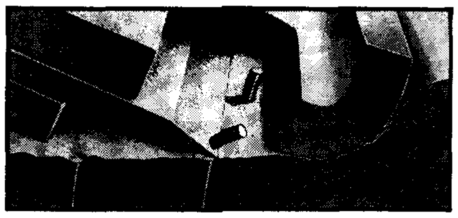
"It's being rumored around that he has a past" ALEC DONNER

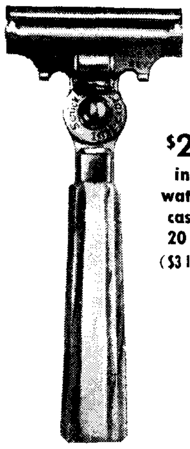
"Let's see what happens on this fellow's chin"

Scientific Fact: Whiskers grow in "pits," like this. Every man's skin is a series of tiny humps and hollows, thus making a close shave difficult.

Here's what *must* happen if he is to get a close and comfortable shave . . .

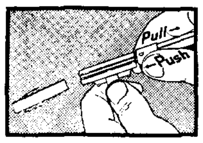
To get a clean but comfortable shave, the uneven skin surface (shown above) must be *stretched, smoothed* and *flattened,* so that the blade can cut the whisker evenly at the skin line without slicing the tops from the skin "bumps." A 5-year study of shaving problems made by one of America's great Industrial Research Institutes, proved absolutely that a *flat, solid* blade guard was the scientific way to accomplish this. The Schick Injector Razor incorporates this scientifically endorsed *solid* Guide Bar, which functions as *more* than a mere safety device. The Schick *solid* Guide Bar holds the skin taut just ahead of the blade edge—irons out the bumpy skin surface as shown in the picture below—forces the whiskers up out of their tiny pits so they can be whacked off cleanly at the skin line. No high spots to get nicked, no valleys where whiskers are missed. You enjoy a close, smooth and comfortable shave—your skin doesn't smart after using a Schick Injector Razor.



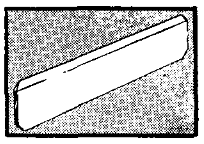


Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them.

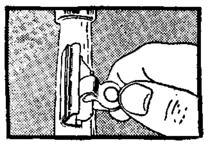
$2.00 in black waterproof case with 20 blades ($3 in Canada)



One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger". . . out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.



Schick Blades are double-thick . . . are *able* to take a sharper edge and *hold* it. Each blade individually honed, stropped, inspected. Result . . . more shaves, and more *comfortable* shaves per blade.



Here's how you save minutes every day . . . no need to wipe and dry the Injector Razor after every shave . . . a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

CLEAN—PURIFY—
FALSE TEETH
AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES

NO BRUSHING
Works like magic. Just put plate or bridge in water and add a little Polident powder. Then, in a short time, it is sweet, clean and polished—*and actually purified!* Needs no brushing or stirring.

LIKE NEW
Even the worst old stains, tarnish and deposits are dissolved away. No acid. No danger. And no more fear of "denture breath." For Polident guarantees true hygienic cleaning, making your plate or bridge feel better and look better.

Helps Remove False Look From Gums
Dentists highly recommend Polident for safe care of dentures. You will find it a wonderful comfort and convenience. Long-lasting can costs only 30 cents at any drug store. Money back if not delighted.

WERNET DENTAL MFG. CO.
882 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
ASK YOUR DENTIST!
POLIDENT

BUNION PAIN
Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, cushioning pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Sizes THIN and THICK for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD
relieved Cough Quickly
"I couldn't stop coughing," writes Helen Smith, Springfield, Mass. "I tried everything—then a friend suggested Pertussin. *Quickly my cough was soothed and relieved.*"

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin *stimulates* these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

A cough should not be neglected. It should have your immediate attention. Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Disinherited

Continued from page 13

don't care for the way you monopolize my fiancée. There's some pretty ugly gossip going about the compounds. I won't repeat it because I don't believe Eva could be guilty of such conduct. But as far as you're concerned anything despicable is possible."

Black Vaughn eyed him with an unusual bitterness, and then nodded.

"You're in love with her, Dennis? I didn't believe it, but I begin to. I just wonder how much. It wouldn't be with her half of the plantation too, would it? You'd hate to see a stranger move in if she married anyone else."

Dennis went quite white. "How dare you intimate . . ."

"Forget it!" Black shrugged. "I guess you like her well enough." He considered his brother and added between his teeth, "You've had everything, you always did have, and you've got everything. I suppose you deserve it. You're respectable and correct, so they all say, and I'm just a crazy free lance, gambling and drinking and battering around . . . like Father used to. But I think Eva likes me a little."

"You've turned her head, that's all, with your mad stories of the Islands," blazed Dennis. "Why don't you tell her the truth? You're nothing but a waster, and just a plain damned killer, however else you try to explain it."

His brother reached for a bottle and slowly poured a drink.

"That's the first human thing I've known about you," he observed quietly. "So maybe you *are* in love." He mused for a moment and his eyes grew hard. "I could take her with me, Dennis, just like that." He snapped his fingers. And he ended in a strained whisper, "I love her too."

"What could you do for a woman?" his brother choked. "A dirty pearl poacher, a smuggler, a gunman . . ."

He flung savagely out of the room, while Black slowly sipped his drink and nodded as Grant, the plantation manager, lounged in.

"May I?" said Grant easily, filling a glass. Black hitched his thumbs in his belt and eyed him somberly. He never had liked the man and could never understand why his father had trusted him, for he personally knew Grant had been collecting graft from copra cargoes by signing short-weight receipts. He had heard that in Sydney, and on good authority, but he had never told his hot-headed father, who wouldn't have believed it anyway, and would in any event have grown furious at what he would have considered unwarranted interference.

"YOU got a tough break getting left out of the will," said Grant sympathetically. He rubbed his thin nose and his eyes were speculative.

"Probably," Black agreed. "I can always use money and land."

Grant shrugged.

"Who can't?" He sipped his drink, smiling crookedly. "You've got a reputation, Black. And you're not too particular, from all I hear."

"Meaning?" inquired the other, indifferently.

"Well, you sort of like Miss Carroll, don't you?"

Black stiffened. "For a damned paid manager, Grant, you talk too much," he said flatly. Grant shrugged and agreed.

"Perhaps. But has it ever occurred to you that if anything happens to your . . . er . . . brother, you could inherit everything, including the girl?"

There was a long silence.

"You're quite a swine, aren't you?" Black said, at last. "Ten years robbing the old man and getting rich in an easy job. And now this."

Grant's eyes narrowed.

"You're *no lily,*" he said thinly.

"Never was," Black admitted. "But get out of my sight! I didn't know my reputation was that bad!"

Grant licked his lips, started to protest and then shrugged. He remembered that this man was a killer and you never could tell what he might do. "Think it over anyway," he muttered. "Things can be fixed." He left the room and Black moodily took another drink before going to the garden to find Eva Carroll.

"Drinking again," she said, in mock reproval. "And you told me it was a bad habit in the morning."

HE STARED at her, unsmiling for once, and shook his head. She did not understand, he thought. If he had done what was right he would have sailed long since. But somehow he did not wish to sail, and neither did he wish things to continue as they were. He hardly knew what he wished. He had gone out of his depth.

"I've a lot on my mind," he said harshly. "Dennis and you . . . and a lot more."

She colored a little and crushed a crimson hibiscus in her hand.

"Is it Dennis and I . . . that matter so? We must tell him, Allan. I should have insisted days ago. We haven't exactly played the game . . . my being engaged. . . . But . . . you don't regret anything . . . ?"

"I don't know," he said uneasily. And with a short laugh, "It won't break Dennis' heart. It's just a question now of what makes common sense."

She put her cool, slim hands about his neck and kissed him. He started as from a shock of cold water and then straightened his shoulders. He might as well get it over with, finish the whole business. Her eyes were misty with sudden apprehension.

"Just what is it, Allan? About us, I mean. Have you changed . . . about me?"

"I think so," he said through tight lips. "You'd have no business sailing with me in the Outer Islands. It's a mad life—and not for a girl like you. You'd better marry Dennis. You like him anyway."

She shook him desperately, almost panic-stricken.

"I'm not going to marry him. I'm going with you. Look at me, Allan. You can't leave me!"

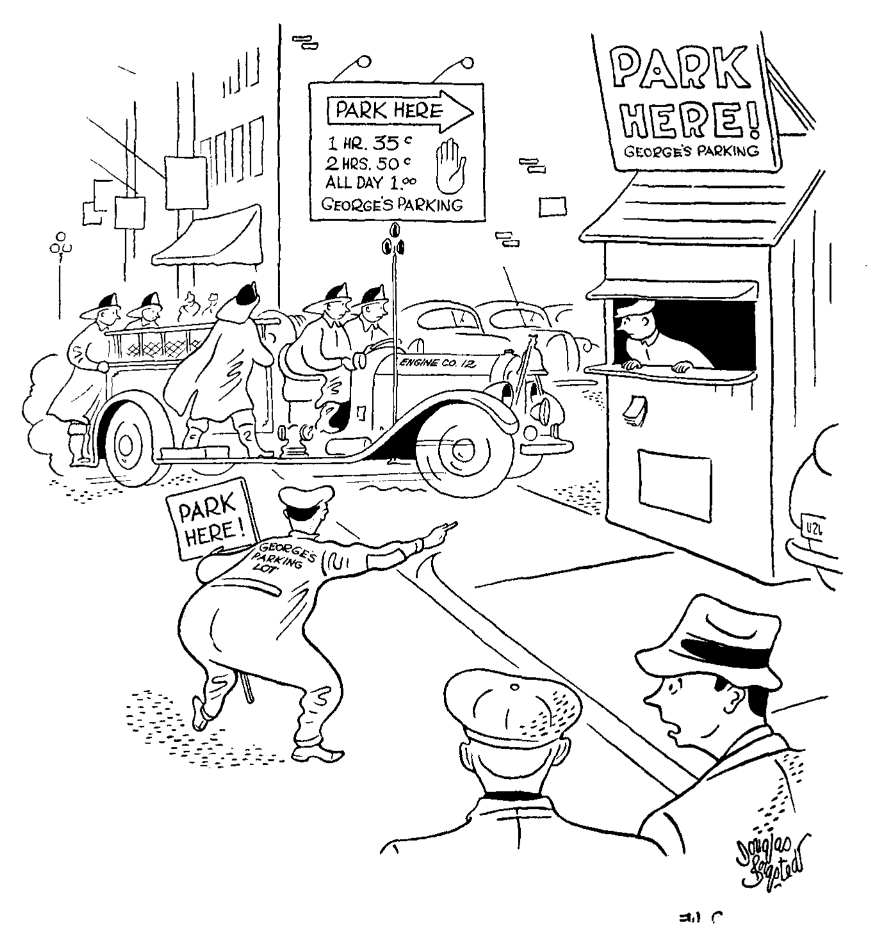
"Let's not talk that way," he said roughly. "I've figured it out from all angles. I guess I'm not a marrying man myself. It's all been wonderful, but anything more would be madness."

"You can't say that . . ." she started passionately. "Not after . . ." He covered her mouth with his hand.

"Let's have no more," he said between his teeth. "I'm thinking of you. I started it as a joke and it got beyond me, that's all; got beyond you too. But now it's time for common sense. Stay with Dennis. He'll give you what you should have. I . . ." he hesitated and then gritted, brutally. "Well, anyway, I've a dozen women through the Islands. It's just a game. Forget it." He pushed her away and shrugged.

She was still for a moment, staring at him with unbelieving eyes. And then her face grew crimson. "I hope you found the game amusing," she said unsteadily as she turned away. "I apparently had the wrong impression." He wiped sudden sweat from his forehead, swore, and walked toward the kanaka compounds, where his brother was overseeing a whitewash job. He'd cut all things short and get out.

"Dennis," he said abruptly, "get rid



"Quite a salesman, that new chap" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT of Grant. He's been robbing the plantation for years by signing short-weight cargoes, and he offered to kill you a short while ago, so I could inherit. I suppose he figured I'd pay well."

Dennis stared cold-eyed. "You've been drinking again. Grant's been with us ten years. I wouldn't know what to do without him. Go to sleep and sober up."

"I'm not drunk," said Black harshly. "You get rid of Grant! I'll send you proofs on the robbing from Sydney. I'm sailing tomorrow at dawn."

"I can't feel sorry," said his brother, thin-lipped. "And I'm keeping Grant."

THAT afternoon behind the store sheds Grant, the head foreman, rubbed his thin eagle's nose and looked sharply at Freen, his first assistant. They were much alike — sharp-featured, shrewd and unscrupulous—and Freen had been in with Grant on the signing-short business with the copra so that the two of them had prospered.

"It's the big chance, Freen," Grant was saying. "I've sounded out Black but the fool's not as tough as they say and he's got family ideas. At least I figure so. When I suggested getting rid of Dennis he just went wall-eyed and told me to get out."

"Then what next?" Freen inquired. "Do we quit?"

"Don't be a fool. This is our break, and the time is right now. We'll ease Dennis out first and get the blame thrown on Black. Any jury will see the motive."

"That's clear. But how?"

"I've got hold of one of his guns. You plug Dennis. . . . I'll give you the signal pretty soon. Then throw the gun down and skip. We'll both swear we saw Black shoot. I'll fix up a yarn to fit the facts. They'll pinch Black and hang him. That'll leave the girl. She can't run the plantation without us and perhaps she'll sell cheap after we've looted it a bit. Be glad to. Savvy?"

"I'm ahead of you," agreed Freen, grinning. "Give me the gun. You can count on me."

"I am," said Grant thinly. "And don't slip up. He sails at dawn."

Freen pocketed the gun Grant handed him and went away, laughing silently as he eased through the scented wattle and the banana plants that fronted the bungalow.

Black was leaning on the veranda rail, turning a glass in his hand and staring moodily before him, while at a table some distance away Eva Carroll talked listlessly to Dennis. Tima, the head houseboy, hovered about, and after a while Grant lounged from the bungalow and lighted a cigar. Freen let the banana plant he crouched behind rustle a little and Grant nodded. Very soon now.

"Allan is sailing in the morning," Dennis was saying quietly. "And I'll send a houseboy to Hallam's Cove for the missionary. We can be married by noon."

"I see," said the girl, staring at her clasped fingers.

"It will be better after Allan is gone," he observed, thin-lipped. "He was always a disturbing element. I know he attracted you at first, but I am glad to see you are over that. He never had a really serious moment in his life, as you have probably discovered."

"I think so," she said calmly, while inwardly she was screaming: "Why doesn't he get furious? Can't he see I don't love him? Can't he tell that Allan and I . . . ? Does he have to take everything so much for granted?"

"We can go to Sydney for our honeymoon next month," he said complacently. "I have business there anyway, and some machinery to buy for the plantation."

"The plantation's very important, isn't it?"

He looked surprised.

"Of course. It's our livelihood, my dear. And since luckily it won't be divided I intend to expand. I'm going to try cotton and perhaps coffee."

"Couldn't we go on a long trip before we . . . settle down?" she asked desperately. "I mean to Europe, perhaps, or America. Something different." He was a little shocked.

"There's far too much to do here," he protested. "Not to speak of the expense. I should think you'd be anxious to remain close to your own interests." He looked along the veranda and his lips tightened. "I suppose Allan's wild talk still makes you restless."

"Perhaps," she agreed with repressed exasperation, and looked around, relieved, as Grant lounged up.

"I'd like to talk with you, Miss Carroll," he said easily. "In the bungalow. Your aunt's got some ideas about redecorating the place and I've dug up some paints and things from the stores you might like."

She rose thankfully and followed Grant, while Dennis smiled tolerantly. Women liked things such as redecorating. Everything was turning out all righ after all, and he felt pleased. Tomorrow Allan would be gone, too, and everything would be simplified and well-ordered. He felt he could afford to be charitable.

"Come and have a drink over here, Allan," he called. "And wish me luck." And to the houseboy, "Tima, glasses and my best whisky!" He bent his head to light a cigar then and so did not see what happened next.

Tima clucked and hurried away while Black, rousing himself from the veranda rail, smiled with faint amusement and drew out a chair. The moment was perfect. Behind the banana plant Freen sighted his gun and fired.

DENNIS twisted in his seat and then toppled backward. Black stopped dead, and then whipped about as something curved across the veranda and fell with a thud. He saw it was a gun and dived for it before he recognized it as his own. Grant pounded out of the bungalow swearing thickly and almost collided with Black. He stared at the still-smoking gun Black held and at the huddled figure of Dennis with a stream of blood running from the head, and he looked shocked.

"You've killed him!" he said, choked, and swung back to where Eva Carroll stood in the bungalow door, her face ashen and her eyes big with amazement. It was all perfectly timed, as well as if it had been rehearsed, Grant thought exultantly. Black had even picked up the gun. The girl put her hands to her face and whispered, "Allan . . . what have you done?" and walked unsteadily to wher Dennis lay. Tima's brown face peered from the bungalow and his shrewd eyes were perplexed. Black looked at Gran for a long moment and then gestured at the wattle and banana beyond the bungalow.

"The shot came from over there," he said, hard-eyed. "I've an idea you ought to know."

Grant shook his head.

"All I know is Mr. Vaughn's been shot and you're holding a gun."

"I see," said Black quietly. "It's like that, eh?"

"Like that," Grant agreed thinly. He went over to where Eva was kneeling beside Dennis, mopping at an ugly wound along the top of his head. "I think I ought to tell you, Miss Carroll," he said in a low voice, "Mr. Vaughn, Allan Vaughn, came to me earlier today and hinted it might be a good idea if something happened to Mr. Dennis. Then he would inherit, and he hinted I might profit by it."

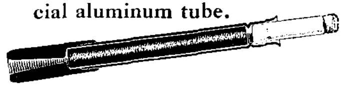
"He wouldn't . . . wouldn't do that,"

WORRIED
ABOUT SMOKING
TOO MUCH?
Get a Zeus!
ABSORBS OVER 70% OF NICOTINE AND TARS

HOW IT WORKS

Do not confuse ZEUS with ordinary cigarette holders or filters

BEFORE: Phantom view of ZEUS showing extra cigarette newly inserted as filter in special aluminum tube.



AFTER: Smoke over a pack of cigarettes — then look at the filter cigarette. *There's* the proof! It's nearly *black*—actually weighs twice as much!

● An amazing success, within a few short months! Thousands of new users, every week, swear by ZEUS, recommend it to friends! *Proved*, by laboratory tests, to absorb over 70%* of nicotine and tars. See, in diagram at left, how extra cigarette, inserted in special aluminum tubing, acts as filter. At better stores everywhere. Get a Zeus today.

DEALERS: ZEUS is one of the fastest-selling items in a decade. If you haven't it yet, write L. & H. Stern, Inc., 56 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N. Y. for your nearest distributor—now!

GET A ZEUS Filter-Holder

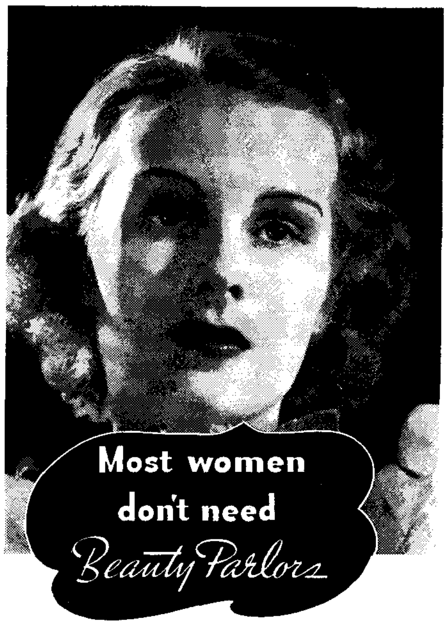
*Off. Certified Lab. Tests U. S. Patent Pending

ONLY $1 Ladies' Zeus, with choice of Amberlike colored bits, or Super-Charger, $2. Also, ZEUS Pipes

SMOKE ALL YOU LIKE—LIKE ALL YOU SMOKE

KEEP SUMMER IN YOUR CRANKCASE
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

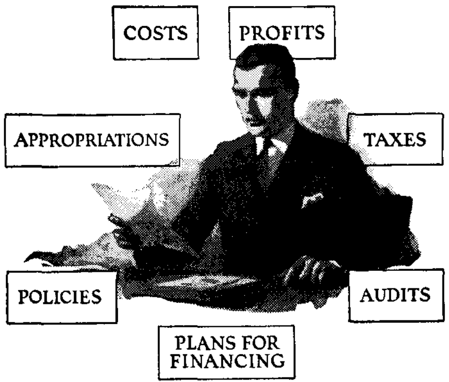
YOUR car should perform as well in Winter as it does in Summer . . . and it will if you use Quaker State Winter Oil. Made only of the finest Pennsylvania crude oil, specially refined for Winter. It flows freely when the motor is cold . . . gives full-bodied lubrication at all speeds. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.



Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. Mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, mental depression, loss of appetite, hyper-acidity can all be caused by it.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. And in addition, *it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.* Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ everywhere.



Become an Expert Accountant

The Profession that Pays

The demand for skilled accountants — *men who really know their business* — is unceasing. Big corporations are in constant need of expert counsel in Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance. Men who prove their qualifications in this important branch of business are rapidly promoted to responsible executive positions —given an opportunity to earn real salaries.

Send for This Book — It's Free

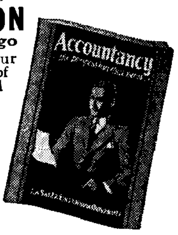
Are you ambitious to make a real success in business—to fit yourself for positions paying $3,000, $5,000, $10,000 a year and even better? Then you will find LaSalle's 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," of the greatest help and inspiration—and—LaSalle will send it to you FREE. For the sake of a brighter future, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

▬▬▬▬ *Find Yourself Through LaSalle!* ▬▬▬▬

LASALLE EXTENSION

Dept. 240-HR Chicago

I should be glad to have details of your *salary-increasing plan* and a copy of "Ten Years Promotion in One," all without obligation.



- ☐ **Higher Accountancy**
- ☐ **Business Management**
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship**
- ☐ **Traffic Management**
- ☐ **Railway Accounting**
- ☐ **Law—Degree of LL. B.**
- ☐ **Commercial Law**
- ☐ **IndustrialManagement**
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping**
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence**
- ☐ **Credit and Collection Correspondence**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship**
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching**
- ☐ **Business English**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking**
- ☐ **Stenotypy–Stenography**

Name ....

Present Position ....

Address ....

Eva managed. "Do you know what you're saying, Mr. Grant?"

"Enough so I'm sending a boy for the Resident Magistrate," observed the manager harshly. "There seems to be no doubt."

Black Vaughn crossed suddenly to where the perplexed houseboy stood.

"You used to be a bushman, Tima. Take a look out there and see if there's any sign. I didn't shoot my brother."

"I savvy that plenty," grunted the old kanaka. "You big fella with gun. You shootum close, man die too much. Brother belong you not dead."

HE GLIDED across the veranda and went toward the bananas and the wattles. Black looked down at Dennis and saw he was still bleeding profusely. Tima was right. Dead men do not bleed very much.

"He's creased," he said dryly. "Better take him inside. He'll likely get over it." Grant was swearing under his breath. Freen should have aimed lower, but maybe things could still be arranged. A wounded man could always die.

"Is that all you care . . . or have to say?" said the girl tensely. She stared at Black, stony-eyed. "I never believed the things they said about you . . . the worst things . . . not even after you told me . . . it was just a game . . . but after this . . ." She got up and went inside, *calling for the houseboys to bring hot water.* Grant laughed a little.

"You'd better have listened to me, Black, instead of trying things yourself."

"You're a clever man," said Black Vaughn softly. "Too damned clever. But you forget I'm no lily, as you put it. And I've no time to argue with the law." He flipped up the gun and the hammer clicked back. "No one's going for the magistrate," he said tonelessly. "No one at all, Grant. But you're sailing with me as soon as we know Dennis is all right. If he happens to die, you won't sail . . . at all . . . anywhere . . . ever."

The sweat grew big on the foreman's forehead and he swallowed hard.

"I didn't shoot him, that's certain," he managed. "I was with Miss Carroll."

"You're in it up to your neck," said Black. "I'll find who shot him and he'll sail with me too. Until I leave the plantation I'm taking charge."

"This isn't the Outer Islands. The houseboys will do as I say!" Grant snapped, and Black shook his head and laughed.

"But you won't say," he observed cheerfully. "And I'm making it the Outer Islands. It's all clear of your hands." He stepped forward, lifted the gun and smashed Grant across the head with it, so the manager dropped like a wet sack. Tima padded on the veranda again and grunted.

"You killum well?" he asked hopefully, and then clucked his disappointment as he saw the growing bump on Grant's head. "Man him hide behind banana. Wait short time maybe. Breakum leaf to see this feller veranda. Then he run. Seeum boot sign. White man."

"That'd be Freen then," said Black. "Only other white man here. You sendum boy alonga Cormorant, tellum kanaka come get feller Grant and takum on board. You and me findum feller Freen."

"We findum," Tima chuckled. "Him talkum too much."

EVA CARROLL came out on the veranda just as the sun dropped behind the palms.

"He's conscious now," she said.

Black followed her into the room where Dennis Vaughn sat propped with pillows, his head bandaged and his face pale and set.

"What has happened to Grant and Freen?" he demanded coldly. "I understand from the houseboys they are being forcibly detained on the Cormorant."

"I'm getting rid of them for you," said Black. "You won't want that sort around here. I'll probably drop them off on some quiet island where they'll have time to think."

"I presume your idea is to put them where they can't testify against you," said Dennis grimly. "It's your sort of play. I suppose I can consider myself lucky to be alive."

Black Vaughn looked thoughtfully at the girl and then looked at his brother.

"Never mind, Dennis," he said wearily. "Nothing would ever convince you, I guess. I'm sailing tonight anyway instead of at dawn and I just wanted to make sure you were out of danger . . . and say goodby."

"Don't expect to get off scot free!" Dennis choked savagely. "I give you warning I'm filing charges with the Resident Magistrate. Perhaps he'll put you *some place this time so you'll never* bother the plantation again."

"Dennis!" cried the girl, frightened. "You won't do that. It's all over now."

"I hate you!" the wounded man grated. His eyes were flaming and his whole body shook. "I've always hated you, Allan Vaughn! You were always Father's favorite . . . damn you . . . and he thought we never knew it! But he'd let things drop now and then. I wonder what he'd think if he were here now. *Trying to kill your own brother!*"

Black Allan Vaughn stood as if turned to stone.

"Father's favorite," he whispered. "Are you mad? After his cutting me off!"

"Allan," the girl whispered. "Allan!"

He hardly heard her as he groped for the door and went out on the veranda again. He was never quite sure how he managed to reach the beach where his kanakas waited with the Cormorant's boat. And once on board he stood solidly on his poop deck and stared blankly at the growing stars. He did not understand. It was enough to have left everything behind, to have left Eva behind. But why did Dennis have to mock him with such talk? The old man had hated him. Everyone had agreed on that.

HE GAVE listless orders to his mate to get up the anchor and make sail, and he stared at Freen and Grant standing sullenly on the main deck, unbound and unwatched, but frightened clean through and knowing there was no escape. Black Allan Vaughn did not bluff and he had stated they would sail with him. And it was death not to sail. They knew that now. He cursed suddenly and called to his mate to put the two men to work, and then he groped below. He needed a drink again.

But he ached somewhere inside. He had loved his father, in a queer way, perhaps. But he had loved him. And he had thought his father, under all, had loved him, too. What had he ever done that the old man hadn't done in his youth? Wild and free! Lusty and strong and efficient! Dennis was so much as the old man had been in his later days. But in his youth . . . ! Black Vaughn couldn't understand. Cutting him off with a shilling! Leaving him only his old guns and a letter, as yet unread. It hurt somehow. It was more important, the hurt was perhaps even worse than the hurt of Eva Carroll. Many men had said he was no good . . . but when his father had confirmed it. . . . He bit his lip. And what did Dennis mean by saying he was the old man's favorite? Dennis must have been delirious.

He took the old man's guns from his desk drawer and hefted them with calculation. In their time they had blazed in New Guinea, in the Bismarcks, in the Solomons, in the Carolines; even in the now half-tamed Fijis, when the world was young and savagery ran through all the South. They had made Clint

DINE WITH WINE
GARRETT'S
American
SAUTERNES WINE
VIRGINIA DARE
LIGHT WINE
GARRETT & COMPANY

AND SERVE THE FINEST...

GARRETT'S

VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE

AND OTHER FINE GARRETT TABLE WINES

● *You will like the famous Virginia Dare light* Wines—white or red—with their distinctive flavors . . . Garrett's American Sauternes, Claret . . . Old North State brand Blackberry . . . Garrett's American Port, Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by volume) . . . Paul Garrett American Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy. . . Garrett & Company, Inc., General Offices, Brooklyn, N.Y. Established 1835.

YOU may earn extra money in spare time by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. Write to:

The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Women Earn up to $23 WEEKLY

In Addition GET YOUR own DRESSES FREE

An amazing opportunity for married women to demonstrate our Paris-styled dresses direct from factory. Earn to $23 weekly; in addition, get all your own dresses Free. Fashion Frocks are known everywhere, are guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine, and endorsed by fashion authorities.

No Canvassing · No Investment

No regular canvassing necessary and not a penny needed to invest. Everything you need to start at once, sent FREE. Write fully, giving age and dress size, for this amazing Free offer.

FASHION FROCKS Inc. · Dept. CB-150 · Cincinnati, O.

OWN a GROWING Lifetime Business

Built Upon Repeat & Voluntary Orders

We are now establishing more honest men in their OWN business—guaranteed mothproofing furniture and rug cleaning. No shop required—work done in homes, offices, churches, clubs, lodge-rooms, hotels, etc., by you or your service-men. No experience needed. **Easy to learn.** We help get first jobs and advertise for YOU. H-S-C plan offers 18 ways to bring in business. W. Lookiebill writes: "Working 12 to 15 hours a day to handle the business." Carter's first job was $79.60 from mailing circulars. Pollard, in village of 300, writes: "Am very much satisfied with way business is growing each month." Clear $2 to $5 an hour profit. **Repeat and voluntary** orders build a lifetime business.

CLEAN & MOTHPROOF

furniture, auto-upholstery, rugs, etc. Original colors return. Pile again stands erect, even. Upholstery, rugs, furs, clothing, blankets, piano-felts, etc., **are made non-eatable** by moths or carpet-beetles. Method successful 16 years. A waiting *market in every size* town. Start part or full time. Send for FREE booklet.

Machine becomes carrying case

"EARNED $90 CLEAR 1 DAY"

K. Andersen writes: "I earned $90 clear 1 day. Most business comes thru store-cards, folders and repeat orders." Hargrave writes: "We get new customers through folders, store-cards, our 12 canvassers, etc.—Our steady frequent repeat orders are building our business."

EASY TERMS

We furnish electric machines, *circulars, store-cards, dem*onstrators and materials to return TOTAL investment with large profit. As little as $88 puts you in **OWN permanent business** built upon satisfied customers. Write TODAY while territory you want is open.

HOME SERVICE CO., 72 Ct., Deerfield, Ill.

Vaughn's name and his fortune. Black shook his head. He did not understand.

There was a step on the companion from the main deck, but he ignored it, thinking it was the mate. He could feel the schooner getting under way.

"Allan," said Eva Carroll uncertainly. He turned and saw her outlined against the stars beyond the main cabin scuttle. "I made Tima bring me off in his canoe," she said. She was very tired. "I haven't any pride left. I want to go with you even if it's still a game." Black Vaughn slid the guns into his pockets and lighted the cabin lamp with fingers that shook a little.

"But Dennis?" he managed. "And I told you it was finished." She came close to him and lifted her face to his.

"It isn't finished, Allan. You can't send me away again. I would have stayed . . . cared for Dennis perhaps . . . and I was even sorry for him when he was so hurt. But it's really the plantation he loves . . . and my share, I think. And after what he said about you and your father . . . he hates you, Allan. He is all ice and bitterness inside. He hates you terribly. And I think I hate him, too, now. Tima told me what Freen confessed. But I think I believed you anyway."

"You want to come with me?" he asked huskily. "After everything? I told you the Outer Islands and the crazy little Cormorant . . . no place for a woman. . . ."

"As if I cared," she said and kissed him. "And I don't believe there are any other women. Not now." He held her tightly and whispered, "No, not now."

A LONG time afterward he remembered something and took his father's guns from his pockets again.

"I ought to throw them overside," he said, laughing a little. "But maybe they've brought me luck."

He stared through the open port and saw a shark's fin slicing phosphorescence through the dark sea about twenty yards away, and on impulse he aimed one gun and fired. Braced for the shock of the recoil, he was surprised when the hammer clicked dead. He shot again, and again the hammer clicked. Deliberately then he pulled the trigger of each gun six times, and six times with each there was no explosion. Yet they were loaded. He had already ascertained that, and it was not like his father to keep blank shells in his guns. He spilled the cartridges out, examined them carefully, and then with a surprised whistle pried the lead from one loose. In the empty brass cylinder that remained was a tight-wadded paper. He teased it out and smoothed it. It was a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds! And every one of the shells contained that, save one, and that held a brief message.

"You're no good anyway, Black, but you're me, perhaps the real me! This money will probably go in a poker game or in some wild idea, but so be it. I'm not worried about your not finding the stuff. Sooner or later you'll try the guns out. But don't tell Dennis. By the way, the gun with the notches in the handle shoots a little off to the right. Remember this if you have to use it. Goodby, my boy. You are all that Clint Vaughn was once, and I'm not too worried. I know you'll understand. Dennis won't, and your mother never would have."

"He did love you, Allan," said Eva Carroll gently. "Dennis was right. He tried to hide it, but somehow they all knew, all except you, and you really knew, too. It must have been for your mother's sake he pretended."

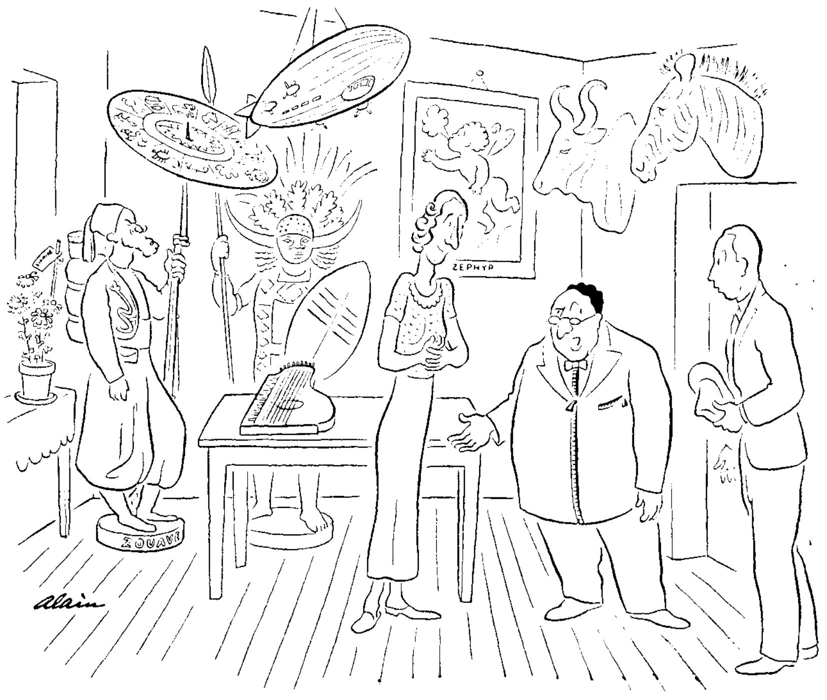
Black nodded.

"He was always wanting to sail again . . . deep down . . . I guessed that. But she never would have approved. . . . And he left me a letter. I'd almost forgotten. I thought it was telling me just what he thought of me. Something pretty bad."

He brought the crumpled and neglected letter from his pocket and opened it. It contained nothing in his father's writing, only newspaper clippings about his younger son, fragments from Australian and New Zealand papers, which the old man had obviously been at pains to save even if they were mostly severe condemnations of a certain notorious Captain Vaughn who seemed always in trouble. It made Black choke a little. They had quarreled and fought so! Two men who knew the Outer Islands! And so Dennis had been doubly right. The mate of the Cormorant stuck his head through the main cabin skylight, which was open above.

"What course, sir?"

"Port Ander Bay. There's a poker game . . ." Black Vaughn started to say, and then he laughed. "No, it's all different now, and I've got responsibilities." He put an arm about Eva Carroll and considered. "Sydney," he said. "We'll get a legitimate charter and find out what it's like to trade respectably. But first we'll make Hallam's Cove and make it fast. I need a missionary!"



"This is Zoe, my wife. I collect all kinds of things beginning with Z"

ALAIN

DANDRUFF ENDANGERS YOUR BUSINESS and SOCIAL LIFE

DANDRUFF not only marks you as careless and untidy, but it positively endangers your hair by smothering and choking new hair growth. Dandruff is often the forerunner of baldness. You do not have to tolerate it. Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic from your druggist, or ask your barber for a professional application.

LUCKY TIGER
USED AND RECOMMENDED
FOR LOOSE DANDRUFF
FALLING HAIR
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Lucky Tiger
HAIR TONIC
For Dandruff
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

FOR more than a quarter of a century Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic has been relieving the awful itching caused by dandruff. Lucky Tiger is guaranteed to stop loose dandruff and check excessive falling hair. It allays the irritation and, best of all, beautifies the hair, and brings to the scalp increased stimulation and better circulation. You need Lucky Tiger to help you be and look your best.

CULTIVATE YOUR HAIR

Nothing grows without cultivation. Your hair is no exception. Cultivate it with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic—our tried, proven and standardized formula that will give you pleasing results.

MILLIONS USE IT!

"I Am Going to Have . . .

a lovely new print dress and a smart hat for spring. Thank you for making these possible for me."

THAT'S what the Pin Money Club is for—to help girls and women make extra dollars in their spare moments. Thousands of them are now busy earning money to carry out spring plans. Why don't you join us too? Write for our free booklet—it will help you get started. Send a card or letter to

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Dept. 48, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

Introducing...

SPONGO NO-BRISTLE TOOTHBRUSH

SEE COUPON BELOW

FOR PERFECT MOUTH HYGIENE!

SPONGO, the safest, most sanitary way to keep teeth and gums in healthy condition . . . the newest contribution to oral hygiene. Note these amazing features that only **SPONGO** offers . . . and, on a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

1. Sanitary sponge head discarded and replaced after each use.
2. No bristles to scratch enamel and injure tender gums.
3. Sponge helps remove stubborn tartar deposits and has greater polishing effect than bristles.
4. Gentle pressure makes sponge fit natural curvature of teeth . . . thoroughly cleansing separations and crevasses.
5. More effective than bristles for massaging gums.
6. Works equally well with paste, powder or liquid.
7. No more expensive to use than ordinary toothbrushes.

SPECIAL OFFER
50c

SPONGO
(no bristle)
TOOTHBRUSH
keeps teeth and gums in healthier condition.

Take advantage of this opportunity right now! Send 50c for **SPONGO** holder and 12 sanitary refills. In every introductory package is a coupon entitling you to 50 additional refills for only 10c. Obtainable only from the SANI-SPONGE TOOTHBRUSH COMPANY, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

SPONGO NO BRISTLE TOOTHBRUSH

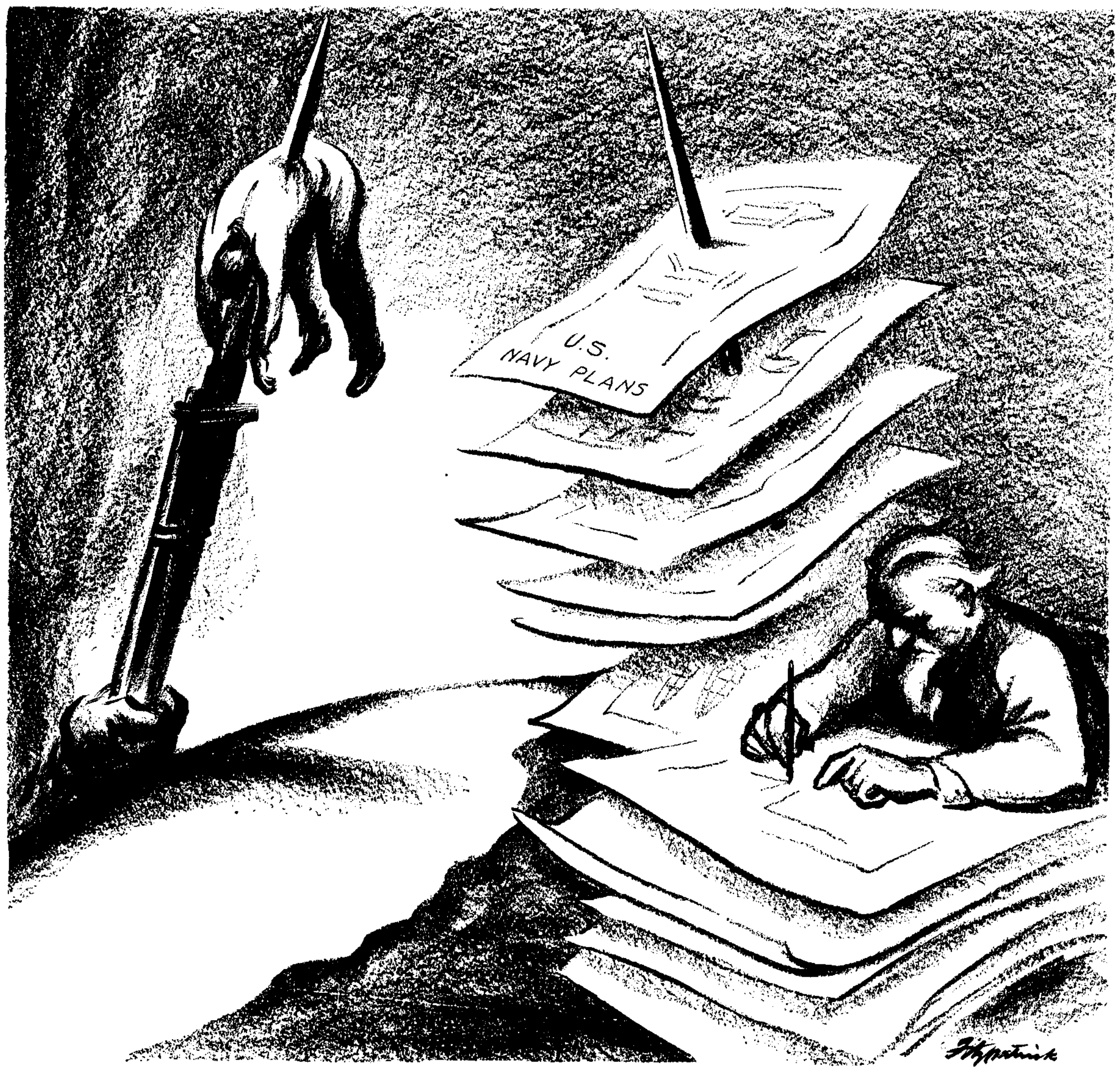
COUPON

SANI-SPONGE TOOTHBRUSH COMPANY
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City

Sirs: Enclosed is 50c (stamps or coin) for the **SPONGO** toothbrush and 12 refills. If I am not satisfied I can return the holder and you will refund my 50c.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

Billions for Defense



WE ARE going to have the biggest navy ever assembled under the Stars and Stripes. The best technical minds we possess and our hard-earned dollars are going to design and buy for us a fleet that won't have to say "Mister" to anybody's admirals.

Most of us Americans would prefer to invest in things other than instruments of destruction. We don't get much of a thrill out of buying ships and planes to drop explosives on people. We would much rather save lives than destroy them.

But we are going to spend hundreds of millions on new big ships and fast fighting planes. We are going to spend billions upon these engines of death and destruction not because we have been tricked by the President or Congress into a militaristic campaign.

What President Roosevelt has done in urging expenditures for a bigger navy, any other President, radical or conservative, would have done sooner or later. Nobody loved peace more than Woodrow Wilson and Newton Baker but they created the biggest American army ever mobilized and sent two million men across the Atlantic.

Our decision to build the largest and most destructive navy ever put on the sea by man was really made by a few little yellow men in Tokyo. They were not thinking directly about the United States. They were planning for themselves and their Japan.

They felt so sure of themselves, of their power and of their destiny, that they were quite willing to leave out of consideration American opinions concerning their plans.

The little yellow Japanese men decided to impose their will upon the Chinese, who, obviously, lacked the equipment to defend themselves against a modern army and navy.

The Japanese soldiers and naval men who made this decision gambled on not being effectually opposed by any other power.

Great Britain, they were certain, would be paralyzed by the fear of what Italy or Germany might do if too many British fighting ships sailed east of Suez.

Russia, they guessed, had been rendered helpless by the killing of so many generals and other high officials who suddenly became unpopular with the Stalin government in Moscow.

Americans, they were told, could not be induced to fight.

That is the mistake that so many foreigners, and Americans as well, continue to make concerning our character and intentions.

We truly are a peaceful people. We don't want ever to fight anybody. Democratic peoples are generally peaceful. We don't foment plots against others, engage in conspiracies, or in other ways provoke wars. All we want is to live comfortably in peace. Live and let live is our quick way of saying it.

But the fact that a democratic people prefers peace and is slow to anger does not in any way indicate cowardice or any unwillingness to take on a war, if sufficiently annoyed.

We are easy to annoy at times. The backwoods boys from Kentucky and Tennessee wanted to start a war against Spain when the Spaniards still held New Orleans. Americans were ready, in spirit at any rate, to take on the British, the French, the Germans, at the very peak of those powers. We even managed to struggle into the most prodigious civil war of all times.

There is no question about our willingness to fight once we are aroused. The Japanese gentlemen thought differently. So now we are building a navy without parallel in might.

This does not mean that we plan to send ships and planes to drive the Japanese out of China. We don't want that job. A bomb dropped by a yellow man may be just as destructive as one from a white man's plane. We do not want to kill or to be killed in anybody else's war.

We won't fight unless we are pushed too far. But in the long run, if our past tells anything of our future, we do not intend to be pushed around. We will not surrender any of the rights we consider essential to our national well-being. We shall take this attitude regardless of who is President or of what party is in power.

We are not, however, going to get entangled in any alien quarrels that we can avoid. We certainly are not planning to make China or Japan or any other land safe for democracy.

If the Japanese are to be liberated from the military class that is now superior to the Japanese government, the Japanese people will have to fight their own battles and win their own freedom.

As we look backward, we see that the defeat of the Kaiser Wilhelm's military forces did not free Germany from autocratic control. The dictatorship of Hitler is even more exacting than was that of the Hohenzollerns. Progress toward liberty apparently has to be made inside. Freedom cannot be given any people. It must be won by sacrifice and struggle.

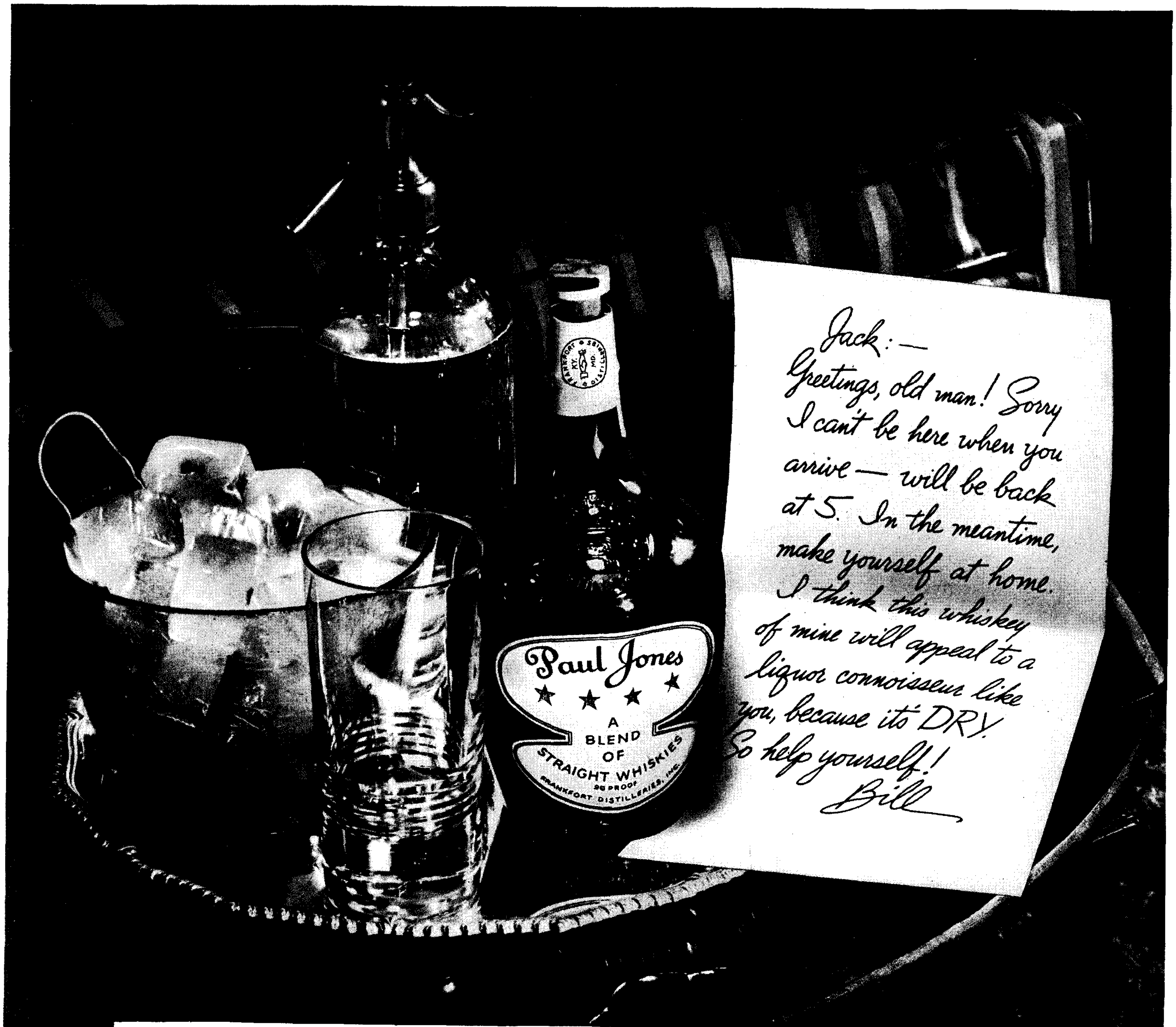
All we propose to do is to defend ourselves against aggression.

We will build navies as large and as powerful as our representatives think expedient. We will make these huge expenditures reluctantly, knowing full well that we could use the money to create better schools, finer health organizations and many other of the facilities of civilized living. We arm because we have regretfully concluded that we must be ready for any contingency.

Meanwhile we shall serve our own interests if we also explore all the possible ways of upholding our essential rights without the last resort of a decision by war.

We were so disillusioned by the outcome of the World War that we wanted to isolate ourselves from all co-operative international efforts—even those to maintain peace. The consequences of international anarchy are not reassuring. We are now planning to expend billions of dollars—just in case.

Perhaps it is possible to make agreements with other peace-preferring peoples that might in fact prevent our participating in another major war. We can count upon our government to examine those possibilities and to go as far as public opinion approves. No democratic government can do more or less.



Jack:—
Greetings, old man! Sorry
I can't be here when you
arrive — will be back
at 5. In the meantime,
make yourself at home.
I think this whiskey
of mine will appeal to a
liquor connoisseur like
you, because it's DRY.
So help yourself!
Bill

You're a mighty thoughtful host, Bill!

And you can be certain that any guest who knows fine wines and liquors will find deep satisfaction in the crisp *dryness* of Paul Jones.

He'll like its brisk, keen flavor—so gloriously hearty and mellow—yet utterly lacking in sweetness.

What's more, he'll quickly discover that the pleasing *dryness* of Paul Jones is just one of *many* reasons for its renown as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865!

Paul Jones

A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865

90 proof—A blend of straight whiskies—*and that means ALL* whiskey

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

Chesterfields satisfy millions

Chesterfield
Chesterfield
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

They'll give you MORE PLEASURE

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.